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Revolutionary Reader

REMINISCENCES AND INDIAN LEGENDS

COMPILED BY

SOPHIE LEE FOSTER

STATE REGENT

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION OF GEORGIA

ATLANTA, GA.:
BYRD PRINTING COMPANY
1913

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BY
SOPHIE LEE FOSTER

DEDICATION

As my work has been a labor of love, I therefore affectionately dedicate this book to the Daughters of the American Revolution of Georgia.

September 4, 1913.

MRS. SHEPPARD W. FOSTER,
Atlanta, Georgia.

My Dear Mrs. Foster:—To say that I am delighted with your Revolutionary Reader is to state the sheer truth in very mild terms. It is a marvel to me how you could gather together so many charmingly written articles, each of them illustrative of some dramatic phase of the great struggle for independence. There is much in this book of local interest to each section. There is literally nothing which does not carry with it an appeal of the most profound interest to the general reader, whether in Georgia or New England. You have ignored no part of the map. I congratulate you upon your wonderful success in the preparation of your Revolutionary Reader. It is marvelously rich in contents and broadly American in spirit.

Sincerely your friend,
(Signed) LUCIAN LAMAR KNIGHT.

September 8, 1913.

MRS. S. W. FOSTER,
711 Peachtree Street.

I like very much your plan of a Revolutionary reader. I hope it will be adopted by the school boards of the various states as a supplementary reader so that it may have a wide circulation.

Yours sincerely,
JOSEPH T. DERRY.

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PREFACE.

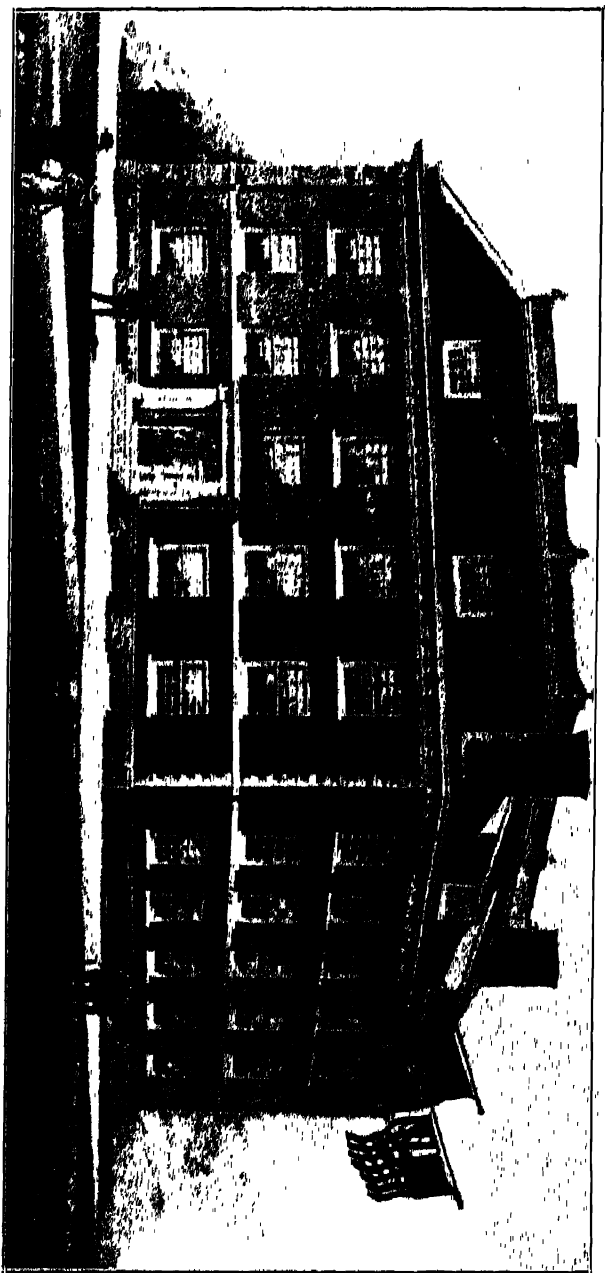
Since it is customary to write a preface, should any one attempt the somewhat hazardous task of compiling a book, it is my wish, as the editor, in sending this book forth (to live or die according to its merits) to take advantage of this custom to offer a short explanation as to its mission. It is not to be expected that a volume, containing so many facts gathered from numerous sources, will be entirely free from criticism. The securing of material for compiling this book was first planned through my endeavors to stimulate greater enthusiasm in revolutionary history, biography of revolutionary period, Indian legends, etc., by having storiettes read at the various meetings of the Daughters of the American Revolution, and in this way not only creating interest in Chapter work, but accumulating much valuable heretofore unpublished data pertaining to this important period in American history; with a view of having same printed in book form, suitable for our public schools, to be known as a Revolutionary Reader.

At first it was my intention only to accept for this reader unpublished storiettes relating to Georgia history, but realizing this work could not be completed under this plan, during my term of office as State Regent, I decided to use material selected from other reliable sources, and endeavored to make it as broad and general in scope as possible that it might better fulfill its purpose.

To the Daughters of the American Revolution of Georgia this book is dedicated. Its production has been a labor of love, and should its pages be the medium through which American patriotism may be encouraged and perpetuated I shall feel many times repaid for the effort.

To the Chapters of the Daughters of American Revolution of Georgia for storiettes furnished, to the newspapers for clippings, to the *American Monthly Magazine* for articles, to Miss Annie M. Lane, Miss Helen Prescott, Mr. Lucian Knight and Professor Derry, I wish to express my deep appreciation for material help given.

SOPHIE LEE FOSTER.



FRAUNCE'S TAVERN, OF COLONIAL AND REVOLUTIONARY FAME, ON
PEARL STREET, CORNER OF BROAD, NEW YORK.
It was here that Washington bade farewell to his officers, December 4, 1783. Purchased
in 1904 by the New York Society of the Sons of the American Revolution,
and now occupied by them as headquarters.

AMERICA.

1. My Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.
2. My native Country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.
3. Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.
4. Our Father's God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With Freedom's holy light,
Protect us with Thy might,
Great God, our King!

WASHINGTON'S NAME.

At the celebration of Washington's Birthday, Maury Public School, District of Columbia, Miss Helen T. Doocy recited the following beautiful poem written specially for her by Mr. Michael Scanlon:

Let nations grown old in the annals of glory
Retrace their red marches of conquest and tears,
And glean with deft hands, from the pages of story
The names which emblazon their centuried years—
Bring them forth, ev'ry deed which their prowess bequeathed
Unto them caught up from the echoes of fame;
Yet thus, round their brows all their victories wreathed,
They'll pale in the light of our Washington's Name!

Oh, ye who snatched fame from the nation's disasters
And fired your ambitions at glory's red springs,
To bask, for an hour, in the smiles of your masters,
And flash down life's current, the bubbles of kings,
Stand forth with your blood-purchased trappings upon you,
The need of your treason, the price of your shame,
And mark how the haubles which tyranny won you
Will pale in the light of our Washington's Name!

Parade your proud trophies and pile up your arches,
And flaunt your blood banner, oh, trumpet-tongued War!
But ruin and woe mark the lines of your marches,
While Liberty, captive, is chained to your car;
But, lo! in the west there flasht out to defend her
A sword which was sheened in humanity's flame,
And Virtue, secure, glass'd her form in its splendor—
The splendor which haloes our Washington's Name!

The kings whose dread names have led captive the ages
Now sink in the sands of their passion and lust;
Their blood-roll of carnage in history's pages
Is closed, and their names will go down to the dust.
But long as a banner to Freedom is flying
No shadow can rest on his sunshine of fame,
For glory has crowned him with beauty undying,
And time will but brighten our Washington's Name!
—*American Monthly Magazine.*

WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION.

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

On April 30, 1789, at Federal Hall, George Washington was duly inaugurated first President of the United States, and the great experiment of self-government on these Western shores was fairly begun.

The beginning was most auspicious. Than Washington no finer man ever stood at the forefront of a nation's life. Of Washington America is eminently proud, and of Washington America has the right to be proud, for the "Father of His Country" was, in every sense of the word, a whole man. Time has somewhat disturbed the halo that for a long while held the place about the great man's head. It has been proven that Washington was human, and all the more thanks for that. But after the closest scrutiny, from every part of the world, for a century and a quarter, it is still to be proven that anything mean, or mercenary, or dishonorable or unpatriotic ever came near the head or heart of our first President.

Washington loved his country with a whole heart. He was a patriot to the core. His first, last and only ambition was to do what he could to promote the high ends to which the Republic was dedicated. Politics, as defined by Aristotle, is the "science of government." Washington was not a learned man, and probably knew very little of Aristotle, but his head was clear and his heart was pure, and he, too, felt that politics was the science of government, and that the result of the government should be the "greatest good to the greatest number" of his fellow citizens.

From that high and sacred conviction Washington never once swerved, and when he quit his exalted office he did so with clean hands and unsmirched fame, leaving behind him a name which is probably the most illustrious in the annals of the race.

Rapid and phenomenal has been the progress of Washington's country! It seems like a dream rather than the soundest of historical facts. The Romans, after fighting "tooth and nail" for 300 years, found themselves with a territory no larger than that comprised within the limits of Greater New York. In 124 years the Americans are the owners of a territory in comparison with which the Roman Empire, when at the height of its glory, was but a small affair—a territory wherein are operant the greatest industrial, economic, moral and political forces that this old planet ever witnessed.

IMPORTANT CHARACTERS OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD IN AMERICAN HISTORY.

To make a subject interesting and beneficial to us we must have a personal interest in it. This is brought about in three ways: It touches our pride, if it be our country; it excites our curiosity as to what it really is, if it be history; and we desire to know what part our ancestors took in it, if it be war.

So, we see the period of the Revolutionary war possesses all three of these elements; and was in reality the beginning of true American life—"America for Americans."

Prior to this time (during the Colonial period) America was under the dominion of the lords proprietors—covering the years of 1663 to 1729—and royal governors—from 1729 to 1775—the appointees of the English sovereign, and whose rule was for self-aggrandizement. The very word "Revolutionary" proclaims oppression, for where there is justice shown by the ruler to the subjects there is no revolt, nor will there ever be.

We usually think of the battle of Lexington (April 19, 1775,) as being the bugle note that culminated in the Declaration of Independence and reached its final grand chord at Yorktown, October 19, 1781; but on the 16th

of May, 1771, some citizens of North Carolina, finding the extortions and exactions of the royal governor, Tryon, more than they could or would bear, took up arms in self-defense and fought on the Alamance River what was in reality the first battle of the Revolution.

The citizens' loss was thirty-six men, while the governor lost almost sixty of his royal troops. This battle of the Alamance was the seed sown that budded in the Declaration of Mecklenburg in 1775, and came to full flower in the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.

There were stages in this flower of American liberty to which we will give a cursory glance.

The determination of the colonies not to purchase British goods had a marked effect on England. Commercial depression followed, and public opinion soon demanded some concession to the Americans.

All taxes were remitted or repealed except that upon tea; when there followed the most *exciting*, if not the most enjoyable party in the world's history—the "Boston Tea Party," which occurred on the evening of December 16, 1773.

This was followed in March, 1774, by the Boston Port Bill, the first in the series of retaliation by England for the "Tea Party."

At the instigation of Virginia a new convention of the colonies was called to meet September, 1774, to consider "the grievances of the people." This was the second Colonial and the first Continental congress to meet in America, and occurred September 5, 1774, at Philadelphia. All the colonies were represented, except Georgia, whose governor would not allow it.

They then adjourned to meet May 10, 1775, after having passed a declaration of rights, framed an address to the king and people of England, and recommended the suspension of all commercial relations with the mother country.

The British minister, William Pitt, wrote of that congress: "For solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress of Philadelphia."

Henceforth the Colonists were known as "Continentalists," in contradistinction to the "Royalists" or "Tories," who were the adherents of the crown.

No period of our history holds more for the student, young or old, than this of the Revolutionary war, or possesses greater charm when once taken up.

No man or woman can be as good a citizen without some knowledge of this most interesting subject, nor enjoy so fully their grand country!

Some one has pertinently said "history is innumerable biographies;" and what child or grown person is there who does not enjoy being told of some "great person?" Every man, private, military or civil officer, who took part in the Revolutionary war was great!

It is not generally known that the *executive power* of the state rested in those troublesome times in the county committees; but it was they who executed all the orders of the Continental Congress.

The provincial council was for the whole state; the district committee for the safety of each district, and the county and town committees for each county and town.

It was through the thought, loyalty and enduring bravery of the men who constituted these committees, that we of today have a constitution that gives us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"—in whatever manner pleases us, so long as it does not trespass on another's well being.

We do not give half the honor we should to our ancestry, who have done so much for us! We zealously seek and preserve the pedigrees of our horses, cows and chickens, and really do not *know* whether we come from a mushroom or a monkey!

When we think of it, it is a much more honorable and greater thing to be a Son or Daughter of the American

Revolution, than to be a prince or princess, for one comes through noble deeds done by thinking, justice-loving men, and the other through an accident of birth. Let us examine a little into a few of these "biographies" and see wherein their greatness lies, that they like righteous Abel, "though dead yet speak."

The number seven stands for completeness and perfection—let us see if seven imaginary questions can be answered by their lives.

James Edward Oglethorpe was born in 1696, and died in 1785—two years after the Revolutionary war. He planted the Colony of Georgia, in which the oppressed found refuge. He had served in the army of Prince Eugene of Savoy in the war with the Turks. He founded the city of Savannah, Georgia. He exported to England the first silk made in the colonies, of which the queen had a dress made. King George II gave him a seal representing a family of silk worms, with their motto: "Not for ourselves but for others." He forbade the importation of rum into the colony. He refused the command of the British forces sent in 1775 to reduce, or subdue the American Colonies. In this life told in seven questions, or rather answered, we find much—a religious man, a soldier, an architect (of a city), one versed in commerce, a wise legislator and a man who had the respect of the king—the head of England.

The next in chronological order is Benjamin Franklin (for whom our little city is named), born in 1706, died in 1790. He discovered the identity of lightning and electricity, and invented the lightning rods. He was an early printer who edited and published "Poor Richard's Almanac." Of him it was said, "He snatched the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants."

He founded the first circulating library in America. His portrait is seen to-day on every one-cent postage stamp. He was America's ambassador to France during the Revolutionary war.

He said after signing the Declaration of Independence, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately."

In him, we find an inventor and discoverer, an editor and author, a benefactor, a politician and statesman, and one whose face we daily see on account of his greatness.

George Washington was born 1732, and died 1799. He was the first president of the United States—"The Father of His Country," the commander-in-chief of the American forces in the Revolutionary war. He was the hero of Valley Forge, and the one to receive the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

He was the president of the convention that framed the United States constitution. The one of whom it was said, "He was the first in war, the first in peace, and the first in the hearts of his countrymen." It is his—and his only—birthday America celebrates as a national holiday. Of him Lord Byron said, "The first, the last, and the best, the Cincinnatus of the West." How much do seven short paragraphs tell!

Patrick Henry was born in 1736, died 1799, the same year that Washington "passed away;" and like his, this life can speak for itself. He was the most famous orator of the Revolution. He said, "give me liberty or give me death!" He also said, "We must fight. An appeal to arms and to the god of battles is all that is left us. I repeat it, sir, we must fight." Another saying of his was, "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I his Cromwell, and George III—may profit by their example." Again, "The people, and only the people, have a right to tax the people." He won in the famous Parson's case, the epithet of "The Orator of Nature." He was the first governor of the Colony of Virginia after it became a state.

John Hancock was born in 1737, and died 1793. He first signed the Declaration of Independence. He was a rich Boston merchant as well as a Revolutionary leader. He was chosen president of the Continental congress in

1775. He and Samuel Adams were the two especially excepted from pardon offered the "rebels" by the English.

As president of congress he signed the commission of George Washington as commander-in-chief of the army.

When he signed the Declaration of Independence he said, "The British ministry can read that name without spectacles; let them double their reward." He was elected the first governor of the state of Massachusetts in 1780.

Anthony Wayne was born in 1745, and died in 1796. He was often called "Mad Anthony" on account of his intrepidity. He was the hero of Stony Point. He built a fort on the spot of St. Clair's defeat and named it Fort Recovery. He was made commander-in-chief of the Army of the Northwest in 1792. He gained a great victory over the Miami Indians in Ohio in 1794. He, as a Revolutionary general, banished whiskey from his camp calling it "ardent poison"—from whence came the expression "ardent spirits" when applied to stimulants. Major Andre composed a poem about him called the "Cow Chase," showing how he captured supplies for the Americans.

Alexander Hamilton was born in 1757, and died in 1804. He was aide-de-camp to Washington in 1777—the most trying year of the entire Revolutionary war. He succeeded Washington as commander-in-chief of the United States army. He was the first secretary of the treasury of the United States. He founded the financial system of the United States. He was the Revolutionary statesman who said, "Reformers make opinions, and opinions make parties"—a true aphorism to-day. He is known as the "prince of politicians, or America's greatest political genius." His brilliant career was cut short at the age of 43 by Aaron Burr—whose life is summed up in two sad, bitter lines:

"His country's curse, his children's shame;
Outcast of virtue, peace and fame."

Although John Paul Jones was not a Revolutionary soldier on the land, yet he was "the Washington of the Seas."

He was born in 1747 and died 1792. He was the first to hoist an American naval flag on board an American frigate. He fought the first naval engagement under the United States' national ensign or flag.

He commanded the *Bon Homme Richard* in the great sea fight with the *Serapis* in the English Channel.

He said, after the commander of the *Serapis* had been knighted, "if I should have the good fortune to meet him again, I will make a lord of him." He was presented with a sword by Louis XVI for his services against the English. He was appointed rear-admiral of the Russian fleet by Catherine II.

These are but a few of the many men who did so valiantly their part during the Revolutionary period.

SUSIE GENTRY,

State Vice-Regent, D. A. R.

(A talk made to the public school teachers of Williamson County—at the request of the superintendent of instruction—in Franklin, Tennessee, January 13, 1906.)—*American Monthly Magazine.*

THE BATTLE OF ALAMANCE.

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

At the battle of Alamance, N. C., fought May 16, 1771, was shed the first blood of the great struggle which was to result in the establishment of American independence.

All honor to Lexington, where the "embattled farmers" fired shots that were "heard around the world," but let it not be forgotten that other farmers, almost four years before the day of Lexington, opened the fight of which Lexington was only the continuation.

The principles for which the North Carolina farmers fought at Alamance were identified with those for which

Massachusetts farmers fought at Lexington. Of the Massachusetts patriots nineteen were killed and wounded, while of the Carolina patriots over 200 lay killed or crippled upon the field and six, later on, died upon the scaffold, yet, while all the world has heard of Lexington, not one person in a thousand knows anything to speak of about Alamance.

William Tryon, the royal Governor of North Carolina, was so mean that they called him the "Wolf." In the name of his royal master and for the furtherance of his own greedy instincts Tryon oppressed the people of his province to the point where they were obliged to do one or two things—resist him or become slaves. They resolved to resist and formed themselves into an organization known as "Regulators," a body of as pure patriots as ever shouldered a gun.

Having protested time and again against the unlawful taxation under which they groaned, they finally quit groaning, raised the cry of freedom and rose in arms against Tryon and King George.

To the number of 2,000 or 3,000 the Regulators, only partly armed and without organization, met the forces of the royal Governor at Alamance.

"Lay down your guns or I will fire!" shouted the British commander. "Fire and be damned!" shouted back the leader of the Regulators. At once the battle opened, and, of course, the Regulators were defeated and dispersed. But old Tryon received the lesson he had so long needed—that, while Americans could be shot down on the battlefield, they could not be made tamely to submit to the high-handed oppression of King George and his creatures.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON APRIL 19, 1775.

On the afternoon of the day on which the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts adjourned, General Gage took the light infantry and grenadiers off duty and secretly prepared an expedition to destroy the colony's stores at Concord. The attempt had for several weeks been expected, and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of troops for the country. Samuel Adams and Hancock, who had not yet left Lexington for Philadelphia, received a timely message from Warren, and in consequence the Committee of Safety moved a part of the public stores and secreted the cannon.

On Tuesday, the eighteenth of April, ten or more British sergeants in disguise dispersed themselves through Cambridge and farther west to intercept all communication. In the following night the grenadiers and light infantry, not less than eight hundred in number, the flower of the army at Boston, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, crossed in the boats of the transport ships from the foot of the Common at East Cambridge.

Gage directed that no one else should leave the town, but Warren had, at ten o'clock, dispatched William Dawes through Roxbury and Paul Revere by way of Charlestown to Lexington.

Revere stopped only to engage a friend to raise the concerted signals, and two friends rowed him across the Charles River five minutes before the sentinels received the order to prevent it. All was still, as suited the hour. The *Somerset*, man-of-war, was winding with the young flood; the waning moon just peered above a clear horizon, while from a couple of lanterns in the tower of the North Church the beacon streamed to the neighboring towns as fast as light could travel.

A little beyond Charlestown Neck Revere was intercepted by two British officers on horseback, but being well mounted he turned suddenly and escaped by the road to

Medford. In that town he waked the captain and Minute Men, and continued to rouse almost every house on the way to Lexington, making the memorable ride of Paul Revere. The troops had not advanced far when the firing of guns and ringing of bells announced that their expedition had been heralded, and Smith sent back for a reinforcement.

Early on the nineteenth of April the message from Warren reached Adams and Hancock, who at once divined the object of the expedition. Revere, therefore, and Dawes, joined by Samuel Prescott, "a high Son of Liberty" from Concord, rode forward, calling up the inhabitants as they passed along, till in Lincoln they fell upon a party of British officers. Revere and Dawes were seized and taken back to Lexington, where they were released, but Prescott leaped over a low stone wall and galloped on for Concord.

There, at about two hours after midnight, a peal from the bell of the meeting house brought together the inhabitants of the place, young and old, with their firelocks, ready to make good the resolute words of their town debates. Among the most alert was William Emerson, the minister, with gun in hand, his powder horn and pouch of balls slung over his shoulder. By his sermons and his prayers his flock learned to hold the defense of their liberties a part of their covenant with God. His presence with arms strengthened their sense of duty.

From daybreak to sunrise, the summons ran from house to house through Acton. Express messengers and the call of Minute Men spread widely the alarm. How children trembled as they were scared out of sleep by the cries! How women, with heaving breasts, bravely seconded their husbands! How the countrymen, forced suddenly to arm, without guides or counsellors, took instant counsel of their courage! The mighty chorus of voices rose from the scattered farmhouses, and, as it were, from the ashes of the dead. "Come forth, champions of liberty; now free your country; protect your sons and daughters, your wives and

homesteads; rescue the houses of the God of your fathers, the franchises handed down from your ancestors." Now all is at stake; the battle is for all.

Lexington, in 1775, may have had seven hundred inhabitants. Their minister was the learned and fervent Jonas Clark, the bold inditer of patriotic state papers, that may yet be read on their town records. In December, 1772, they had instructed their representative to demand "a radical and lasting redress of their grievances, for not through their neglect should the people be enslaved." A year later they spurned the use of tea. In 1774, at various town meetings, they voted "to increase their stock of ammunition," "to encourage military discipline, and to put themselves in a posture of defense against their enemies." In December they distributed to "the train band and alarm list" arms and ammunition and resolved to "supply the training soldiers with bayonets."

At two in the morning, under the eye of the minister, and of Hancock and Adams, Lexington Common was alive with the Minute Men. The roll was called and, of militia and alarm men, about one hundred and thirty answered to their names. The captain, John Parker, ordered everyone to load with powder and ball, but to take care not to be the first to fire. Messengers sent to look for the British regulars reported that there were no signs of their approach. A watch was therefore set, and the company dismissed with orders to come together at beat of drum.

The last stars were vanishing from night when the foremost party, led by Pitcairn, a major of marines, was discovered advancing quickly and in silence. Alarm guns were fired and the drums beat, not a call to village husbandmen only, but the reveille of humanity. Less than seventy, perhaps less than sixty, obeyed the summons, and, in sight of half as many boys and unarmed men, were paraded in two ranks a few rods north of the meeting house.

The British van, hearing the drum and the alarm guns, halted to load; the remaining companies came up, and, at

half an hour before sunrise, the advance party hurried forward at double quick time, almost upon a run, closely followed by the grenadiers. Pitcairn rode in front and when within five or six rods of the Minute Men, cried out: "Disperse, ye villains! Ye rebels, disperse! Lay down your arms! Why don't you lay down your arms and disperse?" The main part of the countrymen stood motionless in the ranks, witnesses against aggression, too few to resist, too brave to fly. At this Pitcairn discharged a pistol, and with a loud voice cried "Fire!" The order was followed first by a few guns, which did no execution, and then by a close and deadly discharge of musketry.

Jonas Parker, the strongest and best wrestler in Lexington, had promised never to run from British troops, and he kept his vow. A wound brought him on his knees. Having discharged his gun he was preparing to load it again when he was stabbed by a bayonet and lay on the post which he took at the morning's drum beat. So fell Isaac Muzzey, and so died the aged Robert Munroe, who in 1758 had been an ensign at Louisburg. Jonathan Harrington, Jr., was struck in front of his own house on the north of the common. His wife was at the window as he fell. With blood gushing from his breast, he rose in her sight, tottered, fell again, then crawled on hands and knees toward his dwelling; she ran to meet him, but only reached him as he expired on their threshold. Caleb Harrington, who had gone into the meeting house for powder, was shot as he came out. Samuel Hadley and John Brown were pursued and killed after they had left the green. Asabel Porter, of Woburn, who had been taken prisoner by the British on the march, endeavoring to escape, was shot within a few rods of the common. Seven men of Lexington were killed, nine wounded, a quarter part of all who stood in arms on the green.

There on the green lay in death the gray-haired and the young; the grassy field was red "with the innocent

blood of their brethren slain," crying unto God for vengeance from the ground.

These are the village heroes who were more than of noble blood, proving by their spirit that they were of a race divine. They gave their lives in testimony to the rights of mankind, bequeathing to their country an assurance of success in the mighty struggle which they began. The expanding millions of their countrymen renew and multiply their praise from generation to generation. They fulfilled their duty not from an accidental impulse of the moment; their action was the ripened fruit of Providence and of time.

Heedless of his own danger, Samuel Adams, with the voice of a prophet, exclaimed: "Oh, what a glorious morning is this!" for he saw his country's independence hastening on, and, like Columbus in the tempest, knew that the storm bore him more swiftly toward the undiscovered land.

The British troops drew up on the village green, fired a volley, huzzaed thrice by way of triumph, and after a halt of less than thirty minutes, marched on for Concord. There, in the morning hours, children and women fled for shelter to the hills and the woods and men were hiding what was left of cannon and military stores.

The Minute Men and militia formed on the usual parade, over which the congregation of the town for near a century and a half had passed to public worship, the freemen to every town meeting, and lately the patriot members of the Provincial Congress twice a day to their little senate house. Near that spot Winthrop, the father of Massachusetts, had given counsel; and Eliot, the apostle of the Indians, had spoken words of benignity and wisdom. The people of Concord, of whom about two hundred appeared in arms on that day, derived their energy from their sense of the divine power.

The alarm company of the place rallied near the Liberty Pole on the hill, to the right of the Lexington road, in the front of the meeting house. They went to the perilous

duties of the day "with seriousness and acknowledgment of God," as though they were to engage in acts of worship. The minute company of Lincoln, and a few men from Acton, pressed in at an early hour; but the British, as they approached, were seen to be four times as numerous as the Americans. The latter, therefore, retreated, first to an eminence eighty rods farther north, then across Concord River, by the North Bridge, till just beyond it, by a back road, they gained high ground about a mile from the center of the town. There they waited for aid.

About seven o'clock, under brilliant sunshine, the British marched with rapid step into Concord, the light infantry along the hills and the grenadiers in the lower road.

At daybreak the Minute Men of Acton crowded at the drum-beat to the house of Isaac Davis, their captain, who "made haste to be ready." Just thirty years old, the father of four little ones, stately in person, a man of few words, earnest even to solemnity, he parted from his wife, saying: "Take good care of the children," and while she gazed after him with resignation he led off his company.

Between nine and ten the number of Americans on the rising ground above Concord Bridge had increased to more than four hundred. Of these, there were twenty-five men from Bedford, with Jonathan Wilson for their captain; others were from Westford, among them Thaxter, a preacher; others from Littleton, from Carlisle, and from Chelmsford. The Acton company came last and formed on the right; the whole was a gathering not so much of officers and soldiers as of brothers and equals, of whom every one was a man well known in his village, observed in the meeting houses on Sundays, familiar at town meetings and respected as a freeholder or a freeholder's son.

Near the base of the hill Concord River flows languidly in a winding channel and was approached by a causeway over the wet ground of its left bank. The by-road from the hill on which the Americans had rallied ran southerly

till it met the causeway at right angles. The Americans saw before them, within gunshot, British troops holding possession of their bridge, and in the distance a still larger number occupying their town, which, from the rising smoke, seemed to have been set on fire.

The Americans had as yet received only uncertain rumors of the morning's events at Lexington. At the sight of fire in the village the impulse seized them "to march into the town for its defense." But were they not subjects of the British king? Had not the troops come out in obedience to acknowledged authorities? Was resistance practicable? Was it justifiable? By whom could it be authorized? No union had been formed, no independence proclaimed, no war declared. The husbandmen and mechanics who then stood on the hillock by Concord River were called on to act and their action would be war or peace, submission or independence. Had they doubted, they must have despaired. Prudent statesmanship would have asked for time to ponder. Wise philosophy would have lost from hesitation the glory of opening a new era for mankind. The small hands at Concord acted and God was with them.

"I never heard from any person the least expression of a wish for a separation," Franklin, not long before, had said to Chatham. In October, 1774, Washington wrote: "No such thing as independence is desired by any thinking man in America." "Before the nineteenth of April, 1775," relates Jefferson, "I never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain." Just thirty-seven days had passed since John Adams published in Boston, "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province."

The American Revolution grew out of the souls of the people and was an inevitable result of a living affection for freedom, which set in motion harmonious effort as certainly as the beating of the heart sends warmth and color through the system.

The officers, meeting in front of their men, spoke a few words with one another and went back to their places. Barrett, the colonel, on horseback in the rear, then gave the order to advance, but not to fire unless attacked. The calm features of Isaac Davis, of Acton, became changed; the town schoolmaster of Concord, who was present, could never afterwards find words strong enough to express how deeply his face reddened at the word of command. "I have not a man that is afraid to go," said Davis, looking at the men of Acton, and, drawing his sword, he cried: "March!" His company, being on the right, led the way toward the bridge, he himself at their head, and by his side Major John Buttrick, of Concord, with John Robinson, of Westford, lieutenant-colonel in Prescott's regiment, but on this day a volunteer without command.

These three men walked together in front, followed by Minute Men and militia in double file, training arms. They went down the hillock, entered the by-road, came to its angle with the main road and there turned into the causeway that led straight to the bridge. The British began to take up the planks; to prevent it the Americans quickened their step. At this the British fired one or two shots up the river; then another, by which Luther Blanchard and Jonas Brown were wounded. A volley followed, and Isaac Davis and Abner Hosmer fell dead. Three hours before, Davis had bid his wife farewell. That afternoon he was carried home and laid in her bedroom. His countenance was pleasant in death. The bodies of two others of his company, who were slain that day, were brought to her house, and the three were followed to the village graveyard by a concourse of neighbors from miles around. Heaven gave her length of days in the land which his self-devotion assisted to redeem. She lived to see her country reach the Gulf of Mexico and the Pacific; when it was grown great in numbers, wealth and power, the United States in Congress bethought themselves to pay

honors to her husband's martyrdom and comfort her under the double burden of sorrow and of more than ninety years.

As the British fired, Emerson, who was looking on from an upper window in his house near the bridge, was for one moment uneasy lest the fire should not be returned. It was only for a moment; Buttrick, leaping in the air and at the same time partially turning around, cried aloud: "Fire, fellow soldiers! for God's sake, fire!" and the cry "fire! fire! fire!" ran from lip to lip. Two of the British fell, several were wounded, and in two minutes all was hushed. The British retreated in disorder toward their main body; the countrymen were left in possession of the bridge. This is the world renowned "Battle of Concord," more eventful than Agincourt or Blenheim.

The Americans stood astonished at what they had done. They made no pursuit and did no further harm, except that one wounded soldier, attempting to arise if to escape, was struck on the head by a young man with a hatchet. The party at Barrett's might have been cut off, but was not molested. As the Sudbury company, commanded by the brave Nixon, passed near the South Bridge, Josiah Haynes, then eighty years of age, deacon of the Sudbury Church, urged an attack on the British party stationed there; his advice was rejected by his fellow soldiers as premature, but the company in which he served proved among the most alert during the rest of the day.

In the town of Concord, Smith, for half an hour, showed by marches and counter-marches his uncertainty of purpose. At last, about noon, he left the town, to retreat the way he came, along the hilly road that wound through forests and thickets. The Minute Men and militia who had taken part in the fight ran over the hills opposite the battle field into the east quarter of the town, crossed the pasture known as the "Great Fields," and placed themselves in ambush a little to the eastward of the village, near the junction of the Bedford road. There they were re-

inforced by men from all around and at that point the chase of the English began.

Among the foremost were the Minute Men of Reading, led by John Brooks and accompanied by Foster, the minister of Littleton, as a volunteer. The company of Billerica, whose inhabitants, in their just indignation at Nesbit and his soldiers, had openly resolved to "use a different style from that of petition and complaint" came down from the north, while the East Sudbury company appeared on the south. A little below the Bedford road at Merriam's corner the British faced about, but after a sharp encounter, in which several of them were killed, they resumed their retreat.

At the high land in Lincoln the old road bent toward the north, just where great trees on the west and thickets on the east offered cover to the pursuers. The men from Wodburn came up in great numbers and well armed. Along these defiles fell eight of the British. Here Pitcairn for safety was forced to quit his horse, which was taken with his pistols in their holsters. A little farther on Jonathan Wilson, captain of the Bedford Minute Men, too zealous to keep on his guard, was killed by a flanking party. At another defile in Lincoln, the Minute Men at Lexington, commanded by John Parker, renewed the fight. Every piece of wood, every rock by the wayside, served as a lurking place. Scarce ten of the Americans were at any time seen together, yet the hills seemed to the British to swarm with "rebels," as if they had dropped from the clouds, and "the road was lined" by an unintermitted fire from behind stone walls and trees.

At first the invaders moved in order; as they drew near Lexington, their flanking parties became ineffective from weariness; the wounded were scarce able to get forward. In the west of Lexington, as the British were rising Fiske's hill, a sharp contest ensued. It was at the eastern foot of the same hill that James Hayward, of Acton, encountered a regular, and both at the same moment fired; the regular

dropped dead; Hayward was mortally wounded. A little farther on fell the octogenarian, Josiah Haynes, who had kept pace with the swiftest in the pursuit.

The British troops, "greatly exhausted and fatigued and having expended almost all of their ammunition," began to run rather than retreat in order. The officers vainly attempted to stop their flight. "They were driven before the Americans like sheep." At last, about two in the afternoon, after they had hurried through the middle of the town, about a mile below the field of the morning's bloodshed, the officers made their way to the front and by menaces of death began to form them under a very heavy fire.

At that moment Lord Percy came in sight with the first brigade, consisting of Welsh Fusileers, the Fourth, the Forty-seventh and the Thirty-eighth Regiments, in all about twelve hundred men, with two field pieces. Insolent, as usual, they marched out of Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle, but they grew alarmed at finding every house on the road deserted.

While the cannon kept the Americans at bay, Percy formed his detachment into a square, enclosing the fugitives, who lay down for rest on the ground, "their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase."

After the juncture of the fugitives with Percy, the troops under his command amounted to fully two-thirds of the British Army in Boston, and yet they must fly before the Americans speedily and fleetly, or be overwhelmed. Two wagons, sent out to them with supplies, were waylaid and captured by Payson, the minister of Chelsea. From far and wide Minute Men were gathering. The men of Dedham, even the old men, received their minister's blessing and went forth, in such numbers that scarce one male between sixteen and seventy was left at home. That morning William Prescott mustered his regiment, and though Pepperell was so remote that he could not be in

season for the pursuit, he hastened down with five companies of guards. Before noon a messenger rode at full speed into Worcester, crying: "To arms!" A fresh horse was brought and the tidings went on, while the Minute Men of that town, after joining hurriedly on the common in a fervent prayer from their minister, kept on the march till they reached Cambridge.

Aware of his perilous position, Percy, resting but half an hour, renewed his retreat.

Beyond Lexington the troops were attacked by men chiefly from Essex and the lower towns. The fire from the rebels slackened till they approached West Cambridge, where Joseph Warren and William Heath, both of the committee of safety, the latter a provincial general officer, gave for a moment some appearance of organization to the pursuit, and the fight grew sharper and more determined. Here the company from Danvers, which made a breastwork of a pile of shingles, lost eight men, caught between the enemy's flank guard and main body. Here, too, a musket ball grazed the hair of Joseph Warren, whose heart beat to arms, so that he was ever in the place of greatest danger. The British became more and more "exasperated" and indulged themselves in savage cruelty. In one house they found two aged, helpless, unarmed men and butchered them both without mercy, stabbing them, breaking their skulls and dashing out their brains. Hannah Adams, wife of Deacon Joseph Adams, of Cambridge, lay in child-bed with a babe of a week old, but was forced to crawl with her infant in her arms and almost naked to a corn shed, while the soldiers set her house on fire. Of the Americans there were never more than four hundred together at any time; but, as some grew tired or used up their ammunition, others took their places, and though there was not much concert or discipline and no attack with masses, the pursuit never flagged.

Below West Cambridge the militia from Dorchester, Roxbury and Brookline came up. Of these, Isaac Gardner,

of the latter place, one on whom the colony rested many hopes, fell about a mile west of Harvard College. The field pieces began to lose their terror, so that the Americans pressed upon the rear of the fugitives, whose retreat was as rapid as it possibly could be. A little after sunset the survivors escaped across Charlestown Neck.

The troops of Percy had marched thirty miles in ten hours; the party of Smith in six hours had retreated twenty miles; the guns of the ship-of-war and the menace to burn the town of Charlestown saved them from annoyance during the rest on Bunker Hill and while they were ferried across Charles River.

On that day forty-nine Americans were killed, thirty-four wounded and five missing. The loss of the British in killed, wounded and missing was two hundred and seventy-three. Among the wounded were many officers; Smith was hurt severely. Many more were disabled by fatigue.

“The night preceding the outrages at Lexington there were not fifty people in the whole colony that ever expected any blood would be shed in the contest”; the night after, the king’s governor and the king’s army found themselves closely beleaguered in Boston.

“The next news from England must be conciliatory, or the connection between us ends,” said Warren. “This month,” so wrote William Emerson, of Concord, late chaplain to the Provincial Congress, chronicled in a blank leaf of his almanac, “is remarkable for the greatest events of the present age.” “From the nineteenth of April, 1775,” said Clark, of Lexington, on its first anniversary, “will be dated the liberty of the American world.”

NOTE.—The principal part of this account of the Battle of Lexington is taken from Bancroft’s history.—*American Monthly Magazine*.

SIGNERS OF DECLARATION.

(Poem that embraces the names of the famous Americans.)

It will not be denied that the men who, on July 4, 1776, pledged "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor" in behalf of our national liberty deserve the most profound reverence from every American citizen. By arranging in rhyme the names of the signers according to the colonies from which they were delegated it will assist the youthful learner in remembering the names of those fathers of American Independence.

I.

The Massachusetts delegation
That signed our glorious Declaration
Where Hancock, Gerry, Robert Paine,
The great John Adams, and again
Another Adams, Samuel by name.

II.

New Hampshire, called the "Granite State,"
Sent Whipple, Bartlett, Thornton great,
Alike in counsel and debate.

III.

Rhode Island's delegates, we see,
Were Stephen Hopkins and Ellery.

IV.

Connecticut, excelled by none,
With Wolcott, Williams and Huntington.

V.

New York as delegates employed
Lewis Morris and William Floyd,
With Francis Lewis and Livingston,
Who died before the war was done.

VI.

New Jersey to the congress sent
Her honored college president,
John Witherspoon, with Stockton, Clark,
Hart, Hopkinson—all men of mark.

VII.

Though Pennsylvania need not blush
 For Morris, Morton, Wilson, Rush,
 And though most men might seem as dross
 To Cylmer, Taylor, Smith and Ross,
 To Franklin each his tribute brings
 Who neither lightning feared, nor kings.

VIII.

The men from Delaware—indeed
 As true as steel in utmost need—
 Were Rodney, with McKean and Read.

IX.

"My Maryland" is proud to own
 Her Carroll, Paca, Chase and Stone.

X.

On old Virginia's roll we see
 The gifted Richard Henry Lee,
 And, just as earnest to be free.
 His brother, Francis Lightfoot Lee,
 And Wythe and Nelson, patriots true,
 With Harrison and Braxton, too;
 But of them all, there was not one
 As great as Thomas Jefferson.

XI.

North Carolina's chosen men
 We know were Hooper, Hewes and Penn.

XII.

And South Carolina's vote was one—
 By Heyward, Lynch and Middleton.

XIII.

From Georgia came Gwinnett and Hall
 And Walton, too, the last of all
 Who signed our precious Declaration
 The pride and glory of the nation.

LIFE AT VALLEY FORGE.

MRS. HARRIET D. EISENBERG.

I have chosen to look up particulars concerning the daily life of the soldier at Valley Forge in the awful winter of 1777-8. And as no historian can picture the life of any period so vividly as it may be described by those who were participants in that life, or eye witnesses of it, I have gathered the materials for this paper from diaries of those who were there, from accounts by men whose friends were in the camp, from letters sent to and from the camp, and from the orderly book of a general who kept a strict report of the daily orders issued by the Commander-in-chief, from the fall campaign of 1777, to the late spring of 1778.

It is unnecessary to reiterate what all of us know,—that the winter of '77-8 was the blackest time of the war of Independence, and it was made so, not only by the machinations of the enemies of Washington who were striving to displace him as Commander-in-Chief, but by the unparalleled severity of the winter and the dearth of the commonest necessities of life. The sombreness of the picture is emphasized by contrast with the brightness and gaiety that characterized the life in Philadelphia during that same winter when the British troops occupied the city. There a succession of brilliant festivities was going on, the gaieties culminating in the meschianza that most gorgeous spectacle ever given by an army to its retiring officer, when Peggy Shippen and Sallie Chew danced the night away with the scarlet-coated officers of the British army, while fathers and brothers were suffering on the hills above the Schuylkill.

Why did Washington elect to put his army in winter-quarters? He himself answers the question, which was asked by congress who objected to the army's going into winter quarters at all. The campaign, which had seen the battles of the Brandywine and of Germantown, was over; the British were in possession of Philadelphia; the army

was fatigued and there was little chance of recuperation from sources already heavily drained. Hence a winter's rest was necessary. And Washington's own words, as he issued the orders for the day on December 23d, tell us why Valley Forge was chosen.

"The General wishes it was in his power to conduct the troops into the best winter quarters; but where are those to be found? Should we retire into the interior portions of the country, we should find them crowded with virtuous citizens who, sacrificing their all, have left Philadelphia, and fled hither for protection. To their distress, humanity forbids us to add. This is not all. We should leave a vast extent of fertile country to be despoiled and ravaged by the enemy. These and other considerations make it necessary to take such a position (as this), and influenced by these considerations he persuades himself that officers and soldiers, with one heart and one mind, will resolve to surmount every difficulty with the fortitude and patience becoming their profession and the Sacred Cause in which they are engaged. He himself, will share in the hardships, and partake of every inconvenience."

And with this resolve on his part, kept faithfully through the long weeks, the bitter winter was begun.

It was on December 12th that a bridge of wagons was made across the Schuylkill and the army, already sick and broken down, moved over. On that day, Dr. Waldo, a surgeon from Connecticut made this entry in his diary:

"Sunset. We are ordered to march over the river. I'm sick---eat nothing---no whiskey---no baggage. Lord-Lord-Lord."

A few days later he makes this entry:

"The army, who have been surprisingly healthy hitherto, now begin to grow sickly. They still show alacrity and contentment not to be expected from so young troops.

"I am sick, discontented, out of humor. Poor food, hard lodging---cold weather---fatigue---nasty clothes---nasty cooking---smoked out of my senses, vomit half my time---the Devil's in it. I can't endure it.

"Here comes a bowl of soup—full of burnt leaves and dirt.—Away with it, boys. I'll live like the chameleon upon air. 'Pooh-pooh,' says Patience. You talk like a fool.—See the poor soldier—with what cheerfulness he meets his foes and encounters hardships. If bare of foot he labors through mud and cold, with a song extolling war and Washington. If his food is bad he eats it with contentment and whistles it into digestion.—There comes a soldier—his bare feet are seen through his worn out shoes. His legs are nearly naked from his tattered remains of an old pair of stockings—his shirt hanging in strings,—his hair dishevelled—his face meagre—his whole appearance pictures a person forsaken and discouraged. He comes and cries with despair—I am sick. My feet are lame—my legs are sore—my body covered with tormenting itch—my clothes worn out—my constitution broken. I fail fast. I shall soon be no more. And all the reward I shall get will be—'Poor Will is dead.'"

On the 21st of December this entry appears:

"A general cry through the camp this evening: 'no meat—no meat.' The distant vales echo back—'no meat.' 'What have you for dinner, Boys?' 'Nothing but fire cake and water, sir! At night. 'Gentlemen, supper is ready.' 'What is your supper, lads?' 'Fire-cake and water Sir.'"

Again on December 22d:

"Lay excessive cold and uncomfortable last night. My eyes started out of their orbits like a rabbit's eyes, occasioned by a great cold and smoke. Huts go slowly. Cold and smoke make us fret.—I don't know anything that vexes a man's soul more than hot smoke continually blowing into one's eyes, and when he attempts to avoid it, he is met by a cold and freezing wind."

On December 25th, Xmas, this entry:

"Still in tents. The sick suffer much in tents. We give them mutton and grog and capital medicine it is once in a while."

January 1st:

"I am alive. I am well. Huts go on briskly."

I have quoted thus lengthily from this diary, which gives, perhaps, the most vivid picture we possess of that

dark period, simply because it touches upon almost all that concerns the life of the soldiers that winter,—upon their dwellings, their food, their health, their courage.

The Doctor repeatedly speaks of the huts which were to shelter the men. In the order issued by Washington to his generals early in December, directions were given concerning the construction of these dwellings. According to these directions, the major-generals, accompanied by the engineers, were to fix on the proper spot for hutting. The sunside of the hills was chosen, and here they constructed long rows of log huts, and made numerous stockades and bristling pikes for defence along the line of the trench. For these purposes and for their fuel they cut off an entire forest of timber. Can't you hear the steady crash of the ax held by hands benumbed with the cold, as blow, by blow, they felled the trees on the hillside, eager to erect the crude huts which were to give better shelter than the tents in which they were yet shivering and choking? In cutting their fire wood, the soldiers were directed to save such parts of each tree as would do for building, reserving 16 or 18 feet of trunk for logs to rear their huts. "The quartermaster-general, (so says the order of December 20th) is to delay no time, but procure large quantities of straw, either for covering the huts or for beds." This last item would suggest the meagreness of the furnishing. Throughout the entire winter the soldier could look for few of the barest necessities of life. An order from headquarters directed that each hut should be provided with a pail. Dishes were a rarity. Each soldier carried his knife in his pocket, while one horn spoon, a pewter dish, and a horn tumbler into which whiskey rarely entered, did duty for a whole mess. The eagerness to possess a single dish is illustrated by an anecdote which has come down in my own family, if I may presume to narrate it. My Revolutionary ancestor was a manufacturer of pottery. In the leisure hours of this bitter time at Valley Forge, he built a kiln and burnt some pottery. Just as it was time to open the ovens, a band of

soldiers rushed upon them, tearing them down, and triumphantly marched off with their prize, leaving Captain Piercy as destitute of dishes as before.

As for the food that was meant to sustain the defenders of our liberty, the diary I have quoted, together with Washington's daily orders, gives us sufficient information to enable us to judge of its meagreness. Often their food was salted herring so decayed that it had to be dug 'en masse' from the barrels. Du Poncean, a young officer, aid to Baron Steuben, related to a friend, a few years after the war, some facts of stirring interest. "They bore," he says, "with fortitude and patience. Sometimes, you might see the soldiers pop their heads out from their huts and call in an undertone—'no bread, no soldier;' but a single word from their officer would still their complaint." Baron Steuben's cook left him at Valley Forge, saying that when there was nothing to cook, any one might turn the spit.

The commander-in-chief, partaking of the hardships of his brave men, was accustomed to sit down with his invited officers to a scanty piece of meat, with some hard bread and a few potatoes. At his house, called Moore Hall, they drank the prosperity of the nation in humble toddy, and the luxurious dessert consisted of a dish of hazel nuts.

Even in those scenes, Mrs. Washington, as was her practice in the winter campaign, had joined her husband, and always at the head of the table maintained a mild and dignified, yet cheerful manner. She busied herself all day long, with errands of grace, and when she passed along the lines, she would hear the fervent cry,—“God bless Lady Washington.”

I need not go into details concerning the lack of clothing—the diary I have quoted is sufficiently suggestive. An officer said, some years after the war, that many were without shoes, and while acting as sentinels, had doffed their hats to stand in, to save their feet from freezing. Deserters to the British army—for even among the loyal American troops there were some to be found who could

not stand up against cold and hunger and disease and the inducement held out by the enemy to deserters—would enter Philadelphia shoeless and almost naked—around their body an old, dirty blanket, fastened by a leather belt around the waist.

One does not wonder that disease was rampant, that orders had to be issued from headquarters for the proper treatment of the itch; for inoculation against smallpox, for the care of those suffering from dysentery which was widespread in the camp. On January 8, an order was issued from the commander-in-chief to the effect that men rendered unfit for duty by the itch be looked after by the surgeon and properly disposed in huts where they could be annointed for the disease. Hospital provisions were made for the sick. Huts, 15 by 25 and 9 feet high, with windows in each end, were built, two for each brigade. They were placed at or near the center, and not more than 100 yards from the bridge. But such were the ravages of the disease that long trenches in the vale below the hill were dug, and filled in with the dead.

To turn to the activities of the camp,—its duties, privileges, and amusements, and even its crimes. Until somewhat late in the spring, when Baron Steuben arrived at Valley Forge, there was little system observed in the drilling of the several brigades. Yet each day's military duty was religiously attended to, that there might, at least, be some preparation for defence in case of an attack from the superior force at Philadelphia. The duties of both rank and file were strictly laid down by Washington, and any dereliction was punished with military strictness.

In the commands issued on February 8, the order of the day is plainly indicated. I give the words from *Orderly book*:

"Reveille sounded at daybreak—troop at 8—retreat at sunset—tattoo at 9. Drummers call to beat at the right of first line and answer through that line. Then through the second and corp of artillery, beginning at the left. Reserve shall follow

the second line immediately upon this. Three rolls, to begin, and run through in like manner as the call. Then all the drums of the army at the heads of their respective corps shall go through the regular beats, ceasing upon the right which will be a sign for the whole to cease."

Don't you imagine that you hear the rise and fall of the notes as they echoed and re-echoed over the frozen hills and thrilled the hearts that beat beneath the rags in the cold winter morning?

The daily drill on parade, the picket duty, the domestic duties incumbent upon the men in the absence of the women, the leisure hours, then taps, and the day's tale was told.

I should like to tell you of the markets established, for two days each, at three separate points on the outskirts of the camp, where for prices fixed by a schedule to prevent extortion, the soldiers, fortunate enough to possess some money might add to their meagre supplies some comforts in food or clothing. I should like to tell of the sutlers that followed each brigade, and the strict rules that governed their dealings with the army,—of the funerals, the simple ceremonies of which were fixed by orders from headquarters; of the gaming among the soldiers, which vice Washington so thoroughly abhorred that he forbade, under strictest penalties, indulgence in even harmless games of cards and dice. I should like to tell of the thanksgiving days appointed by congress for some signal victory of the northern army, or for the blessing of the French alliance, on which days the camp was exempt from ordinary duty and after divine service the day was given over to the men. Or I should like to tell of Friday the "Flag day" when a flag of truce was carried into Philadelphia and letters were sent to loved ones, and answers brought back containing disheartening news of the gaieties then going on, or encouraging accounts of the sacrifices of mothers and daughters in the cause of liberty. And finally I should like to tell you of the court martials, through the reports

of which we get such a vivid picture of the intimate life of the time: of the trial by court martial of Anthony Wayne, who was acquitted of the charge of conduct unbecoming an officer; of the trial of a common soldier for stealing a blanket from a fellow soldier, and the punishment by 100 lashes on his bare back; of the trial of a Mary Johnson who plotted to desert the camp and who, between the lined up ranks of the brigade, was drummed out of camp; of the trial of John Riley for desertion, and his execution on parade ground, with the full brigade in attendance; of the dramatic punishment of an officer found guilty of robbery and absenting himself, with a private, without leave, and who was sentenced to have his sword broken over his head on grand parade at guard mount. I should like to tell, too, of the foraging parties sent out to scour the country for food and straw; and the frequent skirmishes with detachments of the enemy; of the depredations made by the soldiers on the surrounding farmers, which depredations were so deplored by Washington and which tried so his great soul I wanted to speak of the greatness of the Commander-in-Chief in the face of all he had to contend with—the continued depredations of his men; the repeated abuse of privilege; the frequent disobedience of orders; the unavoidably filthy condition of the camp; the suffering of the soldiers; the peril from a powerful enemy,—all sufficient to make a soul of less generous mould succumb to fate, yet serving only in Washington's case to make him put firmer trust in an Almighty Power and in the justice of his cause.

At the opening of the spring a greater activity prevailed in the camp. With the coming of Baron Steuben, the army was uniformly drilled in the tactics of European warfare. With the new appropriation of congress, new uniforms were possible and gave a more military appearance to the army. It was no longer necessary, therefore, for Washington to issue orders that the men must appear on parade with beards shaven and faces clean, though

their garments were of great variety and ragged. And with the coming of the spring, and of greater comforts in consequence, Washington, in recognition of the suffering, fidelity and patriotism of his troops took occasion to commend them in these words:

"The Commander-in-Chief takes this occasion to return his thanks to the officers and soldiers of this army for that persevering fidelity and zeal which they have uniformly manifested in all their conduct. Their fortitude not only under the common hardships incident to a military life, but also, under the additional suffering to which the peculiar situation of these states has exposed them, clearly proves them to be men worthy the enviable privilege of contending for the rights of human nature—the freedom and independence of the country. The recent instance of uncomplaining patience during the late scarcity of provisions in camp is a fresh proof that they possess in eminent degree the spirits of soldiers and the magnanimity of patriots. The few who disgraced themselves by murmuring, it is hoped, have repented such unmanly behaviour and have resolved to emulate the noble example of their associates—Soldiers, American Soldiers, will despise the meanness of repining at such trifling strokes of adversity, trifling indeed when compared with the transcendent prize which will undoubtedly crown their patience and perseverance.

"Glory and freedom, peace and plenty, the admiration of the world, the love of their country and the gratitude of posterity."
—*American Monthly Magazine.*

OLD WILLIAMSBURG.

BY EMILY HENDREE PARK.

The screeching of the steam whistle at the Williamsburg station seemed a curious anachronism, a noisy, pushing impertinence, a strident voice of latter-day vulgar haste. But when the big engine had rolled away, puffing and blowing and screaming as if in mischievous and irreverent effort to disturb the archaic dreams of the fast-asleep town, the "exceeding peace" which always dwells in Williamsburg, fell upon our hilarious spirits. We wandered about the streets with hushed voices and reverent eyes. The throbbing pulse of the gay, stirring, rebellious heart of the old capital of Virginia had been still for a century.

On entering Bruton church, the eye is first attracted on the right of the chancel to the novel sight of the governor's seat, high canopied and richly upholstered in crimson and gilt. The high-backed chair is railed off from the "common folk," and the name Alexander Spotswood in gold lettering runs around the top of the canopy. At once you realize that this was indeed the court church of the vice-regal court at Williamsburg, and that you are in old Colonial Virginia. The lines "He rode with Spotswood and Spotswood men," the knights of the "Golden Horse Shoe," run through the brain, and the knightly figure of Raleigh, the chivalric founder of the colony, and brave John Smith and a score of others, heroes of that elder day, come from out the shadowy past, and hover about one. You look at the quaint old pulpit, on the left of the church, with its high-sounding board, and then glance down at the pew on your right, which bears the name of George Washington, and opposite the plate on the pew reads Thomas Jefferson, and next are James Madison and the seven signers of the Declaration of Independance, and Peyton Randolph and Patrick Henry and the doughty members of the house of burgesses who worshiped here,

and whose liberty-loving spirits fired the world with their brave protests against tyranny. When you read these names, suddenly the church seems full of the men who bore them, and you are surrounded by that goodly company of heroes who made Virginia and America, the cradle of liberty. The magic spell is upon you. You turn cold and burning hot with high enthusiasm and the glory of the vision. You are roused from your trance by the pleasant voice of the young minister, Mr. John Wing, who is saying: "Now we will go down into the crypt."

There are treasures in the crypt indeed. We follow in a dazed fashion, and are shown the Jamestown communion service; the communion silver bearing the coat-of-arms of King George III; the ancient communion silver of the College of William and Mary; the Colonial prayer book, with the prayer for the president pasted over the prayer for King George III; a parish register of 1662, the pre-Revolutionary Bible; coins found while excavating in the church, and brass head-tack letters and figures by which some of the graves in the aisles and chancel were identified. We are told that the date of parish was 1632, first brick church, 1674-83; present church 1710-15. Precious and deeply interesting, but I imagined that I could hear the tread of that "knightly company" upstairs, who let neither silver nor gold nor the glitter of the vice-regal court at Williamsburg seduce them from their love of liberty, nor dull their hatred of tyranny in its slightest exercise. Ah! there were giants in those days among those Virginia pioneers, in whose veins ran the hot blood of the cavalier, who loved truth and hated a lie, who loved life and despised danger, and feared not death nor "king nor kaiser," descendants of the valiant Jamestown colonists to whom Nathaniel Bacon cried one hundred years before: "Come on, my hearts of gold!"

The tombstones in the aisle and chancel of the church include the tombs of two Colonial governors—Francis Fauquier and Edmund Jennings—and the graves of the great-

grandfather, the grandfather and grandmother of Mrs. Martha Washington. After reading the quaint inscription on the marble mural tablet in memory of Colonel Daniel Parke and the inscriptions on the bronze mural tablets memorial to Virginia churchmen and patriots, we climb to "Lord Dunmore's gallery," where, tradition says, the boys of William and Mary College used to be locked in for their soul's edification until service was over, and where we sat in Thomas Jefferson's accustomed place, from whence he looked down upon the heads of the members of the house of burgesses and the Colonial vestrymen of distinguished memory. Is it any wonder that in such environment the boy's dreamy aspirations crystallized into the high resolve of becoming a patriot and statesman? For in those stormy days preceding the Revolution this little Bruton parish church was a very Pantheon of living heroes.

Fiske, the New England historian, says that "the five men who more than any others have shaped the future of American history were Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall and Hamilton." All but Hamilton were Virginians and worshippers at Bruton church, and two of them were students of the College of William and Mary. Distinction unrivaled for the state, the church, the college.

And now we walk into the church yard, under venerable trees, among crumbling grave stones and see the Pocahontas baptismal font and the tombs of the Custis children and Colonial Governor Knott.

We are shown the home of George Wythe, the signer of the Declaration, the teacher of Jefferson, Monroe and Marshall. Great teacher of greater pupils! Inspirer of high thoughts and immortal deeds! One of the students at William and Mary, Jefferson, wrote the declaration, three were presidents, and another, John Marshall, was Chief Justice of the United States. The headquarters of Washington, the site of the first theater in America, 1732, the Ancient Palace green on the right hand of which is the fictional home of Audrey, and several ancient colonial

homes are pointed out to us. If any vestige remains of the old Releigh tavern, whose "Apollo" room was famous as the gathering place of the burgesses, who, after their dismissal in 1769 asked an agreement not to use or import any article upon which a tax is laid—it was not shown to us.

The old powder horn or powder magazine, a curious hexagonal building, has been admirably restored and stands as a reminder of that dramatic scene in Virginia history in 1775 when, after Lord Dunmore had removed the powder from the magazine into one of the vessels in the James, fearing an uprising of the colonists, Patrick Henry, with an armed force from Hanover, stalked into the governor's presence and demanded the return of the powder or its equivalent in money. Lord Dunmore, looking into those dauntless eyes, beholds the dauntless soul of the "Fire-brand of the Revolution" behind them, and yields at once and pays down £330 sterling. Patrick Henry, with splendid audacity, seizes a pen and signs the receipt, "Patrick Henry, Jr." making himself alone responsible for this act of high treason, and then, that there may be no doubt as to his signature, he has it attested by two distinguished gentlemen. What heroic daring! What impassioned love of liberty! While Peyton, Randolph and Richard Henry Lee counsel caution, Patrick Henry acts and becomes the inspired genius of the revolution, fusing the disunited and hesitating colonies into a nation by the white heat of his burning passion for freedom.

First in importance of all the historic places in Williamsburg is the venerable college of William and Mary. Founded in 1693, next to Harvard the oldest college in the United States, it soon became the "intellectual center of the colony of Chesapeake Bay," the alma mater of the patriots who fought for the life of the young republic and of the statesmen who formed its constitution and guided its course in its infant years. It has furnished to our country fifteen senators and seventy representatives in congress; thirty-

seven judges, and Chief Justice Marshall; seventeen governors of states and three presidents of the United States—Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler. James Blair, a Scotchman, was its first president and remained so for fifty years. The ivy-clad buildings of the old college nestle among ancient trees on a wide campus, and so venerable is the look of the place that the new hall seems a modern intruder, though of quiet and well-mannered architecture. The quiet air of scholarly seclusion reminds one of Oxford. It was commencement day, and we found the buildings decorated with white and yellow, the college colors. The chapel, with its oil paintings of presidents, donors and patriots, and the library with its rare volumes and priceless old documents and portraits and engravings, are full of interest. A marble statue of one of the old governors—Botetourt, I believe—stands in the silence of the centuries in front of the old college.

“Yas’m ris de place, de house er buggesses, dey call it, ’cause de big bugs of ole Virginny sot dere er making laws. ’Fo de Lawd, marm, dey wuz big bugs; quality folks, quality folks.” And John Randolph, our colored coachman, waved his hand with a proud air of ownership, as if he were displaying lofty halls with mahogany stairs and marble pillars, instead of the mortar and brick foundation, in its bare outline, of the old capitol, or House of Burgesses.

“Walk right in, suh. Bring de ladies dis way, boss,” John Randolph urged, in a tone of lordly hospitality. “Right hyah is the charnber (room) whar Marse Patrick Henry made dat great speech agin de king—old Marse King George—or bossin’ uv de colonies. He wuz er standing on dis very spot, and he lif’ up his voice like a lion and he sez, sez he—”

“What did he say?” as the old man paused.

Striking a dramatic attitude, the gray-haired old Virginia ducky rolled out in sonorous voice, with impassioned gesture:

“Tarquin and Caesar had each his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell and George the Third—” “Treason! treason!” said the speaker of the house. “May profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it.”

In spite of John Randolph's oratory, Rothermel's painting came before me, and I could see the Virginia cavaliers gazing at the speaker with startled, breathless look, while the colonial dames with their powdered hair and stiff brocade leaned eagerly forward in the gallery to catch each note of the immortal voice; and in the doorway stood Thomas Jefferson, the slim young student of William and Mary College, electrified by the fiery eloquence, “such as I had never heard from any other man,” he said: “he appeared to me to speak as Homer wrote.”

“But why didn't you say ‘Give me liberty or give me death,’ Uncle John?” asked the young interrogation point of the party.

“‘Cause Marse Patrick never said dem words here, chile. He spoke 'em in old St. John's Church up in Richmond ten year arterwards. I gin you his Williamsburg speech, his fust great speech.” And the darky orator and historian smiled with that superior wisdom which we had seen illuminate the dark Italian features of Antonio Griffenreid, the famous sexton of old St. John's as he enlightened the ignorance of a party of sightseers—*Atlanta Constitution*.

SONG OF THE REVOLUTION.

We love the men and women, too,
Who fought and worked and brought us through
Our glorious revolution;
Hard was the struggle, brave the fight,
That won for them the sovereign right
To frame a Constitution.

CHORUS.

This Constitution made us free
In this proud land of liberty—
The best in all creation—
And we'll stand by it while we live;
Whatever we may have we'll give
For its perpetuation.

Our Country is the fairest one
Kissed by the ever rolling sun—
We glory in our nation;
And we will see that it shall be
The happy land of liberty,
Through time's continuation.

—*Francis H. Orme.*

This song has been adopted as a State song by the Daughters of the American Revolution of Georgia, and as a national song by the Continental Congress 1906.

A TRUE STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. M. S. D'VAUGHN.

Archibald Bullock Chapter, D. A. R., Montezuma, Ga.

This is a story of how a woman's wit and tact saved her husband's life from the hands of the Tories, in the dark days of the Revolution.

It was in South Carolina, the British General, Cornwallis, had ordered any American sympathizer caught, to be hung or shot at sight. Numberless outrages had been done and the feeling was intensely bitter against the Tories, or Royalists, as they called themselves. Especially so was it in the section of the country where lived Elizabeth Robert. Her husband was fighting with Marion, the "Swamp Fox," in another part of the state and the only protector for herself and two young children was a faithful slave called "Daddy Cyrus." Here on her plantation Elizabeth spent her days living quietly enough. However, she was no idler, but rather a most thrifty housewife and her muscadine wine excelled any other and was known far and wide for its delicious flavor.

Now, John Robert grew restless, as the days passed and no word came from his wife, so obtaining leave of absence from General Marion, he quietly slipped through the lines, and by a devious route, appeared one dark night at the door of his home. But some foreign eye had noted the unusual happiness and excitement in the "big house" as it was called, and in a short while it was surrounded, and Capt. John was a prisoner in the hands of the Tories. Mary, with tears, pleaded for her husband's life, but to no purpose, and dawn was to see his dead body hanging from the limb of a huge oak near by. Tears availing nothing, Elizabeth's quick brain began to teem with plans for John's escape.

Slipping down to "Daddy Cyrus'" cabin, she told him of her plan of rescue, then back to her house she ran, her

absence not having been noted. Then bringing all her womanly beauty, graciousness and charm to bear upon the Tories, she inticed them into the dining room, leaving her husband tightly bound to the tree where he was to meet his death,—and then from her mahogany sideboard, she served to them her famous muscadine wine. Drink after drink, she offered them, while her smiles and gay repartee allured them. More—more—and yet more, until their befuddled wits were completely gone.

Then faithful old ‘‘Daddy Cyrus’’ waiting, watching, guarding, with his sharp knife, cut the bonds of his ‘‘Young Marster,’’ and into the darkness Capt. John was gone back to his comrades with a hurried kiss from the lips of his wife who had saved him.

The Tories were persuaded that the wine was the cause of their hazy belief of the capture of Capt. John Robert, and no harm was done to Elizabeth.

GEORGIA.

Poem composed by Mrs. C. M. O'Hara and read before David Meriwether Chapter, Greenville, Ga., Georgia day, 1911.

Georgia, the baby of the original thirteen,
Not, however, youngest in importance, I ween,
Was born to the colonies in seventeen thirty-two,
To help those in prison their lives to renew.
What Oglethorpe planned for this child of his heart
Was that rum and slaves of it should not be a part,
But this wayward child would have her own way,
In spite of her mistakes she has made up to date,
Georgia is called of the South the Empire State.
She was the fifth of her sisters in secession to say,
"The Union she'd leave" when there was not fair play.
This child of famous men has sent her portion
From the "marshes of Glynn" to the Pacific Ocean.
Near Savannah, where Oglethorpe first planted his foot,
Ebenezer, the first orphanage, has taken firm root.
Another distinction, too, fair Georgia can claim
Is the first college for women, Wesleyan by name.
Towering intellects she reared in her Toombs and her Hills;
She can boast of her factories and her mills;
She has kept pace with her sisters in every movement
That tends to her children's uplift and improvement.
Now in heathen lands, across the deep waters,
Performing deeds of mercy are Georgia's sons and daughters.

FORTS OF GEORGIA.

MISS FRANCIS CLARKE.

*Prize Essay of Girls' High School, Atlanta, Georgia, for
the loving cup offered by Joseph Habersham Chapter,
Daughters of the American Revolution.*

The forts of Georgia, though for the most part hurriedly and roughly built for protection against Indian, Spaniards, Englishman, or Federal, have nevertheless been the scenes of the bravest defenses, of the most courageous deeds. In them probably more than anywhere else, the men of Georgia have shown their hardy spirits and distressing trials. Never has a Georgia fort been surrendered except from absolute necessity, though its protectors were weak from starvation.

The first of the long list of five hundred forts that have been erected in Georgia is Fort Charles, on the northeastern coast of Georgia. It was built about 1562 by the direction of John Ribault, who with a party of Huguenots had come from France with the approval of Admiral Coligny, the Protestant leader at that time. Two years later the fort was abandoned, and there is now no sign to point out the spot where it once stood.

FORT ARGYLE.

Fort Argyle was the next fort on Georgia soil. It was built by Oglethorpe in 1733 for the protection of his Savannah colony. Then followed a wonderful series of forts, when you consider the few people in Georgia at that time and the dangers of traveling on account of the Indians. But Oglethorpe, braving all perils in the next four or five years had established Forts Thunderbolt, near Savannah; St. Simon, on St. Simon's Island; Frederick, at Frederica, on the same island; Fort William and Fort Andrews, on Cumberland Island, besides several other unimportant ones such as the fort on Jekyll Island and those along the Alta-

maha. These forts, especially Fort William and Fort Andrews, served as a great protection from the Indians and the Spaniards; but as time went on, the Spaniards ceased invading the country, the Indians were forced westward, and the forts fell into disuse. Indeed by the opening of the Revolution, scarcely a vestige remained of these once important forts.

For some years preceding the Revolution the white settlers on the frontier had much trouble with the Indians, and they began to build forts inland to the westward. In 1774, at Fort Sherrill's, about three hundred men, women and children were massacred. These dreadful massacres continued all during the Revolution at the instigation of the British, and added to the many other troubles of the Georgians the expense of keeping up these frontier forts.

At the opening of the Revolution, though the forts were in sad repair, nevertheless there was a great rush of the Royalists and of the Rebels to get possession of them. The Royalists were at first the more successful. Augusta with Forts Grierson and Cornwallis, Savannah with Forts Argyle and Halifax, Fort Barrington on the Altamaha, and the recently erected Fort Morris south of Sunbury, were all soon in the hands of the British. These positions were all strong and well fortified. The Rebels were not nearly so fortunate. The forts they held were mostly ruins. Fort McIntosh on the Satilla River was the first of their possessions to be besieged by the British. Captain Richard Winn held the fort with all his powers of endurance against Colonel Fuser, but, with his reinforcements cut off, he was soon obliged to surrender.

PROCEED AGAINST AUGUSTA.

Soon, however, the opportunity of the patriots came. 1781 was the beginning of the change in affairs. Having seized Fort Carr and Fort Howe as the center of operations, the Americans proceeded against Augusta. Colonel Grierson, who was in charge of the fort that bore his name,

soon surrendered here, but Colonel Brown was obstinate and strong in his position at Fort Cornwallis. In the end, after an eighteen days' siege, he, too, acknowledged himself beaten.

After varying vicissitudes, the British were finally forced to give up all their strongholds, and thus the Revolutionary forts played their part in history.

During the years that followed there would have been no necessity for any forts in Georgia had it not been for the Indians, especially during the war of 1812, in which the Indians were incited by the British to give trouble. Until 1836 the forts in most general use against the Indians were Forts Hawkins, Mims, Scott and Mitchell.

With the passing of the Indian troubles the Georgia forts were left to absolute ruin, and, when in 1861 the Civil War burst upon the country, there was great need to fortify the land against the enemy. Accordingly, Fort Pulaski, on Cockspur Island, not far from Savannah, was strongly fortified at the cost of \$80,000, and Colonel Olmstead with 350 men was placed in command. Receiving word from the enemy to surrender the fort, he answered, "I am here to defend the fort, not to surrender it"; but in 1862 the brave commander was obliged to surrender his treasure.

DUPONT EXPEDITION.

Fort McAllister, though not so strong as Fort Pulaski, being only an earthwork with sand parapets, was notwithstanding an equally important position. Admiral du Pont in 1863 was sent to seize it, but the expedition failed; in 1864, General Hazen's division of General Sherman's army took this fort from Major George W. Anderson. In his letter north, General Sherman praised Georgia's sons for their brave resistance. The surrender of Fort McAllister led in a few days to the surrender of Savannah and the quick ending of the war.

After the Civil War, forts were again neglected and even the new forts began to decay. Throughout Georgia



today are to be seen her picturesque, ivy-grown forts, and these are a source of never-failing interest to visitors.

The only regular military post now in Georgia is the beautiful Fort McPherson. This fort covering about two hundred and thirty-six acres, is four miles from Atlanta. It was established by the United States government in 1867 with the name of McPherson's Barracks; it has a postoffice and telegraph station. It has never yet been called into service. Let us hope that it will be many days before Fort McPherson adds its historic story to those of Georgia's other forts.

JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE.

James Oglethorpe came of a very old family in England. His father, Sir Theophilus, was a soldier under James II, and went into banishment with him. Just before the abdication of James II, James Oglethorpe, the seventh child and fourth son, was born. At sixteen he entered the University at Oxford, when he was twenty-two, entered the British Army as Ensign, and was soon made Lieutenant of the Queen's Life Guards. His soldier life was spent largely on the continent. He became heir to the estate in Surrey and was shortly after elected to the British Parliament, of which body he remained a member for thirty-two years. He was an active member of the House of Commons, a Deputy Governor of the Royal African Society and a gentleman of high position and independent means, and withal a man of genuine piety. He conceived the plan of establishing a colony in America, which should be a refuge for poor people.

The following description of Oglethorpe is by Rev. Thomas B. Gregory:

"February 12, 1733, Oglethorpe and his Colonists scaled the Yamacraw bluffs on the Savannah River and began laying the foundations of the State of Georgia.

“The Empire State of the South had its origin in the noblest impulses that swell the human heart. Its founder, the accomplished and philanthropic Oglethorpe, witnessing about him in the old world the inhumanity of man to man, seeing the prisons full of impecunious debtors, and the highways thronged with the victims of religious fanaticism and spite, resolved that he would find in the new world an asylum for the unfortunate ones where they should be no more oppressed by the rich or dragooned by the bigoted.

The colony started out beautifully. The men who had been pining in English jails because they could not pay the exactions of their hard-hearted creditors, and the Salzburgers and others, who, in Austria and Germany, had been made to feel the terrors of religious fanaticism, were glad to be free, and they were only too willing to accept the founder's will that there would be no slavery in Georgia. The institution got a foothold much later on, but it was not the fault of the original colonists.

Beautiful, too, were the initial relationships between the colonists and the red men. Old To-mo-chi-chi, the Chief of the surrounding Indians, presenting Oglethorpe with a Buffalo skin ornamented with the picture of an eagle, said to him: ‘I give you this which I want you to accept. The eagle means speed and the buffalo strength. The English are swift as the bird and strong as the beast, since like the one, they flew over the seas to the uttermost parts of the earth, and, like the other, they are strong and nothing can resist them. The feathers of the eagle are soft and means love; the buffalo skin is warm and means protection. Then I hope the English will love and protect our little families.’ Alas! the time was to come when the white man would forget To-mo-chi-chi's present and the spirit with which it was made.

In 1743 Oglethorpe left Georgia forever, after having given it the best that there was in his head and heart for ten years. In 1752 Georgia became a royal province, and remained such until the breaking out of the Revolution in



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL OGLETHORPE, FOUNDER OF THE COLONY OF GEORGIA, IN
CHIPPewa SQUARE, SAVANNAH.

1775, through which she helped her sister colonies to fight their way to victory, when she took her place among the "old thirteen" free and independent states.

THE CONDITION OF GEORGIA DURING THE REVOLUTION.

When the American Colonies of Great Britain determined to rebel at the stubborn demands of the mother country, Georgia had least cause to join the revolutionary movement.

This colony was by fifty years the youngest of the "original thirteen," and had been specially favored by England. She was the largest, but the weakest, of all the provinces. The landless of other countries and of other colonies had come in large numbers to obtain a home where they might own the soil they tilled. At the beginning of the Revolution the total population of Georgia was about 20,000 whites and 17,000 blacks.

Georgia was now exporting rice, indigo, and skins to Europe, and lumber, horses, and provisions to the West Indies. Tobacco was cultivated with great success by the settlers, and all necessities of life were easily raised on her soil.

The province boasted of one weekly newspaper, called the "*Georgia Gazette*," which was published every Thursday at Savannah.

Since 1760 the colony had prospered greatly under Sir James Wright, who was one of the most capable and devoted of the British provincial governors. There were few local grievances, and many of the people did not wish to defy the home authority.

But they realized that this restful condition could not long continue, for they occupied an exceedingly dangerous position. The sea coast was easily seized by the British, and they were also exposed to the attacks of the British in

Florida, as well as the many savage tribes of Indians on the north and west.

Thus threatened on all sides, Georgia thought it best to join her sister colonies, that she might have protection.

The news of the battle of Lexington removed all hesitation, and united the people of Georgia in the determination to assert their rights. Georgia rallied her mountaineer riflemen to the cause of liberty.

Right manfully did her raw, untrained volunteers respond to the burning, eloquent appeal of Patrick Henry, the Virginian. His speech awoke the sleeping pride of the South, and aroused her sons to action.

Georgia strove to equip her little band of patriots, but she had but few resources. Congress gave her all the aid possible, but soldiers and funds were required everywhere, and Georgia's share was very small. Her sole dependence for protection was her 3,000 raw militia. There were 40,000 Indians to the north and west with 10,000 warriors!

The British bought the friendship of the Indians with presents which the colonists could not afford.

From the first of this war Georgia kept her representatives in the Continental Congress, which met to form plans for mutual protection and defense. In these dark days men thought little of government, nor was much required. Liberty and food and clothing for their families were the principals for which the patriots were now striving.

Many deserters of the American cause took refuge in Florida. These were called Tories. Many of them were lawless men, and continually harassed the colonists of South Georgia. They joined the British and Indians, and made plundering expeditions, sweeping down on the defenseless people, burning the houses, ruining the fields, and committing the most atrocious crimes.

Up to this time, Georgia had often sent food supplies to her countrymen in the north, but now food became so

scarce that the governor forbade the exportation of any kind of provisions.

Colonel Brown, who vowed to wreak vengeance on every American citizen, now fulfilled his vow to the uttermost. His murderous bands made their raids in every direction; no mercy was shown to anyone who befriended a patriot.

It seems that the spirit of resistance in the hearts of the people of Georgia would have been crushed by these long continued atrocities. But they never left the field, although often forced to abandon their homes and sometimes even to leave the state.

What better example of the hardihood of the pioneer women of Georgia than in the story of Nancy Hart, a remarkable woman who lived in Elbert County at this time?

When many of the women and children who lived in her neighborhood left their homes to escape the cruelty of Brown's raiders, Nancy Hart remained at home to protect her little property.

How we all love the story of how this rough, simple mountaineer woman outwitted the band of British red coats who demanded food at her cabin.

While she served the meal, she cleverly managed to keep their attention diverted while she signaled for aid, and hid their arms, which they had stacked in a corner. Then, when she was discovered, she covered them with a musket, and, true to her word, shot down the first who stepped forward.

Thus did the women of Georgia meet the dangers to which they were exposed in these perilous times.

When Augusta had been abandoned by the British, many of the inhabitants who had refugeed, returned, hoping for better times. Colonels Elizah Clarke and John Dooly untiringly guarded the frontiers, which were continually threatened by the Tories and Indians. Their zeal

encouraged the people, and kept the spirit of liberty awake in the hearts of the sorely-tried patriots.

But their sufferings were not yet over. Savannah must yet be taken from the British. In the long, weary struggle, the brave revolutionists were greatly aided by the French.

The bombardment of Savannah lasted five days. The unfortunate inhabitants suffered greatly. Houses were riddled by shot and shell. Helpless women, children, and old men were forced to seek safety in damp cellars, and even then, many were killed by shots intended for the enemy.

How sad to think of the many precious lives lost in that bloody fray, and the hopes crushed in the hearts of the survivors!

The British still held Savannah, the French sailed away, and the American army retreated northward, leaving Georgia to the enemy.

The death blow had been dealt to the hopes of Georgia. The Tories, exulting in the humiliation of the state, now made raids in every direction, insulting, robbing, and persecuting, the discouraged patriots barbarously. They seized whatever they coveted, clothing, jewels, plate, furniture or negroes. They even beat little children to force them to tell where valuables were hidden.

No mercy was shown to old men who had stayed at home to protect their families. They and their families were driven from the state. All means of conveyance being taken away, even the women and children were forced to make the journey on foot. But the majority of our people were so poor that they were obliged to remain at home, and endure trials more grievous than before.

The conduct of British soldiers in Savannah was such that Whig families residing there found it almost unendurable. But the women bore these hardships with a fortitude becoming the wives of patriots.

At last, three years after the siege of Savannah, Georgia was free of the hated British. Gradually the

people returned to their former homes and vocations. But what a sad home-coming! War had laid its desolating hand upon the face of the country.

The state was full of widows and orphans, fully one half of all the available property of her people was swept away, the fields were uncultivated, and there was no money to repair losses. Her boundaries were not well defined, and large tracts of land in her limits were still held by the Indians. Truly, the condition of Georgia was deplorable!

But there was no repining, for the patriots, rejoicing in their liberty, cheerfully set to work to lay the foundations of future prosperity. Gladly they had given their all as the price of Liberty!—*Etowah Chapter.*

FORT RUTLEDGE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. P. H. MELL.

When the Calhoun plantation (in South Carolina), upon which Clemson College is now located, was purchased in 1826, it was called "Clergy Hall." It received this name because the original mansion was built by the Rev. James McIlhenny who resided there with his son-in-law, the Rev. James Murphy. An old Revolutionary fort known in history as Fort Rutledge was upon this estate, crowning a hill overlooking the Seneca River and when Mr. Calhoun took possession of the place, he changed its name to "Fort Hill." Although fifty years had elapsed since the fort was built and doubtless there were few remains of it to be seen at that time, still many were living who remembered it well, and the hill upon which it stood was known from the earliest settlement of the country by the name of "Fort Hill."

One of the most beautiful drives on the Clemson property is the road to Fort Rutledge which is about a mile from the college. This road winds through rich cornfields

of bottom land; it then rises gently to the top of a long level ridge which slopes precipitously down to the fields on one hand and the Seneca River on the other; trees and shrubs thickly clothe the sides of this ridge and beautiful and extended views can be seen in every direction. Looking to the east, Clemson College, seated upon an opposite hill, with its many buildings and the dwellings of the community presents an ideal picture of loveliness; on the north, the Blue Ridge mountains, forty miles away, are clearly seen with several lofty ranges; to the west and south, the eye follows the river winding through smiling valleys, the cultivated fields green with promise which is always fulfilled.

This boldly commanding ridge, overlooking the surrounding country, was well adapted for an outlook during the conflicts between the Indians and the early settlers. The Seneca Indians had one of their largest towns on the river at the base of the hill, extending for four miles on both sides, the hundreds of acres of inexhaustible bottom land supplying them bountifully with corn even with the crudest methods of cultivation.

Nothing remains of the old fort to-day but the abandoned well, which has been filled and is marked by a tangled growth of weeds and shrubs, and the cellar of the old lookout tower or five sided bastion; this is faced with brick and the shape can be seen distinctly.

One of the early battles of the Revolution was fought near Fort Hill at Seneca town at its base. This town was one of note among the Indians and up to this day arrow heads and other implements of war or household use may be found upon its site. For generations the Indians preserved a strong attachment for this spot and up to the time that the college began its active work, "Bushy Head," an Indian Chief from the Cherokee reservation in North Carolina, would lead a band here every summer.

The story of the battle here is taken from official reports and from McCrady's "History of South Carolina."

During the spring of 1776, the Tory leaders, Stuart and Cameron, had informed the Cherokees that a British fleet was coming to attack Charleston and as soon as they heard of its arrival they must fall upon the up-country pioneer settlements and destroy them. With the British to fight in the south and the combined Tories and Indians in the north it was believed that the province would soon be subjugated. The news came to the Indians on the eve of July 1st and at the dawn of day they were on the warpath slaying every white person they could capture, without distinction of age or sex. At this time the Hamptons were massacred with many other families.

Mr. Francis Salvador lived on Corn-acre or Coronaca creek in Ninety-six district. He was one of the few members of the provincial congress from the up-country, a man of much ability, enthusiasm and patriotism. When the dreadful tidings of the Indian uprising reached him that day, he mounted his horse and galloped to the home of Major Andrew Williamson, twenty-eight miles away; he found that officer already aroused to the horrors of the situation and busily endeavoring to collect forces. But the settlers were terror stricken, several hundred had been murdered and the survivors had but one thought and that was to get their families safely into the nearest forts. He waited two days and only forty men had volunteered. With this small band Major Williamson with Mr. Salvador started on the 3rd of July for the Indian villages resolved to punish them severely. But when the settlers had provided for the safety of their wives and children, many of them hurried to join him and on the 5th there were 110 men with him, on the 8th his band increased to 222 and on the 16th they numbered 450; re-inforcements came from Charlestown and also from Georgia and on the 22nd of July he was at the head of 1,150 men. Meanwhile he had been advancing from his home towards the Cherokee country and was encamped on Baker's creek, a few miles above Moffattsville. Here his scouts brought him the news

that Alexander Cameron, thirteen white men and a band of Indians were camped on Oconore Creek about thirty miles away, and Williamson determined to surprise and capture them before they could hear of his proximity. He therefore selected with care three hundred and thirty horsemen, the brave Mr. Salvador accompanying him and started about six o'clock on the evening of July 31st planning to surprise the enemy before day. About two in the morning of the first day of August they drew near the town of Essenecca (or Seneca). A party of his men who had visited the place two days before had reported to him that the town was thoroughly evacuated; trusting to this report he carelessly neglected to send out advance scouts, rode into an ambush and was surprised and completely routed by the Indians at this town. Quoting Major Williamson's report of the event:

"The enemy either having discovered my march or laid themselves in ambush with a design to cut off my spies or party I had sent out, had taken possession of the first houses in Seneca, and posted themselves behind a long fence on an eminence close to the road where we were to march, and to prevent being discovered had filled up the openings between the rails, with corn blades, etc. They suffered the guides and advance guard to pass, when a gun from the house was discharged (meant I suppose as a signal for those placed behind the fence, who a few seconds afterwards poured in a heavy fire upon my men), which being unexpected, staggered my advance party. Here Mr. Salvador received three wounds and fell by my side; my horse was shot down under me but I received no hurt. Lieut. Farar of Capt. Prince's Company immediately supplied me with his. I desired him to take care of Mr. Salvador, but before he could find him in the dark, the enemy unfortunately got his scalp which was the only one taken. Capt. Smith, son of the late Capt. Aaron Smith, saw the Indian, but thought it was his servant taking care of his master or could have prevented it. He died about half-after two o'clock in the morning, forty-five minutes after he received the wounds, sensible to the last. When I came up to him after dislodging the enemy, and speaking to him, he asked whether I had beat the enemy, I told him yes, he said he was glad of it, and shook me

by the hand, and bade me farewell and said he would die in a few minutes. Two men died in the morning, and six more who were badly wounded I have since sent down to the settlements and given directions to Dr. DeLaTowe and Russell to attend them. I remained on the ground till daybreak and burnt the houses on this side of the river and afterwards crossed the river; the same day reduced Seneca entirely to ashes."

An Extract from another report gives further particulars:

"The Indian spies had observed the Major's march and alarmed their camp; upon which about thirty Indians and as many white men went to Seneca and placed themselves in ambush. The Indians had one killed and three wounded.

"Seneca, four miles long on each side of the river with six thousand bushels of corn, &c, burned August 1st.

"Sugar Town and Keowee, Aug. 4th."

The account given by McCrady in his History of South Carolina is a little more unfavorable than Major Williamson's:

"Major Williamson's forces, completely surprised, broke away and fled in the greatest confusion. The enemy kept up a constant fire which the retreating militia returned at random, as dangerous to their friends who were willing to advance against the enemy as it was to the enemy themselves. Fortunately Lieutenant Colonel Hammond rallied a party of about twenty men, and, making an unexpected charge, repulsed the savage foe and escaped. The Indians lost but one man killed and three wounded; of Major Williamson's party three died from their wounds and fourteen were badly injured. When daylight arrived he burnt that part of Essenecca town which was on the eastern side of the Keowee River, and later Col. Hammond crossed the river burnt that on the western side as well and destroyed all the provisions, computed at six thousand bushels of Indian corn, besides peas and other articles. The object of overtaking Cameron and his associates having been thus defeated Williamson retreated and joined his camp at Twenty-three Mile Creek."

The loss of Mr. Salvador was greatly deplored by the province. He was a man of prominence, intelligence and

worth and his services to the American cause would have been most valuable. An interesting sketch of his life may be found in Elzas "History of Jews of South Carolina," written by Mr. A. S. Salley.

On the 8th of August, 1776, Williamson marched with 640 men upon the Indian towns. They destroyed Ostato, Tugaloo, Tomasse, Chechohee and Eustash; every bit of the corn was burned and the Indians were forced to live upon roots and berries, etc. The expedition was most successful and completely retrieved the defeat at Seneca. McCrady states that about this time Major Williamson was appointed colonel of the Ninety-six Regiment and upon Colonel Williamson's return to his camp he found that numbers of his men had gone home, forced to do so from fatigue, want of clothes, and other necessities and that many who had remained were in equal distress. He was obliged therefore to grant furloughs ordering them to rejoin him at Esseneca on the 28th to which place he marched on the 16th with about six hundred men. Here he erected a fort, which in honor of the president of South Carolina, he called Fort Rutledge.

Upon the breaking out of this war application had been made to North Carolina and Virginia to co-operate with the forces of South Carolina in this region. Each of these states complied and raised a body of troops. The first under General Rutherford, to act in conjunction with the South Carolinians on this side the mountains, and the other under Colonel Christie, to act against the over-hill Cherokees. But Colonel Williamson had destroyed all the lower settlements before the North Carolinians under General Rutherford took the field.

Colonel Williamson now having increased his force to 2,300 men, broke up the camp at Esseneca; leaving 300 men as a guard to the inhabitants and as a garrison to Fort Rutledge he marched with about 2,000 men to co-operate with General Rutherford.

History tells us that the campaign was successful; the Indians received lessons they never forgot; in less than three months the Cherokees lost 2,000 and humbled and broken in spirit; they sued for peace on any terms. A treaty of pacification was signed and the Indians yielded to South Carolina a large tract of land embracing the counties of Anderson, Pickens, Oconee and Greenville.

So this is the story of the building and holding of Fort Rutledge. The remains of the old fort are well worth preserving for its foundations were laid in a period of storm and stress and suffering; its rude walls frowned upon the Indians early in the Revolution; its watch tower kept guard so that the settler's family in his humble cabin might rest in peace; with its little garrison of three hundred men it did its work well and effectually intimidated the enemies of the province in this part of the country.

After the Revolutionary war it was abandoned and gradually fell into ruins and decay but the name "Fort Hill" has always clung to it and the site never has been forgotten.—*American Monthly*, 1907.

THE EFFORTS OF LAFAYETTE FOR THE CAUSE OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

BY BESSIE CAROLYN MCCLAIN.

Gloversville High School, Gloversville, N. Y.

Probably no other foreigner accomplished so much or sympathized so deeply with the cause of American Independence as did the Marquis de Lafayette. A French nobleman by birth, an heir to an immense estate at thirteen, married to one of the most beautiful ladies of the French Court, he chose a life of privation and hardship, to one of luxury and idleness. The love of liberty, inherent in his soul, made him a champion of the cause which seemed the last chance for liberty to obtain a foothold upon the earth. From the time the situation of the English American colonies was made known in France, in 1776, until they became a free and independent nation, he gave himself, heart and soul, to their cause. He served them both by his personal qualities and by his active efforts, as a French nobleman, and as an American soldier and general.

The qualities by which Lafayette most aided this country in its great conflict, were his love of liberty, enthusiasm, generosity and loyalty. His love of liberty first made him interested in the struggle of the American Colonies with their Mother Country, and this same love of liberty kept him enthused in the cause, and gave him the strength and courage to depart from his home, his friends and his country. Indeed it was the root of the other qualities by which he did us service.

When once his enthusiasm was aroused, nothing could diminish it. When he heard that the credit of the "insurgents" was so low that they couldn't possibly provide him a ship, he said in that case they needed him all the more, and he bought one with his own money. It was enthusiasm that led him to the front in the battle of Brandywine. It was enthusiasm that made him ride seventy miles and back,

for the French fleet when it was needed so sorely. Of course, was not his motto "cur non?"

In all his dealings with this country, he showed his generosity and disinterest. What was it if not generosity, when at his own expense, he fitted out the ship that brought him and the other officers to this country? How many times during the war did he clothe his soldiers and supply their wants when the country couldn't? He proved his disinterested devotion to the satisfaction of Congress, when he offered to serve as a volunteer without pay and at his own expense. Gladly did he forego the comforts and pleasures to which education and rank entitled him, and bear with the soldiers every hardship and privation. When, chiefly through his influence, France agreed to send aid to America, and offered him a commission, he refused it so as not to arouse jealousy among other Frenchmen. Was not this unselfish love of liberty of the plainest type?

His most striking characteristic, and I think the one by which he did us the most service, was his loyalty. It strengthened Washington to have one man upon whom he could rely so completely. When Gates was trying to stir up trouble against him and had appointed Lafayette to take charge of an invasion into Canada over which he had no control, he urged him to accept, because it would be safer with him than any one else. Lafayette did accept and he carried it out in such a way that Gates' scheme failed completely. At the Battle of Monmouth, too, when Washington sent Charles Lee to command over him, he showed his loyalty to Washington by submitting quietly and doing all he could to bring a victory out of a defeat. But what counted most, perhaps, was the faithfulness with which he carried out every order no matter how small and unimportant.

Lafayette also aided this country by his active efforts as a French nobleman. He induced France and Spain to join in preparing a fleet against the British, and it was not his fault that Spain kept putting it off until too late—he

made the effort. He did succeed in raising the popularity of the Colonies in France, and in securing six thousand troops under Rochambeau, a fleet under d'Estaing and supplies for our soldiers. After the French forces arrived, he was very useful in keeping harmony between the armies, because of his influence over his own countrymen as well as Americans.

Lafayette was one of the most faithful soldiers as well as one of the best generals, this country had during the Revolutionary War. From the time he offered himself as a volunteer, until the war was over he served the country faithfully and well. At the very beginning of his career in this country, he became Washington's aide-de-camp, and as such learned a great deal of the latter's methods of fighting. In this capacity he was in the thick of the battle of Brandywine and did much, by his ready daring to encourage the soldiers. Before a wound, which he received in this battle, had entirely healed, and while he was out to reconnoitre, he came unexpectedly upon a large body of Hessians. He attacked boldly, and they, believing they were fighting all of Greene's men, retreated. Thus he was ever ready with his wit and daring.

Throughout the long dreary months when the army was wintering at Valley Forge, Lafayette suffered with the soldiers and helped alleviate the misery as best he could. It was during this winter that Gates and Conway made the conspiracy to put Washington out of power and to put Gates in his stead. To accomplish this, they wished to secure Lafayette's help, so they contrived to put him at the head of an expedition into Canada, with Conway second in command. Upon Washington's entreaty he accepted the commission, but under such conditions that they knew beforehand that their scheme was a failure. When he arrived at Albany, he saw that nothing was ready for an invasion of Canada, and that the affair could be nothing but a disappointment to America and Europe, and a

humiliation to himself, nevertheless he made the most of his time by improving the forts and pacifying the Indians.

When the British left Philadelphia, Washington wished to follow and force a battle, and, when General Lee laid down his command, put Lafayette in charge. Hardly had the latter started, when Charles Lee asked for the command again. Washington could not recall Lafayette, yet he wished to pacify Lee, so he trusted to Lafayette's affection for himself, and sent Lee ahead with two extra divisions, when, as senior officer, he would take charge of the whole. Lafayette retired, sensibly, and did all he could to rally the battle that Lee was conducting so poorly. Finally he sent for Washington—the only man that could save the day.

The only real opportunity Lafayette had, of showing his generalship, was in the southern campaign of 1781, when he was placed in charge of a thousand light infantry and ordered to check the raids of the British. By a rapid march he forestalled Philips, who was threatening valuable stores at Richmond, and harrassed him all the way to the Chickahominy River. Then, while he was separating the stores, Cornwallis, joined by Philips, took a stand between him and Albermarle where he had placed a large part of the stores. While Cornwallis was preparing to fight, Lafayette, keeping in mind the admonition of Washington not to endanger his troops, escaped to Albermarle by an unusual road. After this Cornwallis gave up hopes of trapping "that boy," as he called Lafayette, and fortified himself at Yorktown.

+ When Lafayette had been given the defense of Virginia, his soldiers, hungry and destitute, were on the point of desertion. With ready tact he had supplied, from his own pocket, the direst necessities, and then had given them an opportunity of going north. Of course, when placed on their honor, they followed him with good will. Having received orders from Washington, not to let Cornwallis escape, he took his stand on Malvern Hill, a good strategic position, to await the coming of Washington and Rocham-

beau. When the siege was on and the only possible escape for Cornwallis was through North Carolina, this, Lafayette closed and his light infantry also captured one of the redoubts the British had fixed. The Siege of Yorktown ended his services for the independence of this country; the war was over and he was needed no more.

The results of Lafayette's efforts for the cause of American Independence can hardly be estimated. They say enthusiasm is contagious and it seemed so in his case, for his very enthusiasm for the cause won others to it and gave it greater popularity in Europe than it would otherwise have had. In this country he improved the condition of the soldiers by his ready generosity, and raised the spirit of the army by his own example of disinterested patriotism. He gave Washington what he most needed, at that time, a friend whom he could trust implicitly, and by his loyalty did his share towards keeping the army undivided. The forces he secured from France encouraged our soldiers and the supplies did a good deal towards satisfying their discontent. By inducing France to acknowledge the United States of America, he did us one of the greatest services possible. We were then one of the world's nations, and our credit went up accordingly. It isn't likely that the results of his efforts as an American soldier and general, can ever be fully ascertained. He did so many little things just when they seemed to be so needed, that it is impossible to sum up their results. All we can say is that he did his best for the cause of American Independence.—*Report of Sons of the Revolution* 1911-12.

JAMES JACKSON.

General James Jackson was born in Morton Hampstead, in the beautiful English County of Devonshire. His father, James Jackson, died when he was a boy and left rather a large family. He heard much talk of the American Colonies and had a great desire to go and live in them. His mother and grandfather would not consent, and once he attempted to sail, hidden in the hold of a vessel, but was brought back. Seeing his determination to go, sooner or later, and influenced by John Wereat, a leading Whig, the family finally consented. Sailing at his earliest opportunity, he landed in Georgia; and at the age of fifteen began the study of law in the office of an eminent lawyer in Savannah.

In 1775, in the beginning of Revolutionary Days, he was one of the first lads to shoulder a musket for the cause of freedom. He distinguished himself in several skirmishes near Savannah. In 1776, Colonel Baker conducted an attack upon Tybee Island, where some of the enemy from Vessels-of-War were living, and they destroyed the buildings, and drove the enemy to their ships. In this attack, Jackson distinguished himself, winning therewith honors from the governor, and the thanks and admiration of the people.

He served throughout the Revolutionary War, and when Savannah surrendered, Gen Anthony Wayne, ordered that the keys of Savannah be given to Jackson, because of his gallant service to his state and country, and because "he was the first American soldier to tread the soil of a town, from which the arms of a tyrant had too long kept its lawful possessor."

At the close of the Revolutionary War, James Jackson began the practice of law in Savannah.

Like Joseph, in the Bible story, he remembered and longed for his youngest brother; so he sent a request to his parents that his brother Henry be permitted to come to America, promising to educate him and care for him as a

son, but in his stead the family sent his brother, Abram. He kept his brother and gave him advantages, but again sent for Henry. The latter came and James Jackson educated him, and at his death left him a child's share of his property. This Henry was for years professor at the Georgia State University, and was interpreter to William H. Crawford, when the latter was minister to France. His son was General Henry R. Jackson, of Savannah, who was a poet and a distinguished officer in both the Mexican and Confederate Wars.

General James Jackson had a brother, John, who was in the British Navy and was killed during the Revolutionary War.

In one of her letters to James, his mother wrote how much she wished she could see him, and said: "It is a great and a deep water that divides us and when I think of it my thoughts turn to my poor John." You see John had been buried at sea, and it was not an easy matter in those days for James to visit across the ocean, when it took weeks to make the journey.

General Jackson held many offices and was one of Georgia's greatest governors. He defeated the Yazoo Fraud, resigning his place in the National Senate, and going from there to the Legislature of his State in order to do it. He is the only man in the history of our country who ever gave up being a Senator to go to the Legislature.

It has been said that if Jackson's heart were cut out after his death, on it would have been found the beloved word, "Georgia."

He died in Washington years after, again a Senator, and is buried in the Congressional burial ground. His epitaph was written by his friend John Randolph, and is as follows:

"In the memory of Major-General James Jackson of Georgia, who deserved and enjoyed the confidence of a grateful country,

a soldier of the Revolution, he was the determined foe of foreign tyranny, the scourge and terror of corruption at home."

James Jackson's maternal grandfather never forgave him for fighting against England in the Revolutionary War, and in his will left to his grandson, James, only money enough to buy a silver cup.—CAROLINE PATTERSON, *Mary Hammond Washington Chapter, D. A. R.*

EXPERIENCES OF JOAB HORNE.

*Compiled by one of his descendants, MRS. B. M. DAVIDSON,
Stone Castle Chapter D. A. R., Dawson Ga.*

Away back in the misty past, Isaac Horne, of Scotland, crossed the Atlantic and settled in Edgecomb County, North Carolina, on the Tar River. Isaac Horne's name figures in the early history of North Carolina. He was one of the first commissioners appointed to establish the boundary lines between the counties of the States. He was a wealthy planter, but the greater portion of his property was destroyed by the Tories. He was killed at "Gates defeat." Isaac Horne had three sons: William, Henry, Joab. This story is of the youngest son, Joab, a gallant Revolutionary soldier under General Francis Marion.

Joab Horne met and wooed an English girl, Nancy Ricks. They encountered parental objections to their marriage on account of their youth, sixteen and fourteen, respectively, but love won and so the union was consummated. Their parents never forgave them, and refused to aid them in any way. We can hardly imagine what hardships they endured; but with his beautiful young wife to encourage him he was determined to surmount all difficulties. Hearing of the rich lands of Georgia, they decided to emigrate. Joab had one mule, and he procured a "hogshead" through which he ran a piece of scantling to serve as an axle, to this axle shafts were attached; his mule was hitched to this wonderful contrivance, their clothes put inside the rolling hogshead, and thus the journey to Georgia was begun.

God had blessed their union with the gift of a little child, but the exposure resulting from this mode of travel was more than the little one could with-stand. A little grave by the road side marked the first mile stone of real sorrow in their lives. Finally, they reached their destination in Burke County, Georgia, on the Ogeechee River, and began their new life in a new country. This country was almost a wilderness at that time. The first preparation for a home was a bush arbor, with a real Georgia bed-stead, and fresh straw for a mattress; but it was not long before they had as comfortable a home as could be found in those days.

Trading seemed to be one of Joab's characteristics. He had two hats, a "Sunday" and an "every day hat," the Sunday hat he traded for a wash-pot. Nancy, his wife, would trade her jewelry, which she had brought from her girl-hood home, for household necessities. Six children blessed their union, four girls and two boys. Later they moved to Pulaski County, near Hawkinsville, Ga. The evening of their life was spent in prosperity, a sure reward for such endurance, labor and love.

Nancy (Ricks) Horne died at the age of sixty-three, on their plantation in Pulaski County.

Joab moved, with his son Eli, who married Sarah Anderson of Hawkinsville, to west Florida, on the Yellow River; there he lived to the ripe old age of eighty-seven. Many a night would he sit by the fire-side and entertain his children and friends by relating experiences of other days. He could truly say, with Columbus: "For the years will give back what the years with-held, and the balance swing level in the end."

Joab Horne is buried in Stewart cemetery, on Yellow River, west Florida. The following is a copy of the epitaph on his tomb:

"In Memory of Joab Horne
Member of the Revolution
Born Dec. 30—1753
Died July 28—1840."

"Blow, gentle gale, and bear my soul away to Canaan's Land."

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF MARGARET KATHERINE BARRY, KNOWN AS "KATE BARRY, HEROINE OF THE COWPENS."

Kate Barry, an important character during the Revolutionary War, was noted as a scout, and once during her husband's absence was flogged by the Tories to make her disclose the whereabouts of her husband, and his company of Rangers. Her husband, Captain Andrew Barry, was a magistrate under King George III, and continued to exercise that office till the Revolution began. He was also a Captain in Colonial period, but at the beginning of the War for Independence, 1776, was recommissioned Captain of South Carolina Rangers by Governor Rutledge, and was a daring and brilliant officer during the whole war.

He was at Musgroves' Mill, Cowpens, Cedar Springs, and many other engagements, and was severely wounded during the battle of Musgroves' Mill, 18th August, 1780, but with the tender care of his wife Kate Barry, who was always close by for scout duty, he was soon restored to health.

Captain Andrew Barry was also a religious man, and was one of the first elders elected by Nazareth Presbyterian Church in Spantantburg County, S. C., in which capacity he served the church 'till his death, June 17th, 1811. His name appears in the book, "Heitman's Historical Register of the Officers of the Continental Army."

The Richard Barry who signed the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence was of this family.

It is written of Kate Barry that she knew no fear, and where duty pointed she dared to go, and where her love and affections centered, she would risk any and all dangers to guard and protect those whom she loved. Kate Barry was as remarkable for piety as for patriotism, she came of a religious family, and not only are there stories of deeds of kindness and sympathy, well authenticated, handed down in family traditions, but her sister, Rosa Moore, wife of

Richard Barry, was also noted as a ministering angel at the bedside of the dying; and her prayers in hours of trial and bereavement made indelible impressions.

During the War of the Revolution Kate Barry acted as a voluntary scout for the patriot Whigs of South Carolina, and was so efficient that the patriot bands were seldom surprised by the British. She was the idol of her husband's company of Rangers, any one of whom would have risked his own life to save hers.

After the war ended Major Crawford approached Captain Andrew Barry, and said: "It is your duty to kill Elliott, the Tory who struck Kate Barry one cut with a whip to intimidate her and make her disclose where the patriots were encamped; but if you will not, then I will kill him, for no man shall live who struck Kate Barry." Then eleven men, including Captain Barry and Major Crawford, went out in search of Elliott, whom they found at a neighborhood gathering. So soon as they were seen approaching, Elliott fled into the house, and sought concealment under a bed. The doors were closed, and after parleying with Captain Barry, and his friends, Elliott's friends agreed that Captain Barry alone, but unarmed, might enter the house, and see Elliott, with the promise that Barry would not kill him, which he might easily have done, as Barry is described by Dr. Howe in his "History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina," as a handsome man, six feet and one inch in height and of powerful muscular strength. Barry entered the house, and the doors were again closed, and Elliott came out from under the bed, when Captain Barry at once seized a three-legged stool, with which he struck Elliott to the floor, exclaiming: "I am now satisfied, I will not take his life."

When General Greene, after Gates' defeat at Camden, was placed in command of the Army of the Southern Department, he sent General Morgan into South Carolina to assemble the scattered patriots, preparatory to reclaiming South Carolina, which after Gates' defeat, and Buford's

annihilation at the Waxhaws, lay bleeding at the feet of the British Lion. It was then that Kate Barry in her voluntary capacity as scout for General Morgan, of whose command her husband's company of Rangers was a part, hunted up patriot bands and hurried them forward to Morgan. In a short time General Morgan found himself with sufficient force added to his little army of four hundred regulars to give battle to Tarleton at the Cowpens. To hurry up the South Carolina Rangers she swam her horse across rivers, evaded the Tories, and encountered a thousand dangers, but succeeded in recruiting Morgan's little army with sufficient patriotic force to bring off the best fought battle of the Revolution, and at a time when all seemed lost to the patriot cause, and so followed Carolina's redemption.

Who knows but Kate Barry's prayers were answered when Broad River so suddenly rose from a descending freshet, and cut off Cornwallis' pursuing army after the Battle of the Cowpens. The same downflowing freshet happened at Yadkin, Morgan making good his retreat to Grane near Guilford Court House.

Kate Barry was a daughter of Col. Charles Moore, who was born in Scotland in 1727, and who went into Ireland from Scotland with the Duke of Hamilton, his relative, as family tradition says Col. Charles Moore's mother was a Hamilton.

Charles Moore was a college graduate, and a prominent teacher at the time he removed to Carolina, and is described as such in a deed for land now on file of record in North Carolina, but what important part he took in the War of the Revolution is not positively known; further than that his son, Captain Thomas Moore, distinguished himself at Cowpens, and was afterwards a General in the War of 1812. But Col. Charles Moore's six sons-in-law all acted prominent parts on the side of the patriots in the War of the Revolution, viz: Captain Andrew Barry, husband of Margaret Katherine Moore; Col. Jno. Lawson, husband of Alice

Moore; Judge Richard Barry, husband of Rosa Moore; Rev. R. M. Cunningham, D. D., husband of Elizabeth Moore; Capt. Robt. Hanna, husband of ——— Moore. He was on the staff of General Sumter at the Battle of Blackstock; Matthew Patton, husband of the two last sisters was a noted soldier, but his rank is not known, except that he was a staff officer.

Written by Mary S. Irwin Wood (Mrs. James S. Wood) Regent of Savannah Chapter, a descendent of Captain Andrew Barr yand Kate Barry—from records and authenticated family traditions, and read at June meeting of the Savannah Chapter D. A. R. 1913, by her daughter Miss Rosalind Lawson Wood, by request sent to Elijah Clark Chapter D. A. R., Athens, Ga., to be read by Mrs. Augusta Wood DuBose, adso a descendant of Kate Barry and her husband, Captain Andrew Barry.

ART AND ARTISTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the reign of George III, in the town of Boston, with only eighteen thousand inhabitants, there hung in the library of Harvard University a copy of "A Cardinal" by Van Dycke. The New England states were opposed to art as a principle, but showed signs of literary and artistic activity at this time. Exhibitions were unknown, the painters were "traveling artists" who went over the country painting portraits on sign boards, stage coaches, and fire engines, for practice and also a living. John Singleton Copeley, in Boston, was the only American artist who did meritorious work. Before he came under foreign influences, he wielded his brush with great dexterity, "The Death of the Earl of Chatham" in the National Gallery in London, being one of his famous pictures. The grouping of the portrait figures is skillfully arranged. To our art, the portraits he painted in Boston are of importance. The lesson thus taught led us into the interior of the royalist era, with carved furniture, showy curtains, peopled with

well-to-do men and women, lavishly robed, that suggests the customs as well as the people of the Revolutionary period. Benjamin West, a contemporary of Copely, had nothing in common with the development of American art. He left at an early age for England, where he climbed the pinnacle of social, if not artistic success. He was a personal friend of the king, was employed as his historical painter, succeeding Sir Joshua Reynolds as president of the royal academy. One of his pictures quite noted was "Christ Rejected." "Death on the Pale Horse," the size of the canvas he used was 200 by 264 feet. His daring innovation of dressing the characters showed the costumes of the time and country in which they lived. It was his picturesque personality more than his art that attracts us to-day. In his native town, Philadelphia, it is said the Cherokee Indians taught him the secret of preparing color. This was the first city in the Union where opportunities for art growth and a moderate patronage presented themselves. Charles Wilson Peale, a man rather versatile, also a painter of some merit, established the first "Art Gallery," a museum of historical portraits, in his residence in Philadelphia.

John Trumbull was a different type, was not so richly endowed by natural gifts. Every accomplishment meant strenuous study, yet he is dear to us for his glorification of revolutionary history. "The Battle of Bunker Hill," "The Death of Montgomery" and "the Declaration of Independence," are familiar. The growth of art was handicapped, more than benefited—America was now an independent nation. The Royalists who could afford the luxury of art left this country. Now three men stepped forth who bore upon their brush tips the honor and progress of American art, Thomas Sully, John Vanderlyn and Washington Allston. The first mentioned became rapidly the most fashionable portrait painter of the day. His sweet faces, with robes draped gracefully, show great progress and execution. Sully was represented at the Philadelphia Academy

by one hundred and sixteen pictures. It is said he painted a full length portrait of Queen Victoria.

Vanderlyn lived in Rome painting. Washington Allston painted on his enormous canvas "Belchazzer's Feast." "The Angel Liberating St. Peter from Prison" is one of decided merit. Gilbert Stuart was not a follower of the others, had a distinct and forceful individuality, the striking details of his work being brilliance in coloring and the natural life-like posing. He was the first American master of painting. His early sketches were lost. At the age of thirteen he received commission to paint two portraits. Two years later he went to Scotland. His stay there was short, he pined for home, secured passage and returned, later going to London in 1775, suffering privation. Afterwards a pupil under West for five years, his success was immediate; people of wit and fashion thronged his studio. He tasked himself to six sitters a day. Then devoted himself to society, living in great splendor. During this period he painted Louis the Sixteenth, George III, and Prince of Wales. Now his position was assured, he indulged himself in refusing many sitters, money failed to tempt him, only those who appealed to his artistic taste or afforded the best opportunity for a good picture. He was willing to give up all the golden opportunities Europe presented that he might have the privilege and satisfaction of painting the one man, whose heroic qualities fascinated him most. In 1792 he returned to the City of Brotherly Love, establishing his studio here, painted three portraits of Washington, unlike Peale, who made in all fourteen of Washington from life, painting him in the prime of his vigour. Stuart depicts the late autumn of his life, a face in which the lines of character are softened, a face chastened by responsibilities, it is the face, who has conquered himself as well as others; he represents him indeed as "The Father of His Country." He said, "I copy the works of God, leave clothes to the tailor, and mantua maker."

In Washington he found sentiments, grace and character. In the story of art, Gilbert Stuart holds a unique, and dignified position. "The Course of Nature is but the Art of God." Thomas Cole was a landscape painter. The sketches he painted in the Catskills—the banks, woods, rocks and the Cascades—gained recognition. He was an ardent student of English literature, influenced by Sir Walter Scott. In truth, was more of a poet than painter. His noted pictures were "The Voyage of Childhood," "The Course of Empire," consisting of five canvasses, first representing "A Nation's Rise, Progress, Decline and Fall." These are at the Historical Society of New York. The last picture of the serial, entitled "Desolation," has rarely been surpassed in solemn majesty, and depth of thought.—*Miss Emily G. Morrow, American Monthly Magazine.*

"UNCLE SAM" EXPLAINED AGAIN.

Troy, New York, is said to be the place where the name "Uncle Sam" originated. After the declaration of war with England by the colonies a New York contractor, Elbert Anderson, visited Troy and made it his headquarters for the purchase of provisions for the Continental army. The supplies were duly inspected before shipment. One of the inspectors was Samuel Wilson, brother of Ebenezer, also an inspector and known as Uncle Sam to the workmen whom he superintended.

The casks in which the beef and pork were packed were marked with the initials of Elbert Anderson, the contractor, and the United States, thus: "E. A.—U. S." says the *New York Sun*. The first pair of initials were of course familiar to the men, but "U. S." mystified them. The fact was that the name United States was then so new to these countrymen that its initials were a complete puzzle. They turned to the nearest explanation, a humorous one and intended as a joke on their boss. If "E. A." stood for Elbert Anderson,

then they opined "U. S." must stand for "Uncle Sam" Wilson. The joke spread to the Continental army, which carried it to every part of the country.

AN EPISODE OF THE WAR OF THE REVOLUTION.

In 1781 South Carolina was completely overrun by the British. The English colonists were divided, the majority being in favor of the Revolution, but there were a goodly number of loyal men among them who conscientiously espoused the cause of the Mother country and these were called Tories. Those who took part in the Revolution were called Whigs. Lancaster County was their stronghold. They were mostly descendants of the Scotch-Irish. Among these was Charles Mackey, their acknowledged leader.

The Whigs had always made Lancaster too hot for the Tories, but the advent of the British with Tarleton at their head, turned the tide of war, and now the Tories with Tarleton drove the Whigs from Lancaster across the Catawba and the Pedee Rivers to join General Marion.

Charles Mackey, as the leader of his band, had made himself very obnoxious to the Tories and they impatiently waited the time for vengeance. He was a man of medium size, very active and energetic, a fine horseman, a splendid shot, hot headed, impulsive, often running unnecessary risks and doing dare-devil deeds. No work was too hazardous for him. His wife, Lydia Mackey, was a woman of good common sense, with a clear head and fine judgment. In her coolness and self-possession she was far superior to her husband.

They had a family of young children, and Charles Mackey had not heard from them or seen any of them in several weeks. Their home was not more than two and a half miles from Tarleton's camp, on the Hanging, Rock Creek. He knew it would be hazardous for him to return

to his home so near Tarleston's camp; but his anxiety became so great that he could no longer remain in doubt, so he cautiously made his way home where he unwisely loitered for a week, and during this time he had the temerity to enter Tarleston's lines more than once in search of information which was most valuable to his country's defenders.

His home had patches of corn and potatoes on either side of a lane leading to the front of the house, while at the rear was a large kitchen-garden extending back to a great swamp, which was almost impenetrable to man or beast. This swamp was surrounded by a quagmire from ten to thirty feet wide. It was entered by jumping from tussock to tussock of moss covered clumps of mold, a foot or two in diameter and rising six to eight inches above the black jelly-like mire which shook in every direction when passing over it. A plank or fence-rail served as a temporary draw-bridge, which was pulled into the swamp after passing over.

When the country was infested by Tories, Charles Mackey spent his days in this swamp if not out scouting. At night he ventured home. He had good watch dogs and they gave the alarm whenever any one approached, whether by night or day. If at night, he would immediately lift a loose plank in the floor of his bed room, drop through to the ground, and out in the rear and run thirty or forty yards across the garden with his gun in hand and disappear in the swamp, pulling his fence rail draw-bridge after him. There was no approach to the house from the rear, and his retreat was always effected with impunity.

Once when he was at home, on the eve of leaving with some valuable information for the American General, his faithful watch dog failed to give warning of the approach of strangers and the first notice of their presence was their shouting "Hallo" in front of the house. Mrs. Mackey jumped out of bed, threw open the window shutters, stuck her head out, surveyed carefully the half dozen armed men,

and said: "Who is there?" "Friends," they replied. "Is Charlie Mackey at home?" She promptly answered "No." In the mean time Charlie had raised the loose plank in the floor, and was ready to make for the swamp in the rear, when, stopping for a moment to make sure of the character of his visitors, he heard the spokesman say: "Well, we are sorry indeed, for there was a big fight yesterday on Lynch's Creek, between General Marion and the British, and we routed the Redcoats completely. We have been sent to General Davie at Lansford with orders to unite with General Marion at Flat Rock as soon as possible, and then to attack Tarleton. We do not know the way to Lansford and came to get Charlie to pilot us." Mrs. Mackey, calm and collected, said she was sorry her husband was not at home. But her husband was just the reverse, hot headed and impetuous. This sudden news of victory after so many reverses excited him, and he madly rushed out into the midst of the mounted men, hurrahing for Marion and Davie, and shouting vengeance on the Redcoats and Tories, and he began shaking hands enthusiastically with the boys and asking particulars about the fight, when the ring-leader coolly said: "Well, Charlie, old fellow, we have set many traps for you, but never baited them right until now. You are our prisoner." And they marched him off just as he was, without hat or coat and without allowing him a moment to say a parting word to his poor wife. They took him to Col. Tarleton's headquarters where he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to death as a spy.

The next day, Mrs. Mackey, not knowing what had happened to him, gathered some fruits and eggs, and with a basket well filled made her way to Col. Tarleton's. The Colonel was on parade, but a young officer asked her to be seated. He said: "You have something for sale, I presume?" She replied that she had fruit and eggs. He gladly took what she had and paid for them. She then said her basket of fruit was only a pretext to get to Col. Tarleton's headquarters. That she was anxious to see him

in person on business of great importance. She then explained to him the capture of her husband and that she wished to get him released if he were still alive, though she did not know but what they had hung him to the first tree they had come to.

The officer told her the Colonel was on parade and would not return for two hours. Mrs. Mackey was a comely woman of superior intelligence and soon interested the young officer in her sad condition. He expressed for her the deepest sympathy and told her that her husband was near by under guard; that he had been tried and sentenced to death, and he feared there was no hope for him, as the evidence against him by the Tories was of the most positive kind. He told her Col. Tarleton was as cruel and unfeeling as he was brave, and that he would promise her anything to get rid of her, but would fulfill nothing. "However" said he, "I will prepare the necessary document for your husband's release, filling in the blanks so that it will only be necessary to get Col. Tarleton's signature, but I again frankly say that it is almost hopeless."

At twelve o'clock Tarleton rode up, dismounted, and entered the adjoining tent. As he passed along the young officer said, "You must wait until he dines; another horse will be brought and when he comes up to mount you can approach him, but not till then."

At the expected time the tall, handsome, clean-shaven Colonel came out of his tent, and as he neared his charger, he was confronted by the heroic Lydia Mackey, who in a few words made known the object of her visit. He quickly replied that he was in a hurry and could not at that time stop to consider her case. She said the case was urgent; that her husband had been condemned to death and he alone had the power to save him. He replied: "Very well, my good woman, when I return later in the day I will inquire into the matter." Saying this he placed his foot in the stirrup and sprang up, but before he could throw his right leg over the saddle, Mrs. Mackey caught him by the

coat and jerked him down. He turned upon her with a scowl, as she implored him to grant her request. He was greatly discomfited and angrily said he would inquire into the case on his return. He then attempted again to mount, when she dragged him down the second time, begging him in eloquent terms to spare the life of her husband. "Tut, tut, my good woman," said he, boiling with rage, "do you know what you are doing? be gone, I say I will attend to this matter at my convenience and not sooner." So saying he attempted the third time to mount, and so the third time Lydia Mackey jerked him to the ground. Holding by the sword's scabbard, and falling on her knees, she cried: "Draw your sword and slay me, or give me the life of my husband, for I will never let you go until you kill me or sign this document," which she drew from her bosom and held up before his face.

Tarleton, trembling with rage, turned to the young officer who stood close by intently watching the scene, and said: "Captain, where is this woman's husband?" He answered: "Under guard in yonder tent." "Order him to be brought here," and soon Charlie Mackey stood before the valiant Tarleton. "Sir" said he, "you have been convicted of bearing arms against His Majesty's government; worse, you have been convicted of being a spy. You have dared to enter my lines in disguise as a spy, and you cannot deny it, but for the sake of your wife I will give you a full pardon on condition that you will take an oath never again to bear arms against the King's government."

"Sir," said Charlie Mackey, in the firmest tones, "I cannot accept pardon on these terms. It must be unconditional or I must die," and poor Lydia Mackey cried out, "I, too, must die." On her knees she plead with such fervor and eloquence that Tarleton seemed lost for a moment and hesitated; then turning to the young Captain he said with quivering lips and a voice choking with emotion:

“Captain, for God’s sake sign my name to this paper, and let this woman go.”

With this, Mrs. Mackey sank to the ground exhausted, and Col. Tarleton rode off, doubtless happier for having spared the life of the heroic Lydia’s husband.

The history of the American Revolution can hardly present a more interesting tableau than that of Lydia Mackey begging the life of her husband at the hands of the brave and bloody Tarleton, and it is probable that the “Lydia Mackey victory” was the first ever gained over the heart of this redoubtable commander, and it is very certain that Charles Mackey was the only condemned prisoner ever liberated by him without taking the oath of allegiance to the Mother Country.—MRS. F. H. ORME, *Atlanta Chapter, D. A. R.*

STATE FLOWERS.

In most instances, the state floral emblems have been adopted by the vote of the pupils of the public schools of their respective states.

Alabama, goldenrod.
Arizona, suwarso.
Arkansas, (apple blossoms.)
California, California poppy.
Colorado, columbine.
Connecticut, mountain laurel.
Delaware, peach blossoms.
Florida, Japan camellia.
Georgia, Cherokee rose.
Idaho, syringa.
Illinois, rose.
Indiana, corn.
Iowa, wild rose.
Kansas, sunflower.
Louisiana, magnolia.
Maine, pine cone.
Michigan, apple blossom.

Minnesota, moccasin flower.
Mississippi, magnolia.
Missouri, goldenrod.
Montana, bitter-root.
Nebraska, goldenrod.
New Jersey, sugar maple.
Nevada, sage brush.
New York, moss rose.
New Mexico, crimson rambler rose.
North Carolina, chrysanthemum.
North Dakota, goldenrod.
Ohio, buckeye.
Oklahoma, mistletoe.
Oregon, Oregon grape.
Rhode Island, violet.
South Carolina, Carolina palmetto.
South Dakota, pasque flora.
Texas, blue bonnet.
Utah, sago lily.
Vermont, red clover.
Washington, rhododendron.
Wisconsin, violet.

THE COUNTIES OF GEORGIA.

BY KATHARINE B. MASSEY.

When I was a little girl, our fad was the possession of a charmstring. This was a string of buttons, obtained by coaxing from our elders or barter with each other, and constantly added to until some of them reached the length of several yards. With delightful pride we told over the list of our treasures. "This button," one would say, "came from Cousin Mary's wedding dress; this my Uncle John gave me; this was sent to me from China by my aunt who is a missionary in Canton; and this bright brass one was on my father's uniform during the war." Much of family life and many loving associations were thus strung together for the little maiden. In some such way, but in a larger sense, our state has used the naming of its counties as a cord of gold on which to hang traditions of its past, memories of its heroes, and reverences for those who helped us when help was needed.

A group of seven counties embalms the names of the Indian tribes who owned our hills and valleys before us, who hunted the deer with flintheaded arrows where now our cities stand, and threaded their trails in silent forests where today our cotton fields are spread. They are Catoosa, Chattahoochee, Chattooga, Cherokee, Coweta, Muscogee, Oconee—how musically the syllables fall upon the ear. It is like a chime of silver bells.

Four counties may be set together as commemorating large events in history. Columbia, Oglethorpe, Liberty, and Union. The first of these was named for the dauntless sailor who, possessed with the faith which cared naught for all other men's unbelief and rising above poverty, discouragement, and mutiny, held his way westward over unknown seas to find his prophetic vision a reality. Oglethorpe bears the name of the brave soldier, courteous gentleman, and broadminded philanthropist, who founded a colony for op-

pressed debtors to give them a new chance in life. Liberty County has a pretty little story of its own. A band of Massachusetts Puritans, seeking a milder climate, settled first in South Carolina, and not being fully satisfied, came on to St. John's Parish, Georgia. Their distinguished devotion to the cause of liberty in the perilous days of 1776-1783 gained for them that name when the parishes were changed into counties. Union County was so named because its citizens claimed to be known as Union men, when the rest of the state stood for state rights.*

Another group of seven counties bears the name of English statesmen who spoke for us in the halls of Parliament and withstood the tyranny of king and nation in dealing with their brothers of America. They were the fiery-tongued orator Edmund Burke, the commoners Glynn and Wilkes, the Duke of Richmond, and the Earls of Chatham, Camden, and Effingham.

Three other foreigners, lovers of liberty, drew sword and fought in our battles, side by side with our struggling heroes. Georgia has honored herself by naming counties for Baron DeKalb, Count Pulaski, and General LaFayette.

Next comes the long muster-call of heroes whose names are written on the roll of fame as having fought for the freedom of their country—men whose names recall Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, King's Mountain and Guilford Court House, and all the grim experiences of a nation struggling for existence. Georgia has named counties for Baker, Bryan, Butts, Clarke, (Gen. Elijah, who fought the Tories in our own state), Clinch, Early, Greene, (Gen. Nathaniel, who settled on his grant of land in Georgia after the war,) Jasper, (the brave sergeant who leaped over the parapet to rescue the flag at Fort Moultrie,) Laurens, Lee (Light Horse Harry, father of the grand General of the Civil War,) Lincoln, Macon, Marion (the Swamp Fox of South Carolina,) Meriwether, Montgomery, Morgan, New-

*But Georgia was at that time intensely Union, although believing in State rights.

ton, Putnam, Screven, Stewart, Sumter, Twiggs, Taliaferro, Warren (killed at the battle of Bunker Hill,) Wayne (Mad Anthony,) Wilkerson, Paulding, White, McIntosh—grand and glorious names that break upon the ear like a trumpet call, inspiring to deeds worthy to be ranked with theirs. The last of these names, McIntosh, was given in honor of a whole family which had contributed many sons to freedom's cause.

Seven presidents of the United States have given names to our counties. They are Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Polk, Taylor and Pierce.

The governors of Georgia have been a notable line, strong men of iron will, believers in state's rights and upholders of the dignity of the commonwealth. More than once they have withstood the national government. The list of them includes some names famous for other services to the state in the Revolution and the Civil War as well as in the halls of Congress. Those for whom counties are named are: Bulloch, Early, Elbert, Emanuel, Gilmer, Gwinnett, Habersham, Hall, Heard, Houston, Irwin, Jackson (soldier and statesman,) Jenkins (who saved the executive seal of state at the close of the Civil War and kept it until military rule was over and it could be returned to a governor legally elected by the people,) Johnson, Lumpkin, Mitchell, Rabun, Schley, Stephens (giant soul in a frail body, whose unheeded counsels as Vice-president of the Southern Confederacy might have prevented much of the bitterness that followed,) Talbot, Telfair, Towns, Troup, Walton, Forsyth, and Tattall. Wisely and well they guided the ship of state and left a priceless heritage of precedent to their successors.

Georgia has named fourteen counties for statesmen of national fame—Calhoun, Clay, Webster—(these three made the great triumvirate whose eloquence shook the land in times when nullification and democracy were the questions of the day,) Bibb, Franklin, Brooks, Carroll, Douglas, Hancock (one of the first to lift his voice against British oppression in Massachusetts,) Henry (the immortal orator

of Virginia,) Lowndes, McDuffie, Murray, and Randolph (quaint, eloquent, sarcastic John Randolph of Roanoke.)

Of her own sons whose voices have thundered in the halls of Congress, or guided her councils at home, Georgia has named counties for Abraham Baldwin (who first planned the state university,) Ben Hill (of the trumpet tongue, who first dared to reply to northern slanders, to speak the truth about Andersonville, to show that we had not food, clothing and medicine for our own soldiers and that we did the best we could for the unfortunate prisoners who fell into our hands; claiming the respect of the nation and the world for the maligned Southern Confederacy.) Berrien, Clayton, Cobb, Colquitt, Crawford, (William H., our candidate for the presidency,) Crisp, Campbell, Charlton, Dawson, Dougherty, Floyd, Haralson, Jones, Miller, Spanding, Turner, Walker, and Ware.

Six of our counties bear the names of men who spent their lives fighting the Indians. They are Appling, Coffee, Butts, Wilcox, Thomas, and Dade. Of the first of these the story is told that, in recognition of his services, the state voted him a sword with an appropriate inscription. Before it was ready for presentation the brave young soldier died. As he left no heir, the sword was kept in the state house at Milledgeville until that memorial autumn of 1864, when it disappeared. Some soldier of Sherman's army thus became richer and the State of Georgia poorer by a handsome sword.

The Mexican War left us the names of Echols, Fannin, Quitman, and Worth. Other brave soldiers of the state who have been thus honored are Glascock, Milton, Pickens, and Pike.

The Civil War gave to us the names of Bartow and Toombs. Francis C. Bartow said: "I go to illustrate Georgia," and fell on the field of the First Battle of Manassas. General Robert Toombs escaped from Georgia on his mare, Grey Alice, when every road and ferry was guarded by soldiers watching for him, made his way to England, and



INDIAN TREATY TREE, MARIETTA, GA.

lived there until it was safe for him to return, remaining to the end of his life an "unreconstructed rebel."

Four counties, Dodge, Tift, Gordon, and Upson, are named for captains of industry. The United States Navy gave us the name of Decatur. Banks and Terrell are called for two beloved physicians who made their names blessed in the homes of the people for the alleviation of pain and the saving of life. In both cases the name was chosen for the county by the citizens, in loving recognition of the physician's services.

The Lost Cause left with us the name of its one president, and we who are glad that it is the Lost Cause, that slavery is no longer an institution in our midst and that Georgia takes her rightful place in the sisterhood of states, nevertheless claim the right to cherish our memories, to welcome Dixie with the rebel yell, to cover our graves with flowers on the twenty-sixth of April, to look back through a mist of tears to Gettysburg and Appomattox, and to call one of our counties Jeff Davis.

The noble preacher, Whitfield, who helped to establish the Bethesda Orphan's Home, gave his name to one county; and Henry Grady, silver-tongued and golden-hearted orator who helped to heal the wounds of war and drew together the North and the South into renewed brotherhood, is remembered in the name of another. Rockdale is so called from its granite rocks and wooded dales. One is named for Robert Fulton, the inventor, one for Harris, a prominent jurist, and last of all, Georgia has named one county for a woman—red-headed, cross-eyed, Tory-hating, liberty-loving Nancy Hart.

AN HISTORIC TREE.

MRS. R. C. LITTLE, *Fielding Lewis Chapter.*

More than a hundred years ago, a tiny acorn, dripped by some frisky squirrel or fitting bird, fell to the ground, where it lay unheeded and unknown. Pelted by winter storms, it sank deep into the soft earth where it was nourished and fed, sending out rootlets to take firm hold of the kind mother who had sheltered it.

Soon the summer's sun called it from its underground bed and still clinging with its thread-like roots, it pushed up a green head and looked around the beautiful scenes of woodland, mountain and sky.

Pleased with what it saw, it lifted its head brighter and higher until it became a mighty oak, a monarch of the forest. Birds and squirrels made their homes in it and beneath its shade rested the weary.

All the country around belonged to and was inhabited by the Cherokee Indians, of all known tribes the most civilized and enlightened. No doubt their papooses swung on the branches of this magnificent tree and played under its wide spreading arms.

With the coming of the white man, a town grew up—lovely Marietta, still nestling amid the shadows of Kennesaw, and the Indians were asked to leave their happy homes, and go to strange lands further West. Bewildered and uncomprehending, they were unwilling to go, and groups of them were often seen beneath this same mighty oak—mighty even then, conferring with the whites, and discussing by signs and gestures, the momentous question. When, finally, they were persuaded to accept the proposition of the government, they met in council beneath their favorite tree and signed the treaty, by which they agreed to leave their beautiful North Georgia homes forever.

Within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, the grand oak became historic. It is still standing, and has showed no

signs of age, until a fiery bolt found its lofty height and scathed it far down its trunk.

It stands in the yard of Mrs. H. G. Cole, and is, notwithstanding its somewhat crippled condition, the admiration of all beholders. Its girth near the ground is somewhat over eight feet, and seven feet from the ground it measures considerably more than twelve feet around.

Mrs. Cole, though not aged herself, has seen four generations of her own family disporting beneath this noble tree, and should it fall because of age and decay, she and her children would miss and mourn it as a dear lost friend.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Original poem by Mrs. C. M. O'Hara, Greenville, Ga., read on the Fourth of July, 1912, at the meeting of David Meriwether Chapter:

It has been one hundred and thirty-six years
Since our forefathers laid aside all fears
Of the mother country, and boldly said:
The price of liberty in blood should be paid.
The Continental Congress in Philadelphia met
And resolved that we should independence get,
Thomas Jefferson wrote a long declaration,
Which England said was a sad desecration.
So our mother tried to exercise her right
To tax her children and forbidding the fight.
The battles of Lexington, Bunker Hill and others
Showed England that we were no longer brothers,
After the first gun of the revolution was heard
The Americans lost fear of King George the third;
They determined with Franklin together to stand
And hold fast at any cost the cherished land.
Over a century has passed, the patriots are dust,
In the homes of many daughters their good swords rust,
But the celebration of Independence on the Fourth of July
In the hearts of Americans we trust will never die.

KITTY.

ETHEL HILLYER HARRIS.

Written for the Xavier Chapter of the D. A. R., Rome, Ga.

"Ah! woman in this world of ours,
What boon can be compared to thee?
How slow would drag life's weary hours,
Though man's proud brow were bound in flowers,
And his the wealth of land and sea,
If destined to exist alone
And, ne'er call woman's heart his own."

—*Morris.*

PROLOGUE.

All day long there had been a vague unrest in the old colonial home, all day the leaves had quivered on the banks of the Mataponi River; the waves were restless, the dog in his kennel howled fitfully; the birds and the chickens sought their roosts quiveringly, whimsically, and when night had let her sable curtain down, a lurid glare shot athwart the sky, in a strange curved comet-like shape. It was the Indian summer, October in her glory of golden-rods, sumachs, and the asters in the wood. But, hush! hark! what breaks upon the autumn stillness and the quiet of the colonial household on the Mataponi, — —?

It was the cannon at the siege of Yorktown, forty miles away. The French fleet were making blazing half circles on the sky seen from their fortifications even thus far below.

Through the long night the boom! boom! boom! continued, the simple, loyal folks knowing nothing of the result.

At last, wearied and spent, with a prayer to the All Father to save America, they sought their welcome couches. Among them was Kitty, the idolized daughter of the family.

Soft! step easy! as we push aside the chintz curtains of her four-poster and gaze upon the child, to exclaim: How innocent is youth! Her seventeen years lie upon her pink

cheeks, and shimmering curly tresses as lightly as a humming bird in the heart of roses. Her lithesome form makes a deep indenture in the thick featherbed, the gay patchwork quilt half reveals, and half conceals the grace of rounded arm and neck and breast, a sigh escapes her coral lips, one hand is thrust beneath the pillow, she dreams!

On the chair her quilted podusouy and long stays are carelessly thrown. Her Louis Seize slippers with red heels are on the floor, and the old clock on the stair is ticking, ticking, ticking.

Kitty is dreaming. Of what? The greatest moment in our national history. Dream on sweet maid, closer, closer point the hands; it nears three o'clock Oct. 19, 1781. A wild cry, and the whole household is awake.

Swift running to and fro,
Smiles, tears, shouts, "glory," "glory," "God be praised."

Such the sounds that faintly reach the dreaming senses of our Kitty. And then her father with a kiss and hug pulls her out of bed with "Awake lass! awake! awake! Cornwallis has surrendered."

In her night gown from her latticed window Kitty saw the courier galloping through the little hamlet; pausing at her father's gate to give the message of our conquest over the British, and then galloping on towards the North, for he was on the direct route from Yorktown to Philadelphia where Congress was in session.

By the time Kitty had pompadoured her hair, and donned her paviered print gown, all the parish bells were ringing for joy. From Georgia to Maine bells were sounding; peals of liberty and peace filled the air with prayers and praise and service to God took up the glad hour and over and over the refrain was sung "Cornwallis is taken! Cornwallis is taken."

Ah, dear Kitty, and quaint little tableau of the long ago, five generations coming and going, in whose veins beats your loyal blood still listen and tremble and glow with

pride at your legend of the siege of Yorktown, and better still, sweetest of all the long ago ancestors more than five nations, indeed every nation honors and makes low obeisance to the stars and the stripes. "Old glory! long may she wave o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

CHAPTER FIRST.

"Thinkest thou existence doth depend on time?
It doth; but actions are our epochs."

In 1784 or 85, Mr. Carlton, who had his home on the Mataponi River, moved with his family to Georgia.

After Cornwallis had delivered his sword to Washington, a little group of emigrants might have been seen at Yorktown; among them the families of Edmund Byne and Robert Carlton.

Out in the blue harbour the nifty little brig "Nancy" lay, all sails spread ready to embark to Savannah, Ga.

These two above named gentlemen, took passage with their families, servants and household goods, and they were said to be persons of sincere, and devoted piety, full of hope and courage. They expected to reach Savannah in three days.

However, contrary winds set in, and the brig daring not hug the treacherous coasts of the Carolinas sped far out to sea amid a terrific storm. She drifted for weeks at the mercy of the waves, until the passengers almost despaired of seeing land. If in our prologue, we saw a pretty, and partly imaginary picture of Katherine Carlton, known as Kitty, for she it is now eighteen years of age, we see her again and in true historical facts receive her account of long ago, of the peril. Thus reads her account: "One time it seemed as if the end had come. 'Twas night. The passengers were lying in their berths enduring as well as they could the dangers of the hour, when suddenly the ship careened, seemingly falling on its side. It was then the voice of one of those pious men was heard amidst the howl-

ing winds 'Lord help us up,' and straightway the ship was set upright and the danger was passed."

The little party after landing on our beautiful south Georgia coast, sweet with golden jasmines, and long moss on the beautiful braided live oak, proceeded up the country, in true emigrant fashion, in wagons.

Imagination, that merry, fantastic jade, will not let my pen be steady. A thousand pictures obtrude. Kitty, her head so curly, eyes so dark and soft, thrust from out the wagons canvassed top, or again her snowy fingers playing in the cool waters of a running brook, when the team stops to feed and drink. Then Mr. Carlton, brave, resolute and the camp fire, the smell of broiled bacon, the dog on trail of a rabbit, the straw for seats, and weird firelight, and above all, the eternal stars of heaven.

But we must hasten, though the chronicle, which is reliable, states that it took five weeks to reach their destination in Burke County.

As they approached the Northern border of Wilkes County, the trees grew taller, and the red oak, the white oak, burch, and maple, the crimson honeysuckle, and wild violets and muscadine vines took the place of yellow jasmine, and moss and whispering pines.

It was indeed a forest primeval, a virgin soil, and a new land. So on the last day of their tiresome journey, early one morning, they came to a creek. There was no bridge, and it was plain that the stream had to be forded.

The wagons were moving slowly along. Katherine and her sister walking in front. A discussion arose: "What about the girls? Here! come Kitty!" or "Stop, Kitty! don't take off your slippers; you can't wade." About that time up rode a gallant revolutionary soldier named Captain John Freeman, who boldly said "I'll take Kitty" and in a trice he had the fair young lady behind him on his own horse, and the limpid waters of our clear Georgia stream were laying its flanks as he proceeded across the stream.

CHAPTER SECOND.

"The wagons have all forded the brook as it flows, and then the rear guard stays—

To pick the purple grapes that are hanging from the boughs."

—*Edward Everett Hale.*

While our heroine is riding along in the dewy morn of the day, and at the same time enjoying the beauties of nature and no doubt with her lithe young body leaning against the Captain, causing his heart to beat a double quick, we will go on with our narrative.

Captain John Freeman was a native Georgian, a Revolutionary soldier, he was present at the siege of Charleston and Savannah, a participant in the battles of Cowpens, King's Mountain and Guilford Court House, at the battle of Kettle Creek, and also at the capture of Augusta in Georgia.

In most of his adventures in the Revolutionary war, Captain Freeman had with him a colored boy named Ambrose, who lived to a very great age and was well known to the younger generation as "Uncle Ambrose." He had his own cabin in Athens, Georgia. Incidents in regard to him were handed by tradition. He had on his left arm the scar of a sabre cut, made by British dragoons when General Tarleton's men were attacking and endeavoring to get away with the American trooper's horses that had been left at the camp, and which it was in part, the duty of the boy Ambrose to keep. The British dragoons had possession of the horses for awhile and Ambrose a prisoner also, but by a rapid retaliation the horses and servants were recovered. Old Ambrose used to tell about having been present at the siege of Savannah, when Count Pulaski, one of the American Generals, was killed. He said that he was back in the edge of the pine, or timber when the American army charged on the British fort and breastworks. He described Pulaski as mounted on a spirited horse, with a great white plume in his hat, and how gallantly he led the Americans in their advance. He saw Pulaski when he fell from the

horse, and was present at the point to which he was brought back, mortally wounded.

CHAPTER THIRD.

"Blessed with that charmed certainty to please
How oft her eyes read his;
Her gentle mind, to his thoughts, his wishes, inclined."

ANONYMOUS.

As might be guessed, in a few short months after crossing the creek together on horse-back, Captain John Freeman led Kathrine Carlton to the altar.

In regard to her after-life, she was a wonder for those times, a great reader and a fine housekeeper, a fine reconteur; yet with all, the soul of hospitality. She had a healthy, strong mind; was imperious in her bearing, a devoted member of the church, a power in her family, and section.

Captain Freeman was a wealthy man, and took her at times in a carriage to the Mountains of North Carolina on a pleasure trip.

She bore him one child, Rebecca, of a temperamental nature, and of deep piety like her mother. This child was the author of many lovely poems.

Captain Freeman did not live to be very old. After his death Mrs. Freeman met losses which she bravely bore, Rebecca married Shaler Hillyer and from this union sprang all the Georgia Hillyers. And to this day "Grandma Freeman" is almost a sainted word in the family, so strong was her character and so deep her love for others. She lived to be eighty-nine years old. In her bedroom was an old time tall clock that Captain Freeman had brought over from England when he brought his blue china dishes. As she drew her last breath, a beloved niece looked at the clock but it had stopped. That clock is still owned by one of her descendants, and it is not a legend but a fact, that when anything important happens, in the family, if it is running, it stops, if it is not running, it strikes.

But to return to the Bynes: to show that we are journeying on to meet those who are journeying on to meet us.

Mr. Bynes' daughter Annie, she who came in the brig "Nancy" with Mr. Carlton, married a Mr. Harris, their daughter married Mr. Hansell, and his granddaughter, the beautiful golden haired Leila, a noted belle and beauty, of Atlanta, Georgia, married a Mr. Llewellyn P. Hillyer, of Macon, Georgia, the great grandson of Kitty Carlton.

If the writer may be pardoned for saying so, she is the granddaughter of Junius Hillyer, the grandson of Kitty Carlton; and she also pleads guilty to the soft impeachment of having married Hamilton Harris, a relative of the Byne family, too.

Two shall be born the whole wide apart and time and tide will finally bring them together. Affinity, congeniality, fate! What?

Hurrah for the brave little sailing vessel, the nifty, white winged brig, "The Nancy."

BATTLE OF KETTLE CREEK.

No battle of Revolutionary times was more instrumental in making the surrender of Cornwallis, at Yorktown, possible than was the battle of Kettle Creek. As it was at that period of the war the only American victory in the far South, and though it seemed unimportant, it was a prominent factor in holding the militia together and stimulating them to fight to ultimate victory.

After the battle of Monmouth, the largest engagement in the North closed, the scene drifted to the South. Georgia was practically subdued by the British in January, 1779. General Provost, commanding the British in South Carolina, and Commodore Parker and Lieut. Campbell, on the sea, had captured Savannah and being so encouraged, made plans to aid the Tories in crushing all patriots who dared to resist.

On February 14th, 1779, at War Hill, Wilkes County, Georgia, the battle of Kettle Creek was fought. Between four hundred and five hundred Americans were in this engagement under Col. Pickens, against seven hundred men under Col. Boyd, a British officer, who was secretly employed by the British to organize a band of Tories in South Carolina and who was on his way to join the British Army and had planned to take Augusta on his route.

Col. Boyd was mortally wounded in this battle. As soon as Col. Pickens heard of it he immediately visited his opponent and offered him any assistance within his power. The dying man left with him keepsakes and letters which were promptly delivered to his wife after his death.

In Vol. II, Wm. Bacon Stevens' History of Georgia, New York, 1847, Bishop Stevens gives the following account of this battle:

"The enemy having effected a passage into Georgia, Pickens and Dooly, now joined by Col. Clarke, resolved to follow; and they accordingly crossed the Savannah on February 12, 1779, and camped the following night within four miles of the enemy. Forming the line of march in the order of battle, the Americans now prepared once more, at a great disadvantage of numbers, to contest with the Tories for the supremacy of upper Georgia. Much depended on this battle. If Boyd should be successful in driving back the Americans under such men as Pickens and Dooly and Clarke, he might rest assured that no further molestation, at least for a very long time, would follow, and all would yield to the British power, while on the other hand should the Americans be successful, it would not only crush the Tory power, already so galling to the people, but protect them from further insult, and give a stimulus to American courage, which a long series of disasters made essential. It was a moment big with the fate of upper Georgia.

"Boyd, with a carelessness evincing great lack of military skill and prudence, had halted on the morning of the 14th of February, 1779, at a farm house near Kettle Creek, in Wilkes County, having no suspicion of the near approach of the Americans, and his army was dispersed in various directions, some killing and gathering stock, others engaged in cooking and in different

operations. Having reconnoitered the enemy's position, the Americans, under Pickens, advanced in three divisions; the right under Col. Dooly, the left under Col. Clarke and the center led by the Commander himself, with orders not to fire a gun until within at least thirty paces. As the center, led by Pickens, marched to the attack, Boyd met them at the head of a select party, his line being protected by a fence filled with fallen timber, which gave him a great advantage over the troops in front. Observing this half formed abatis, Pickens fled off to a rising ground on his right, and thence gaining the flank of Boyd rushed upon him with great bravery, the enemy fleeing when they saw their leader shot down before them. He was sustained in this charge by Dooly and Clarke, and the enemy after fighting with great bravery, retired across the creek, but were rallied by Major Spurgen on a hill beyond, where the battle was again renewed with fierceness. But Col. Clarke, with about fifty Georgians, having discovered a path leading to a ford, pushed through it, though in doing so he encountered a severe fire and had his horse shot down under him, and by a circuitous route rose upon the hill in the rear of Spurgen, opening a deadly fire. The enemy hemmed in on both sides, fled, and were hotly pursued by the victors, until the conquest was complete. For an hour and a half, under great disadvantage and against a force almost double, had the Americans maintained the now unequal contest, and though once or twice it seemed as if they must give way, especially when the Tories had gained the hill and were reinforced under Spurgen; yet the masterly stroke of Clarke, with his few brave Georgians, turned the scale, and victory, bloody indeed, but complete, was ours."

THE DARING EXPLOIT OF GRACE AND RACHAEL MARTIN.

At the beginning of the War of the American Revolution, Abram and Elizabeth Martin were living in Ninety Six District, now Edgefield County, South Carolina, with their nine children. Seven of their eight sons were old enough to enter the army, and were noted for their gallantry and patriotic zeal. The wives of the two eldest sons, Grace Waring and Rachael Clay, during the absence of their husbands, remained with their mother-in-law.

One evening the news reached them that a courier bearing important despatches was to pass that night along the road guarded by two British officers. Grace and Rachael determined to waylay the party and obtain possession of the papers. Disguised in their husbands' clothes, and well provided with arms, they hid in the bushes at a point on the road where the escort must pass. Darkness favored their plans and when the courier and his guards approached they were completely taken by surprise by the suddenness of the attack. They had no choice but to surrender. The young women took their papers, released the soldiers on parole, and hastened home to send the important documents to General Greene by a trusty messenger.

The paroled officers returned by the road they had come and stopping at the home of the Martins, asked accommodations for the night. The hostess asked the reason for their prompt return. They replied by showing their paroles, and saying they had been taken prisoners by two Rebel lads. The ladies rallied them on their lack of courage and asked if they were unarmed. They said they were armed but were suddenly taken off their guard.

They went on their way the next morning without a suspicion that they owed their capture to the women whose hospitality they had claimed.—*Grace L. Martin, Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R.*

A REVOLUTIONARY PUZZLE.

These old rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary War—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma, they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown:

Hark, hark, the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms
Who for King George doth stand, their honors shall soon shine
Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join.
The acts of parliament, in them I might delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast,
Who nonresistant hold, they have my hand and heart
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part,
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore;
To North and British Lord, may honors still be done,
I wish to block and cord, to General Washington.

SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE REVOLUTION.

(Prize essay written by Miss Leota George of Sandy Springs in competition for the medal offered by Cateechee Chapter, D. A. R., to English class in Anderson College, S. C.)

South Carolina had a large share in winning American independence. Several decisive battles were fought on her soil. For the struggle she furnished far-sighted statesmen, brilliant leaders for the battlefield, and troops of patriotic, devoted men. Her daughters brought to the conflict immeasurable aid, comfort and influence. The men of South Carolina saved their own state and were able to give invaluable aid to their countrymen in other sections.

South Carolina had been settled by the Huguenots, English, Scotch-Irish, Welsh and Germans—people from the sturdiest and most progressive countries of the world. Their experiences in their new environment tended to make them independent and self-reliant. Their years of hardships and strifes only served to make them more vigorous. They increased rapidly in population and built up an active trade. South Carolina became one of the most prosperous of the colonies. The colonists of the lower country were people of learning and culture. The settlers of the middle and upper country were energetic, patriotic, and noble. There was no aristocracy. There were quite a number of able clergymen, skilled physicians, and well trained lawyers among the South Carolinians. They had wealth without luxury. They suffered no religious restraint. Every circumstance helped to develop them into a distinctive, independent people.

The injustice and selfishness of British authority at once aroused the anger of these spirited settlers. The Stamp Act met with general opposition. South Carolina at once protested against this unjust law and would not allow the stamps to be sold. After the repeal of the Stamp Act Great Britain made a second attempt to obtain money from the colonists by placing a tax upon glass, wine, oil, paper, painter's colors and tea. The vigorous objections of the colonists caused her to withdraw the tax from everything except tea. But the colonists were unwilling to accept anything but full justice from the hands of Great Britain.

The South Carolinians had many determined and active leaders in their opposition to British tyranny and in the avowal of their rights to govern themselves. Christopher Gadsen, William Henry Drayton, Arthur Middleton and David Ramsay impressed upon the people the necessity of fighting for their liberty and urged them to prepare for a war with England. Christopher Gadsen, Thomas Lynch, John Rutledge, Arthur Middleton and Edward Rutledge were chosen by the South Carolinians to represent them at

the first continental congress at Philadelphia in 1774. These men had had a prominent part in that meeting. The broad-minded, far-sighted Christopher Gadsen was the first man to see that independence must eventually come. At this meeting he was the first to suggest absolute independence. William Henry Drayton concluded one of his speeches in South Carolina with this excellent advice: "Let us offer ourselves to be used as instruments of God in this work in order that South Carolina may become a great, a free, a pious and a happy people."

On March 26, 1776, the provincial congress adopted a new Constitution and South Carolina became a free and independent state. She was the first of the thirteen colonies to set up a government of her own. John Rutledge was made president and Henry vice-president.

The first battle of the Revolution was fought November 12, 1775, when two British war vessels made an unsuccessful attack on a South Carolina vessel. The British suffered their first complete defeat in America at Charles Town, June 28, 1776. Under Sir Peter Parker the enemy attacked Ft. Moultrie. Under the blue Carolina flag with its crescent and the word "Liberty," upon it, the patriots, with Col. Moultrie as leader, courageously resisted the attack. In this battle the immortal Jasper braved the enemy's fire in rescuing the fallen flag and replacing it upon the fort. The splendid victory at Ft. Moultrie gave more confidence to the colonists and inspired them with new zeal. The colonists under William Thompson defeated the British in a second attempt to take Charles Town in June, 1776.

For about two years following this battle the British army abandoned their attempt to conquer South Carolina. However, she was far from being peaceful during this period. Her settlers were not a homogeneous people. No bond of sympathy united them in fighting for a common cause. Bands of Tories had formed in the interior and were as difficult to overcome as the British themselves. Under Fletchall and Cunningham they committed many bloody

outrages and did an incalculable amount of harm. They stirred up strife among the Indians and acquired their aid in fighting the patriots. Some of the severest struggles of the Revolution took place between the opposing factions in South Carolina. Andrew Williamson, James Williams and Andrew Pickens were active in defending the upland country against the Tories and Indians.

In April and May of 1780 the British under Gen. Clinton again attacked Charles Town. For three months four thousand ill-fed, ill-clad, and undisciplined patriots withstood the attacks of twelve thousand of the best of the British troops. Finally, the South Carolinians were forced to surrender. Fast following this defeat came pillage, devastations and repeated disasters. In the upper country the British under cruel Tarleton followed up their victories with bloody outrages. Clinton left Cornwallis in command of the British forces in the south. The cruelties of this officer greatly aroused the anger of the Carolinians. Sumter, Marion and Pickens suddenly appeared upon the scene of battle. They rallied the scattered forces and began their peculiar mode of warfare. By means of the ingenuity and indomitable courage of Sumter, the spirited "Game Cock," the enemy was harassed and numerous little victories were won from them. These successes were a great encouragement to the Carolinians. Sumter, aided by patriot bands under John Thomas, Thomas Brandon and Edward Hampton, succeeded in driving the British out of northern Carolina.

About this time, Gates and DeKalb were sent to the relief of the South. On account of the poor generalship of Gates the Americans were defeated at Camden, August 16, 1780, by the enemy under the command of Cornwallis. Francis Marion, the elusive "Swamp Fox," made repeated attacks upon the British forces and with the help of Sumter, Harden and McDonald, again gained control of the upper country. On October 7, 1780, Sumter's men led by Lacey,

Williams, and Hill helped to win a battle from the enemy under Ferguson at Kings Mountain.

In January, 1781, Gen. Daniel Morgan of Virginia, aided by Andrew Pickens with his body of riflemen, won a complete victory over the British at Cowpens. Gen. Greene had brought some troops into South Carolina. The combined forces of Sumter, Pickens, Marion, Lee and Greene gradually drove the British into Charles Town. Charles Town was evacuated December 14, 1782.

South Carolina's activities were not confined to her own borders. On several occasions she had sent troops to Georgia to help defend this feeble colony. The South Carolinians had captured a supply of powder in the early part of the war and sent it north to Washington at the critical point where his supply had given out. It was a South Carolinian who had secured aid from France for the patriots. This was exceedingly important since the French army and fleet played an important part in the capture of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In the great fight for independence South Carolina did her share of the fighting and more than this. Besides furnishing brilliant leaders and brave soldiers for the battlefield, she produced eloquent orators and wise statesmen to help manage the affairs of the colonists during this trying period. Among the foremost of her statesmen was Henry Laurens. In 1777 he succeeded John Hancock as president of the continental congress. He proved himself an efficient and wise officer. On his way to seek aid from the Dutch he was captured by the British and imprisoned in the Tower of London. At the close of the war he was exchanged for Cornwallis. He then went to Paris, where he was one of the commissioners who signed the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States.

John Laurens, a son of Henry Laurens, was also prominent in the management of the civil affairs of the colonists. It was he who secured aid from France. Never has anyone been sent from America to Europe on so important mission.

By his tact and unusual abilities he succeeded in the task in which Franklin had failed.

Christopher Gadsen, Arthur Middleton, William Henry Drayton, and David Ramsey were the great orators of South Carolina during the Revolution period. At the beginning of the war they accomplished much by inspiring their fellow-countrymen with patriotism and courage.

John Rutledge, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Thomas Pinckney had much to do with managing the affairs of the province during the war. The distinguished generals, Sumter, Pickens, Marion and Hampton rendered valuable service as statesmen—services which are apt to be overlooked on account of these men being such efficient partisan officers. The men who signed the Declaration of Independence for South Carolina were Thomas Heyward, Thomas Lynch, Arthur Middleton and Edward Rutledge.

South Carolina's women were as loyal, devoted, and heroic as her men. They supplied the soldiers with many comforts by knitting and weaving garments for them. In some instances they took an active part in the struggle. Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Dillard made perilous rides to warn the patriots of impending attacks of the enemy. We will long remember the patriotic spirit and self-sacrifice exhibited by Mrs. Motte when she showed the Americans how to set fire to her own house in which the British were fortified. Mrs. Bratton nursed some wounded British soldiers who had threatened to kill her the day before. Our state has sufficient cause to be proud of her noble women of the Revolution.

The difficulties under which South Carolina labored throughout the long struggle only add to her glory and honor. Next to Georgia she was the feeblest of the colonies. At the beginning of the war she had only ten thousand available men. There were heavy drains upon her limited resources. Much of the ammunition used during the war was captured from the British. Reaping hooks and mowing scythes were used for weapons when the supply of guns was

inadequate. Saws were taken from sawmills to be made into swords. Lead was removed from the housetops and churches to be run into bullets. The soldiers had not half enough tents, camp kettles, and canteens. Clothes, food and medicines were often lacking. Added to all this were the strifes created by the insurgent Royalists and Indians. When we view the remarkable successes of the South Carolinians in the light of all these conditions, we can but agree with the great historian Bancroft in his opinion that "the sons of South Carolina suffered more, dared more and achieved more than the men of any other state."

LYMAN HALL.

Lyman Hall, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was born in Wallingford, Conn., April 12, 1724. He was the son of Hon. John Hall and Mary Street. In 1747 Lyman Hall was graduated from Yale College in a class of twenty-eight members. He then studied Theology.

In the twenty-eighth year of his age he moved to Dorchester, S. C., and for many years ministered to the needs of those sturdy people.

Many of these settlers removed to Liberty County, Georgia. Along with the second stream of immigration came Lyman Hall.

When the storm of the Revolution began to lower, Dr. Hall promptly took sides with the patriots and to them he was a tower of strength. Dr. Hall was chariman of the meeting at Midway, February 9th, 1775, which sent delegates to the meeting at Charleston. He was elected to represent the people of St. John's Parish in the Continental Congress, March 21, 1775.

When the Declaration of Independence was signed, Lyman Hall, Button Gwinnett and George Walton, in behalf of the inhabitants of Georgia, affixed their names to the famous document.

When the British troops overran Georgia, the property of those who had espoused the patriot cause was confiscated and destroyed, and Dr. Hall's residence at Sunbury and his plantation near Midway were despoiled. With his family he removed to the North where he resided till 1782, when he returned to Georgia and settled in Savannah.

In 1783 Dr. Hall was elected Governor of Georgia and his administration was one of the most important in the history of the State. After the expiration of his term of office as Governor, he returned to Savannah and again took up the practice of medicine. He removed to Burke County in 1790 and settled upon a fine plantation near Shell Bluff. Here he died, October 19, 1790, at the age of sixty-seven, and was buried in a brick vault on a bold bluff overlooking the river.

In 1848 his remains were removed to Augusta and placed with those of George Walton beneath the monument erected by patriotic citizens in front of the Court House.

In person, Dr. Hall was six feet tall and finely proportioned. He was a man of great courage and discretion, and withal gentle and easy in manner.

He was fitted to guide the ship of State in the storm of the Revolution, and though he never bore arms, or won distinction as an orator, the people felt safe with his hand at the helm. The State of Georgia has fittingly perpetuated his memory by naming one of its counties for him, and, so long as liberty and patriotism shall live, so long shall the name of Lyman Hall be remembered.—*Compiled from "Men of Mark of Georgia."*

A ROMANCE OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

About 1768, the only son of Sir John Stirling, of Scotland, was sent to one of the West India Islands to look after some property. If he needed money he was to write home for it, putting a private mark on his letters. A serious illness caused him to forget the private mark, so no attention was paid to his letters with request for money. So he found himself stranded among strangers without money and without health.

A kindly sea captain, whom he met, offered to take him in his vessel to Connecticut without money. He gladly accepted the offer and sailed for a more healthful climate. Shortly after he left the West Indies, letters were received there from his father inquiring for him. The answer was sent to the father that his son had been very ill, and as he had disappeared they supposed he was dead. In the meantime young Stirling had gone to Stratford, Connecticut, where he taught school as a means of support. He soon fell in love with one of his pupils, pretty Glorianna Folsom, the beauty and belle of the village. Her father was a prosperous farmer. They were married in 1772. After the birth of their first child, a young minister, who was going to Scotland to be ordained, offered to hunt up his family if he would give him the necessary proofs of his identity. He did so, though reluctantly and hopelessly. The minister sailed for Scotland and soon found the family who were in deep mourning for the son they had supposed dead. They were overjoyed to hear he was alive, and at once wrote him to come home by the first vessel, not waiting for his wife and child to get ready; that they would send for them later. He did so, and his sudden departure caused the gossips to decide that Glorianna and her little daughters (for the second one was born after he left) had been deserted. It may have seemed a long period, but after he had had time to prepare a home for her and a quantity of beautiful clothing, he sent a ship to New York for her and she was

requested to embark immediately. She found everything provided for her comfort and convenience and a servant to wait on her. They lived near Stirling Castle and afterwards in Edinburgh and young Stirling succeeded to the honors and estates of the Baronet in due time.

Glorianna was a woman of remarkable character as well as beauty, and was the mother of eighteen children.—*Grace Martin, Piedmont Continental Chapter, D. A. R.*

“FT. MOTTE.”

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Tho’ she beuds him she obeys him,
Tho’ she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other.”

We have in our county of Orangeburg an historic spot which rightly in name is a monument to the self-sacrifice and heroism of Mrs. Rebecca Motte, the wife of Col. Isaac Motte.

This family had moved from Charleston to St. Matthew’s Parish and owned a beautiful plantation home on the Congaree river, about where the present town of Fort Motte stands.

As Nathaniel Greene, aided by the partisan leaders, drove the British from post to post back into Charleston, the British fortified Motte’s, the chief part of the post being Mrs. Rebecca Motte’s home. The family had been driven out by the British and were living in the neighborhood.

Lee’s and Marion’s men built a mound of earth, which is still to be seen, from which the riflemen could command the inside of the fort, but the house protected the enemy still. It was found necessary to burn it.

They informed Mrs. Motte that they would probably have to burn her home, which stood in the center of the

fort; she begged them that they would not consider her house of any consequence in the general cause and with great patriotism and firmness presented them with a bow and quiver of arrows and showing them how to set fire to the house, requested that they should burn it quickly.

By this means the Whigs threw fire on the roof, compelling the garrison commanded by Lieutenant McPherson to surrender or be roasted. Mrs. Motte was extremely rejoiced when she saw the garrison surrender.

Lee's and Marion's men extinguished the flames and the house was afterwards rebuilt.

Some authorities say that the bow and arrows were a present sent Mrs. Motte from India, others that they were borrowed of a negro boy. However this may be the mound of earth is all that is now visible as a reminder of Mrs. Motte's sacrifice.

The place where the house stood is at present a cotton field and owned by Mrs. A. T. Darby.

Time, the eradicator, will eventually wipe out the mound and all that will commemorate this brave deed will be the name, "Fort Motte," on the written page.—MRS. BESSIE GOGGANS OWEN, Vice-Regent Moultrie Chapter, in *American Monthly*.

PETER STROZIER.

About the year 1748, Peter Strozier, the hero of our story, was born in Germany. We know nothing of his childhood or early life, but in manhood we know him as our worthy ancestor and find him bravely fighting for American independence. He was married to Margaret Dozier in his native land and he, with four brothers, came to America about the time of the out-break of the Revolutionary War and settled in Virginia.

To the call of the country that he had come to share its reverses as well as its prosperity, and in the spirit of liberty he was ready to draw the sword when the iron heel of oppression was set upon its cherished rights.

During the seven years of faithful service he gave to his country, his wife and five children were left alone in a country home, where their lives were in constant danger. But God, in His all wise providence had sent into their home an orphan boy who was left to care, as best he could, for the family. This orphan boy, whose name was Captain Paddy Carr, was reared by our worthy ancestor, and during his life his gratitude never waned for his benefactor and benefactress. In the meantime Captain Carr moved the family to Georgia but found the condition of affairs even worse than in Virginia. The Tories at this time held full sway in Georgia and in no other state were they so wicked and cruel. The people were divided into two parties, the Tories and the Patriots. The Tories were those who took the oath of allegiance to the King, and those who refused to take the oath and would rather suffer and fight for American Independence, were called Patriots. So the Tories and Patriots hated each other with a bitter hatred. While these Patriots, brave and liberty loving men, were fighting for their independence, the Tories were left unmolested in their homes. The Patriots were forced to leave their property and helpless families to the mercy of the British and Tories. The Tories were far worse than the British. They formed themselves into companies, roving

over the country, committing all kinds of outrages; robbing and burning houses, throwing old grayheaded fathers and grandfathers into prison and driving helpless wives and children from their homes, showing mercy to no one who favored the American cause.

One venerable great grandmother, Margaret Strozier, fell a victim to a band of these Tories, who robbed and burned her home and drove her away. She walked with five children to South Carolina. When the young Patriot, Captain Carr, heard of the robbery and burning, his fiery blood boiled in his veins and he swore vengeance on all Tories. Henceforth he lost no opportunity to avenge the wrong done to the woman who was the only mother God had given him, and to children who were his only brothers and sisters. Tradition tells us that at the point of his own gun, he captured at one time five Tories and held them until his Company came up, and to them he showed no mercy.

Having gone through the Revolutionary War, which closed in 1782, Peter Strozier, with his family, settled in Wilkes County, Georgia. Tradition also tells us that he was a man of noble traits, with great force and dignity of character. His last days were passed under a silver-lined cloud, and in the old county of Wilkes he lies buried today. After his death, his wife, Margaret Dozier Strozier, who had shared with him the sufferings and hardships of the cruel war, moved to Meriwether County, Georgia, with her son Reuben Strozier, and she lies buried in the old family graveyard about four miles west of Greenville, Georgia, near the old Strozier homestead.

We can say by tradition, from generation to generation, that there sleep today no truer, no purer, no nobler ones than Peter and Margaret Strozier. How we love and cherish the memory of our fore-fathers! So will generations, after generations, and may we never tire in our efforts to preserve the records of the lives and struggles of those who fought and bled and died for our freedom.—
NANNIE STROZIER THRASH.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Oh, happy Independence Day,
We love thy honored name,
Dear happy Independence Day
Is with us once again.

Over a hundred years ago,
This day first won its fame,
And tho' the long years come and go,
'Tis remembered just the same.

We are a band of people true,
We love our native home,
Its environments, its skies of blue,
From it we'll never roam.

Let us forget the soldiers never,
Who battle to be free,
Who fought King George's army,
From far across the sea.

They left their dear beloved home
To chase the cruel foe,
O'er deserted battle fields to roam
Midst suffering, pain and woe.

Those soldiers now are sleeping
To chase the cruel foe,
O'er deserted battle fields to roam
Midst suffering pain and woe.

Those soldiers now are sleeping
On plain, and hill, and shore,
Their titles we are keeping,
But they'll be here no more.

When wars wild note was sounded
When the cry for freedom came,
England's hosts had landed
To win her glorious fame.

Alas, the British finally knew
They could no longer stay,
They left our brave and daring few
And quickly sailed away.

Alas, those dreadful day are gone,
No one remains to tell,
Of struggles made, and burdens bore,
For the land we love so well.

We love the mother country yet,
Her name we still adore,
Her kindness we can ne'r forget,
But we'll be bound no more.

Oh, happy Independence Day
How dear to us the name!
Oh, happy Independence Day
Is with us once again.

—*By Mamie Crosby.*

SARAH GILLIAM WILLIAMSON.

The most remarkable woman who lived in Georgia during the Revolutionary War, perhaps, was Sarah Gilliam Williamson. Considering her loyalty to the cause of the colonies, her courage in managing the plantation and large number of negro slaves during the absence of her husband in the army, her sufferings at the hands of the enemy, together with the success of her descendants, she stands ahead of any of the Georgia women of her day.

Sarah Gilliam was born in Virginia about the year 1735. Her father was William Gilliam, and her mother Mary Jarrett, the sister of Rev. Devereau Jarrett, the distinguished Episcopal minister.

Sarah Gilliam married Micajah Williamson, a young man of Scotch-Irish parentage. In 1768 the young couple moved to Wilkes County, Georgia, and settled on a fine body of land. It was while living here in peace and abundance, with their growing family around them, that the difference between the mother country and the colonies began.

Sarah Williamson and her husband both warmly espoused the cause of the colonies, and when hostilities commenced a Georgia regiment took the field with Elijah Clarke as Colonel, and Macajah Williamson as Lieutenant-Colonel. Micajah Williamson was present in all the conflicts of this regiment and in the battle of Kettle Creek Col. Clarke gave him full credit for his part in winning the victory.

Many scenes of this nature were enacted in the neighborhood of Sarah Williamson's home, and this fearless woman not only witnessed the conflicts, but sometimes participated in them. Her husband was twice wounded and to him she gave the care of a devoted wife, nursing him back to health and to the service of his country.

Year after year during this long struggle Sarah Williamson bravely assumed the part of both the man and the woman. Under her excellent management the plantation

was cultivated, supplies were furnished the army, and spinning wheels were kept busy making clothes for husband, children and slaves. Thus she toiled in the face of ever-present danger, threatened always with hostile Indians, cruel Tories and British soldiers.

Finally, one day the dreaded Tories, incensed at her husband's activity in the cause of the colonies, made a raid on the home and after taking all they wanted, destroyed by fire every building on the plantation, and their fiendish hearts not being yet satisfied with the suffering of this loyal woman, they hung her eldest son, a handsome youth, in the presence of his mother.

Her courage undaunted by this great calamity, Sarah Williamson had the faithful slaves gather up the remaining live stock running at large in the woods, and with her entire household went as a refugee to the mountains of North Carolina, where they remained until the close of the war, when they returned to the plantation.

A few years later the family moved to Washington, Georgia. Here again it became necessary for her to manage for the family when her husband was commissioned Major-General of Georgia troops and led an army against the hostile Cherokee Indians. Peace was made, however, before a battle was fought.

Now Sarah Williamson began to reap the reward her love, sacrifice, energy and labor had won. Her five sons grew to be successful men, her six daughters to be refined, educated and beautiful women, who became the wives of prominent men. One daughter married John Clarke who became Governor of Georgia.

To this Georgia mother belongs the distinguished honor of being the first American woman to furnish from her descendants two Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; Justice John A. Campbell of Alabama was her grandson, and Justice L. Q. C. Lamar of Georgia and Mississippi was her great grandson.—RUBY FIELDER RAY, *State Historian, D. A. R.*

A COLONIAL HIDING PLACE.

In sailing up the Hudson River, about one hundred miles above New York, you will discover on the west side a rather broad estuary, named by the old Dutch settlers, the Katterskill Creek.

This creek flows through a cleft in the mountains, known in the quaint language of the Dutch as the Katterskill Clove.

This clove, nature's pass through the mountains, was well known, and used by the tribes of the Six Nations, and especially by the vindictive, and blood thirsty Mohawks, as an easy trail by which they would descend upon the peace-loving and thrifty Dutch settlers; kill all the men who had not fled for refuge to the strong stone houses which were specially built for defence; capture the women and children, and kill all the live stock.

On the peninsula between the river and the creek, the latter being wide and deep enough to float the magnificent steamers which ply between Albany and New York, stood the colonial mansion to which your attention is called.

This mansion, for it was a splendid structure for those days, and the term would not be a misnomer in these, was built in 1763 by a Madam Dies, a Dutch matron, who afterwards married an English army officer. This man was so infatuated with his Dutch "vrow," and her wealth, that he deserted the colors, and would hide from search parties in the place to be hereinafter described.

The house was built of the gray sand stone found in that region, and was two stories high, with a capacious cellar, and an immense garret. The walls were nearly three feet thick, set in cement, which became so hard that when the day of destruction came a few years ago, the workmen were unable to tear the walls apart, but had to blow them down with dynamite. One hundred and fifty years had that cement been setting, and it was as hard as the stone itself.

In the cellar was a well to provide water in case of siege by the Indians, and heat was obtained by huge fire places in each of the eight large rooms, the smoke from which was carried off by two giant chimneys, and on one of these chimneys hangs the tale which is the excuse for this article.

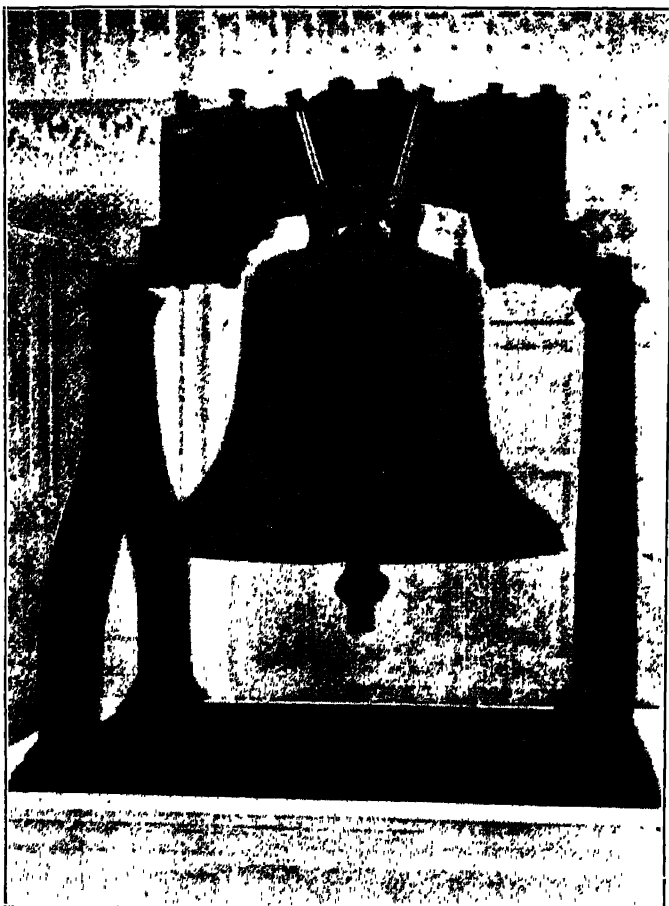
Madam Dies, true to her name, was gathered to her fathers, and her craven husband went to the place prepared for those who desert their colors.

Leaving no direct heirs, the house with its ten acres of grounds, and known from its elegance and size as "Dies Folly" passed into other hands, and finally, early in the nineteenth century, was purchased by Major Ephriam Beach, and remained in the family for nearly one hundred years, until destroyed by the exigencies of business.

The huge chimneys reared their massive proportions in the center of each side of the house, and Major Beach, wishing to rearrange the interior of his dwelling, tore down the one on the north side. As it was being taken down, brick by brick, they came to where it passed through the garret, and there the workmen discovered a secret recess capable of holding several people.

It was cunningly conceived with the entrance so arranged as to exactly resemble the brick composing the chimney, and an enemy might hunt for days and fail to discover the secret hiding place. It was evidently intended as a concealed refuge in case the house should be captured by the Indians, but so far as known was never used for that purpose, the village never being attacked after the house was built. Some dishes and a water jar which were found in the hidden chamber, served to prove that the husband of Madam Dies used it to conceal himself from the British soldiers when they were hunting him, but apart from that undignified proceeding it was never used.

The house was well known to be haunted, and there are many well authenticated ghost stories told in connection with it; but the spooks were a decent and well behaved



THE OLD LIBERTY BELL.

"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all
the inhabitants thereof."

lot, and never disturbed the writer, who spent many years within its substantial walls.

The daughter of the writer was the last of my children born therein, and she never saw even a fairy Godmother, although both of her grandmothers hovered around her cradle.

The writer, Edward Cunningham Beach, is a grandson of Major Ephriam Beach, herein mentioned and the baby daughter in aforesaid is Mrs. Barrett Cothran, of Atlanta, Georgia.—*Council Safety Chapter, D. A. R.*

A HERO OF THE REVOLUTION.

The descendants of Grace (Pittman) McArthur still tell to their children the story of Philip Pittman, her father, as it has been handed down from father to son.

Philip was born July 7, 1765. He was one of eleven children of John and Mary Pittman. His father served in the Revolution, as Matross in Capt. Harman Davis' Company, 4th Artillery Regiment of South Carolina, commanded by Col. Barnard Beckman.

Though too young, probably, to enlist, the revolutionary fires burned so brightly in the young patriots breast that he was ready to give his life to his country even though he might not carry sabre or musket.

As the story goes, Philip was overtaken by Tories at one time while he was making his way over the country with provisions for his father John and some comrades.

Thinking this an easy way to find out the whereabouts of the Patriot army the Tories commanded the boy to tell where his father was, but they reckoned without their host.

The boy stoutly refused to tell, and even though strung up and hung to a near by limb until almost too near dead to talk, he still refused. Whereupon the officer, moved perhaps by the extreme youth of the boy, ripped out an oath and ordered him cut down, remarking that the — rascal would die before he would tell.

Philip did not die, but lived to grow to manhood, enlisted in the war and served as one of Georgia's soldiers line in the Revolutionary War.

He was three times married, raised a large family of children whose allegiance to their country was only equaled by that of their father. Philip died in south-west Georgia, July 14, 1849.—MRS. J. D. TWEEDY, (Lula McArthur), Dawson, Ga., Dorothy Walton Chapter, D. A. R.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

What American or French girl or boy does not like to hear of that "wizard" of the sea,—John Paul Jones! That "Pirate," as he was called by the English minister in Holland, when Jones took his captured prizes there, but he was no more a Pirate than you or I. The word Pirate means one who is at war with mankind, and John Paul was holding an honest position in an honorable service and fighting only the enemies of his adopted country—America.

He was born July 6th, 1747, at Arbigland, Scotland, of poor and obscure parents, his father being a gardener, but the right material was in him to make a great man and he won for himself a world-wide fame as a leading figure in the American Navy. The only conquerer to whom he ever lowered his colors was death.

At twelve years of age he was apprenticed, then went to sea on the "Friendship" to visit his brother William Paul, in Virginia. While in North Carolina, in 1773, he changed his surname to Jones for the love he bore to a family of that name living there. To show what one can do when he tries and has faith in himself, I will tell you that Jones was a poor sailor at twelve, officer at seventeen, Naval Lieutenant at twenty-eight, Captain at twenty-nine, Commodore at thirty-two, at forty-one a Vice-Admiral in the Imperial Navy of Russia, at forty-three a prominent figure in the French Revolution, and died at the age of

forty-five, deeply deplored by Napoleon, who expected to do great things in conjunction with him.

Jones loved France and France loved him, and with him and France we were able to gain our liberty from the British yoke. He loved America because he loved liberty, and he put all his grand titles aside when making his last will and testament to sign himself, "I, John Paul Jones, an American citizen." Such men as Washington, Franklin, Hamilton and LaFayette, were his staunch friends. Kings and Queens delighted to do him favor. Louis XVI knighted him and presented him with a sword of honor. Catherine, of Russia, made him an Admiral and loaded him with honors. These are only a few of his distinguished friends.

In personal appearance he was slender and swarthy, with black hair and eyes; always well dressed, graceful and courtly. He was as much at home at the most aristocratic courts of Europe as when treading the deck of a man-of-war. He was grave by nature, but quite witty.

A kinder heart never beat in the breast of any man.

He hoisted the first American Flag that ever flew from an American war vessel, on his ship, the "Ranger," and at the same time Congress decided to accept the present form of the flag, it made him Captain of the "Ranger," hence his remark: "The flag and I are twins; born at the same hour, from the same womb of destiny; we cannot be parted in life or death."

February 14th, 1778, the French naval commander, Lea Motte Piquet, saluted for the first time from a foreign power the Stars and Stripes,—gave thirteen and received nine guns.

Just a word right here about the flag, so dear to us:

When Betsy Ross made our flag, she objected to the six pointed stars that General Washington wanted, because the English used it, but told him it would be more appropriate to use the five pointed star that the French and

THE DYING SOLDIER WHO GAVE HIS WIFE FOR HIS FRIEND.

Many years ago there lived in Virginia a little boy whose name was John Davenport. His father was a farmer who planted and raised large crops of tobacco in the fields about his home. His parents were good and wise people, and carefully brought up and trained their children. John was a good boy. He was honest, truthful, obedient, bold and strong. If he had any thing to do, either in work or play, he did it well. He grew up like other boys of his day. He went to school and made many friends among his play-mates by his manly conduct.

There lived in the same county in Virginia another little boy of strong and sterling character whose name was Harry Burnley. These two little boys were near neighbors and great friends, and they played and hunted and fished together all during their early boyhood days.

When John Davenport was quite a young man he met and married Lucy Barksdale, a girl of great merit and beauty who was just sixteen years old at the time of their marriage in 1772.

This couple spent many happy days together; children came to gladden their home; and life looked rosy and bright before them. As these peaceful and happy days were gliding by in their Virginia home a tempest was gathering—a great war cloud—which was destined to bring much sorrow to this happy pair.

England, the mother country, who at first dealt kindly and justly with the colonists, had begun to be unkind to them and to tax them unjustly. These oppressive and burdensome taxes the colonists refused to pay. England sent over trained soldiers to the American colonies to enforce obedience to her unjust laws. The colonists were weak, and had no trained soldiers; but they raised an army and determined to fight for their liberties. So war began.

After the Declaration of Independence by the patriots on July 4th, 1776, John Davenport, ever true to his country and his convictions of right and wrong, though regretting to leave his beautiful young wife and his happy children, took up arms to fight for liberty. Harry Burnley went with him to fight for the same noble cause. They were both brave soldiers and fought in most of the prominent battles of the Revolutionary war. They were mess-mates and bunk-mates throughout the war.

On the night of March 14th, 1781, while the two opposing armies were encamped near Greensboro, at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, and stood ready to join in bloody battle the next day, these two devoted friends were sitting by their camp fire, talking of the coming battle and thinking of their loved ones at home. John Davenport seemed sad and much depressed. Harry Burnley noticed his depression and asked him why he was so downcast. He said, "Harry, somehow I feel that I will be killed in battle tomorrow. I almost know it." Harry Burnley tried to dissipate his gloomy forebodings and cheer him up, by laughing at him and by making light of presentiments and by tusseling with him, but all without success. Determined to cheer up his friend, Harry finally said, "John, if you are killed tomorrow, I am going back home and marry your widow," Harry being an unmarried man.

On the next day the cruel battle was fought. The ground was covered with dead and dying men, soldiers on both sides, covered with blood and dust. One of these soldiers was John Davenport. He had been wounded and would die; and he was suffering from both pain and thirst. When the battle was over, his devoted friend hurried to his side and found him mortally wounded. When he found him, skulkers were stripping him of the silver buckles which he wore.*

*These skulkers in their hurry to get away left five silver buckles and epaulettes which were exhibited at the Exposition in New Orleans some years ago.

He was tenderly nursed by his life-long friend during the few hours that he lived. Realizing that the end was near, John Davenport said to his friend, "Harry, I am dying; and you remember last night you said to me in jest that if I lost my life today, that you were going home and marry Lucy. You have been my best friend, you are a noble and good man, and I now ask you in earnest to do as you said you would in jest—go back home after the war is over, marry my wife, and take care of her and my five little children."

About one year after the death of John Davenport, Harry Burnley and Mrs. Lucy Davenport were married. Several years later they moved to Warren County, Georgia, where they lived and died and were buried. Mrs. Lucy Davenport Burnley was the mother of fourteen children, five by her first marriage and nine by her second. Among her descendants are to be found very many noble men and women in America—distinguished as writers, lawyers and educators, and in every walk of life. Many of her sons and grandsons have sacrificed their lives for their country.
—MRS. ANNIE DAVIDSON HOWELL.

WHEN BEN FRANKLIN SCORED.

Long after the victories of Washington over the French and the English had made his name familiar to all Europe, Benjamin Franklin was a guest at a dinner given in honor of the French and English Ambassadors. The Ambassador from England arose and drank a toast to his native land: "To England—the sun whose bright beams enlighten and fructify the remotest corners of the earth."

The French Ambassador, filled with his own national pride, but too polite to dispute the previous toast, offered the following: "To France—the moon whose mild, steady, and cheering rays are the delight of all nations, consoling them in darkness and making their dreariness beautiful."

Then arose "Old Ben Franklin," and said in his slow but dignified way: "To George Washington—the Joshua who commanded the sun and the moon to stand still, and they obeyed him."

A REVOLUTIONARY BAPTIZING.

After the cold winter at Valley Forge, Captain Charles Cameron was sent home to Augusta County, Virginia, to recruit his Company. On his way back to the Continental Army, he and his men captured a Tory on the right bank of the Potomac River and decided to convert him, by baptism, into a loyal Patriot. Taking him down to the river bank they plunged him in.

Once—"Hurrah for King George!" came from the struggling Tory as he arose from the water.

Twice—"Hurrah for King George! Long live King George!" The Tory was again on top.

1 Three times—"Hurrah for King George! Long live King George! King George forever!"

The men looked helplessly at their Captain. "Loose him," were the orders, "and let him go. He is unconvertible."

GEORGE WALTON.

The youngest of the three signers of the Declaration of Independence, from Georgia, was George Walton, who was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in 1749. He became an orphan when quite young and his guardian did not care to be burdened with his education, so he was given to a carpenter as an apprentice and put to hard work. After his days work he would light a fire of fat pine and study until the wee small hours of the night, thus gaining an education most boys would let go by. The good carpenter, seeing him so industriously inclined and anxious for an education, allowed him to keep the money he earned and helped him all he could and at last relieved him of his apprenticeship, and he then decided to come to Georgia. At twenty years of age he went (by private conveyance) to Savannah, which was then a small town of only a few thousand people. He studied law in the office of Henry Young and was soon admitted to the bar.

In June, 1775, a call signed by George Walton, Noble W. Jones, Archibald Bullock and John Houston, was issued asking people to meet at Liberty Pole to take measures to bring about a union of Georgia with her sister colonies in the cause of freedom. The meeting was a success, a council of Safety Chapter organized, of which George Walton was a member, the Union Flag was raised at the Liberty Pole, and patriotic speeches were made.

In July, 1775, a Congress of Representatives from all over Georgia was held in Savannah. This Congress has been called "Georgia's first Secession Convention" for it declared the colony was no longer bound by the acts of England, since the mother country was acting unjustly and oppressively. George Walton was present and though only twenty-six years old, he was recognized as one of the most influential representatives of the convention.

In December, 1775, George Walton became President of the Council of Safety and practically had charge of the

colony. He was sent as a delegate to the Continental Congress in Philadelphia in 1776. The war had begun and the country was much excited. It was decided that Independence was the only proper course, so July 4th, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed by all delegates.

In 1777, George Walton married Dorothy Chamber; 1779 he was Governor of Georgia, then he went back to Philadelphia as a member of Congress, where he stayed until October, 1781. In December, 1778, he became Colonel in the First Regiment of Foot Militia for the defence of Georgia. The British were then bent on capturing Savannah. Col. Walton with one hundred men was posted on the South Common to guard the approach to Great Ogeeche Ferry. General Robert Howe was in command of the American forces, and Colonel Walton had informed him of a pass through the swamp by which the enemy could attack them in rear, but General Howe paid no attention to this. The result was this pass being left unguarded, the British made their way to the rear of the American forces and fell upon them with great disaster. Col. Walton was shot in the thigh, the bone being broken; and falling from his horse, was captured by the British. The enemy entered Savannah and held that city captive. Col. Walton was taken prisoner to Sunbury, where he was well cared for until his recovery. He never, however, regained complete use of his leg, for he limped the rest of his life. He was exchanged for a Captain of the British Navy and proceeded to Augusta. Soon after his return to Augusta he was made Governor of Georgia, but the state being so over-run by British, he had little to do.

Peace came to the colonists in 1782, and the British withdrew from Savannah. America was free and the states independent in 1783. George Walton was made Chief Justice of Georgia, and for seven years was a beloved judge in all parts of Georgia. In 1789 he was again made Governor of Georgia for a term of one year. While he

was governor he received a copy of the Constitution of the United States which had been framed by the delegates from all the states.

In 1795 and 1796, George Walton was sent as a Senator to the Congress of the United States. For many years, and up to the time of his death he was judge of the middle circuit of Georgia. During the latter part of his life, his home was near Augusta at a beautiful country place named Meadow Garden. The house is still standing, and was bought by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and is being preserved by them as a memorial to George Walton. He died February 2nd, 1804, at Meadow Garden, in the fifty-fifth year of his life. He was buried several miles from Augusta, at Rosney, here his body rested until 1848, when it was reinterred, being brought to Augusta and placed under the monument on Greene Street, in front of court house, the body of Lyman Hall being placed there at the same time. The grave of Button Gwinnett could not be found; so only two of the signers of the Declaration rest under this stately memorial.

Few men have received as many honors as George Walton. He was six times elected representative to Congress, twice Governor of Georgia, once a Senator of the United States, four times Judge of the Superior Court, once the Chief Justice of the state. He was a Commissioner to treat with the Indians, often in the State Legislature, a member of nearly every important committee on public affairs during his life. His name occurs in the State's Annals for over thirty years of eventful and formative history.—*Compiled from "Men of Mark of Georgia."*

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

In writing of a man like Jefferson, whose name has been a household word since the birth of the Nation, it is well-nigh impossible to avoid being commonplace; so that in the beginning, I ask you indulgence, if in reviewing his life, I should recount facts that are as familiar to you as the Decalogue.

Yet, in studying that life, I find such a richness of achievement, such an abundance of attainment, such a world of interest, that I am at a loss how to prepare a paper that will not require an extra session for its reading.

Thomas Jefferson was the eldest child of a seemingly strange union; the father, an uneducated pioneer, surveyor, and Indian fighter, living in the mountains of Virginia—the mother, Jane Randolph, coming from the best blood of that blue blooded commonwealth. I think we need dig no further around Jefferson's family tree in order to understand how a gentleman of education, culture, and aristocratic instincts could affect a dress so different from men of his class, and could so deeply and sincerely love the masses as to spend his life in their behalf. And this he certainly did. He worked, thought, planned, and accomplished for them—yet, throughout his life, his associations were always with the upper classes.

He began life in 1743, in the small village of Shadwell, Va., where he spent his childhood and youth among the freedom of the hills. Afterwards, whenever he escaped from public duty, it was to retire to this same neighborhood, for it was on one of his ancestral hills that Monticello was built.

Thanks to his mother, he was carefully educated at William and Mary College, from which he graduated at the age of eighteen. The Britannica draws the following picture of him as a young man:

“He was an expert musician, a good dancer, a dashing rider, proficient in all manly exercises; a hard student;

tall, straight, slim, with hazel eyes, sandy hair, delicate skin, ruddy complexion; frank, earnest, sympathetic, cordial, full of confidence in men, and sanguine in his views of life." Is not that a pleasing portrait?

Being the eldest son, his father's death, while he was at college, left him heir to his estate of nineteen hundred acres, so that he could live very comfortably. Jefferson lived in a day when a man's wealth was measured in great part by the land he owned. It is indicative of his thrift and energy that his nineteen hundred acres soon grew to five thousand—"all paid for," we are told. Indeed, he was strictly honest in paying his debts.

He was a born farmer, and to the end of his life retained his love for that mode of existence.

However, he chose the law for his profession. That he did not have to watch his practice grow through a long season of painful probation is shown by the record of sixty-eight cases before the chief court of the Province during the first year after his admission to the Bar, and nearly twice that many the second year.

Although, as I said, he loved a farmer's life, he was allowed little leisure to follow it, serving in succession as member of the Virginia House of Burgesses, member of Congress, Governor of Virginia, member of Congress again, Minister to France, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President.

Perhaps many other men have served the public for as long a term, but I challenge history to find another who has accomplished so much for his country.

From the founding of Jamestown to the present day, no man, Washington not excepted, has had the influence over the nation that Jefferson wielded.

To have been the author of the great Declaration, it would seem, were fame enough for one American, but for him that was only the beginning. Independence achieved, he set about making his own state really free and introduced into the Virginia Legislature bill after bill which

cut off the excrescences of a monarchical system, lingering in the practices of a new-born nation. These bills were not all carried when he proposed them, by any means, but hear what, in the end they gave to Virginia, and remember that these things came through the efforts of one man: religious freedom, the fight for which began in '76 and continued till 1785; the system of entails broken up; the importation of slaves prohibited, and primo-geniture discontinued.

Jefferson was not a fluent speaker, but a clear thinker. Besides this, he had a great antipathy to appearing in print. Therefore, when it was necessary to say or do anything, he had only to tell somebody what to say or do, and the thing was accomplished.

Leicester Ford, who has compiled a very thorough Life of Jefferson, says that "he influenced American thought more than any other person, yet boasted that he never wrote for the press. By means of others, he promulgated that mass of doctrine, nowhere formulated, known as The Jeffersonian Principles." The doctrine that goes by the name of Monroe was probably his also.

That the principles of the Democratic Party have remained unchanged from his day to ours only shows the clearness and correctness of his logic. Not only is this true, but he thoroughly and conscientiously believed in the things he taught, the theory of States Rights being a child of his own brain.

During his two terms as President, and throughout the remainder of his life, such was the faith of his party in his wisdom, foresight, and political integrity, that he had only to express a wish, and it became, unquestioned, the law of the land.

After his retirement, his party proposed no measure until a visit was first made to the "Sage of Monticello," and his opinion obtained.

President followed President, Jefferson became old and infirm, but to the day of his death, he was undisputed leader of the American nation.

Did he not deserve the name of seer? Years before the Revolution, he warned the people against slavery, declaring that "nothing is more certainly written in the book of fate than that these people are to be free." He owned the slaves that came to him from his father and his wife, but is said never to have purchased any.

Among the things accomplished during his presidency are the extermination of the Mediterranean pirates, the exploration of the West, public debt diminished, emigration of Indians beyond the Mississippi promoted, and the wonderful Louisiana purchase.

Though his second term was clouded by constant war in Europe, and the continued depredations on American commerce, at its close, he was urged to serve for the third term, the Legislatures of five States requesting it, showing that he was not held responsible for the condition of affairs.

His was a many sided nature. Great statesman that he was, great political scientist, his ability did not stop there. His interest in commerce, agriculture, literature, history, music, education, and the natural sciences was unbounded, and his private collections, perhaps, were unexcelled at that time.

No man has done more for the cause of education among us than he. He it was who proposed a bill for "the free training of all free children, male and female." This was ten years before the admission of girls to the common schools of Boston. His reason for wanting good schools in Virginia was unique—he said he objected to being a beggar for the crumbs that fell from the tables of the North. He pleaded for nonsectarian schools, and was, therefore, called by many atheistic.

This was one of the obstacles that he had to overcome in his fight for the University of Virginia. Princeton was then sectarian—William and Mary was controlled by the Episcopal Church. The result of all this thought and desire exists for us today in the University of Virginia—the first real University in America.

Thomas Nelson Page says, "No stranger story of self sacrifice and devotion to a high ideal in the face of trials, which to lesser genius might have appeared insurmountable, and of disappointments which to less courage must have proved fatal, has ever been written than that which recounts the devotion of the last twenty years of the life of Thomas Jefferson to the establishment of a great university." The corner stone of Central College, which was afterwards enlarged to the University of Virginia, was laid in 1816 by President Monroe, in the presence of Jefferson and Madison, ex-presidents.

Not only did Jefferson see the need for this school, and work to carry it through, but he actually drew the plans for the buildings, modelling them after those of ancient Greece and Rome.

Page says, to quote from the same author—and, if you want to read an interesting book, read his "Old Dominion"—"If any pile of buildings in the world is fitted by its beauty to be the abode of philosophy it is this. * * * The University has excelled in scholastic results any similar institution in the country. She has a larger representation in Congress than any other, a larger representation on the bench and a larger representation in the medical departments of both army and navy. This has been accomplished on an income less than that of many second rate colleges."

This result, and the high standard prevailing in the University today, have more than justified Jefferson for all his labor. His constant refrain was, "We are working for posterity."

The project was in his brain five years before he began work on it. One of his proudest titles is "Father of the University of Virginia."

Jefferson's writings consist mostly of letters and addresses, besides "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," written before the Revolution, circulated

in England, and attributed to Burke, and the well known and valuable "Notes on Virginia."

He loved his home and his family, and seems to have been peculiarly blessed in them. He married a rich young widow—Martha Skelton—though it does not appear that he did so because she was rich.

Of several children only two grew to maturity, and only one survived him. His wife lived just ten years after their marriage, and almost with her last breath begged him not to give her children a step-mother. He made and kept the promise.

I know I have given a rose-colored account of him, yet some shadow belongs to the portrayal. No one could do the things that he did and not have enemies. Particularly do politicians not handle each other with gloves. Jefferson has been called all the ugly names in man's vocabulary, but very little, if any, real evidence can be adduced to support any of this.

With all his gifts, he was unfitted to lead a people in the trying time of war; consequently, his governorship of Virginia, occurring during the Revolution, and his second term as President were not eminently successful. No one can deny the bitter enmity between him and Hamilton any more than any one can prove that the former was more to blame than the latter. Admit that he was often theoretical and visionary, yet the work he accomplished proves that he was even more practical and farsighted.

That he was not free from idiosyncrasies is shown by the manner in which he went to his first inauguration, and the fact that he always dressed as a farmer—never as a President.

All this was to prove his steadfastness of faith in democratic ways and institutions. He would not indulge in making a formal speech at the opening of Congress, but wrote and sent his "message" by hand—a practice followed by every President since, with the exception of President Wilson, 1913.

In all things he was a strict constructionist. But none of these things can detract much from the name and fame of a man who has put such foundation stones in our civilization.

I have drawn my data mostly from the writings of one who holds the opposite political tenets—yet I find it recorded that “Jefferson’s personal animosities were few”—that he couldn’t long hold anger in his heart—that “to this day the multitude cherish and revere his memory, and in so doing, pay a just debt of gratitude to a friend, who not only served them, as many have done, but who honored and respected them, as very few have done.”

His hospitality and the public desire to see him were so great that his home was for many years a kind of unprofitable hotel, because everything was free of charge. It was always full, and sometimes his housekeeper had to provide fifty beds. This great expense, added to some security debts, left him a poor man. In fact, he was in need, but when the public found it out, money came in in sufficient quantities to enable him to continue his mode of life.

Like Shakespeare, he wrote his own epitaph, any one item of which would entitle him to the love of posterity: “Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, Author of the Declaration of American Independence, of the Statute of Virginia, for religious freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia.”

I fear I have been tedious, I know I have been trite—yet I beg you to read for yourselves the history and letters of this great man.

That his death occurred on the 4th day of July, 1826, just fifty years from the day when the wonderful Declaration was made, and coincident with that of his former colleague, another ex-president, seems a fitting close to a most remarkable career.

ORATORS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

MISS SUSIE GENTRY, *Vice State Regent, Tennessee.*

Time, the artificer, makes men, as well as things, for their day and use.

The Revolution was the evolution of an idea—one inherent in all humanity—Liberty!

First, was the thought of a home, the most sacred and best of man's sanctuaries. These pioneer Colonists, fleeing from religious persecution, debt and poverty, often came to an untrodden wilderness of limitless forest and plain, to form a local habitation and a name.

After the establishment of the home, education and its application followed, through the teaching and oratory of the pulpit to the white man and Indian. Next in order was self-government. The Revolutionary period was productive not only of the general and soldier, but the statesman and orator, who set forth the "grievances of the people" in most glowing and convincing terms. The term "orator" has two specific meanings—in common language, one who delivers an oration, a public speaker; and technically, one who prays for relief, a petitioner. The orators of the Revolutionary period were both in one. The true orator is the poet of the practical. He must be an enthusiast; he must be sincere; he must be fearless, and as simple as a child; he must be warm and earnest, able to play upon the emotions, as a skillful musician his instrument that responds to his every touch, be it ever so light and delicate. So shall his words descend upon the people like cloven tongues of fire, inspiring, sanctifying, beautifying and convincing; for an orator's words are designed for immediate effect.

When the "Stamp Act" was repealed, March 18, 1766, Jonathan Mayhew delivered a thrilling speech, known as "A Patriot's Thanksgiving," in which he said: "The repeal has restored things to order. The course of justice is no longer obstructed. All lovers of liberty have

reason to rejoice. Blessed revolution! How great are our obligations to the Supreme Governor of the world!"

Even the conservatives, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington, take of the promethean fire of patriotism; it is seen in Franklin's writings, in Washington's "Farewell Address"—his masterpiece of prophetic admonition, delivered in the style and diction of a gifted orator. A long and faithful career of usefulness, and the very human touch he had gained as a soldier and general, particularly during that terrible year of 1777, developed the hitherto unknown gift.

Of the men who composed the Second Colonial and First Continental Congress, which met at Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, William Pitt said in his speech to the House of Lords: "History has always been my favorite study, and in the celebrated writings of antiquity I have often admired the patriotism of Greece and Rome, but, my lords, I must avow that in the master states of the world I know not a people or senate who can stand in preference to the delegates of America assembled in general congress at Philadelphia."

Samuel Adams was one of the foremost orators and patriots of America, and was of Massachusetts' famous bouquet—James Otis, Joseph Warren, Josiah Quincy, John and John Quincy Adams—and left his work on the history of America as a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

James Otis, next in chronological order, was a bold, commanding orator, and the first to speak against the taxing of the colonies. He was called "the silver-tongued orator" and "a flame of fire." His death was as unusual as his gift—he was killed by a stroke of lightning May, 1772.

Joseph Warren and Josiah Quincy were both men of great talents and power, Warren was elected twice to deliver the oration in commemoration of the massacre of the fifth of March; he rendered efficient service by both his writing and addresses; and was distinguished as a

physician, especially in the treatment of smallpox. He was killed while fighting as a volunteer at Bunker Hill.

Josiah Quincy's powers as an orator were of a very high order. It is sad to think that he died the very day he reached his native land, after a voyage to Europe in the interest of the colonies. One does not wonder that John Adams possessed influence, when in voting for the Declaration of Independence he exclaimed: "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my heart and hand to this vote;" nor that the son of such a father was called "The Old Man Eloquent," and the "Champion of the Rights of Petition," who thought "no man's vote lost which is cast for the right."

John Adams is the one man who remembered liberty and the people, for when he died July 4, 1826, his last words were, "It is the glorious Fourth of July! God bless it—God bless you all!"

From this cursory glance of the orators of Massachusetts, we can well understand how, like the "alabaster box" of old, the perfume of their noble deeds for the cause of right still lingers.

Alexander Hamilton was an orator that accomplished much for the colonies with his forceful, facile and brilliant pen, as did Madison and Jay, in the "Federalist." Patrick Henry, the red feather, of the Revolutionary period, as is E. W. Carmack of to-day—is by the South regarded the Magna Stella of that marvelous galaxy of stars. It is probable that his oratory was not as much a product of nature as was thought at the time when it was so effective. It was somewhat an inheritance, as he was the great-nephew of the Scotch historian Robertson, and the nephew of William Winston who was regarded as an eloquent speaker in his day.

Patrick, after six weeks study of law, we are told, commenced the practice of law (having the incumbrance of a family and poverty) and with what success, all the world knows. It was in the celebrated "Parson's case" that he

won his spurs, and the epithet of "the orator of Nature;" also his election to the House of Burgesses, of Virginia. Nine years after he made his famous speech in which he told George III he might profit by the examples of Cæsar and Charles I, he delivered his greatest effort of oratory—in which he said, "I know not what course others may take, but give me liberty, or give me death!"

Thomas Jefferson was the father of that instrument, the Declaration of Independence—that gives us "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," in so far as we trespass not on the moral and civil rights of our neighbor—and was persuasive and eloquent, as well as an acute politician. He was the acknowledged head of his party; and his work was of the uttermost importance to both the colonies and states. No one politician and orator has left a more indelible impression upon succeeding generations than he.

Thomas Paine also did his quota as an orator and writer; and great were the results accomplished by his "Common Sense" and the first "Crisis." Paine was not only a writer and orator, but a soldier. Under General Nathaniel Greene he rendered such efficient and valuable service that he was called the "hero of Fort Mifflin." Although he was an Englishman, who came to America and espoused the cause of the Continentals, the English nation are glad to own him. William Cobbett (the English statesman) says "whoever wrote the Declaration, Paine was its author."

Paine was one of the most noted orators, if we remember that an "orator is one who prays for relief—a petitioner," whether it be viva voce or with the pen. We wish it were possible in the time allotted to us to give extracts from the speeches and writings of these orators of the Revolution. How grateful we should be, and what a debt of gratitude we owe each of them, for their labors that have long since received the encomium from God and man—"well done, thou good and faithful servant."—*American Monthly*.

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY.

The flag of our country, how proudly it waves
In the darkness of night, in the light of the sun,
In silence it watches our patriots' graves,
In splendor it tells of their victories won!

It waves, as it waved in the brave days of old,
An emblem of glory, of hope, and of life;
A pledge to the world in each star and each fold
Of a love that endures through all danger and strife.

Of love that is deep as the sea 'neath its blue;
Of a love that is pure as the light of each star;
O, flag of our country, the brave and the true
Await thee, and greet thee, and bless thee afar!

The flag of our country, the flag of the free,
The hope of the weary, the joy of the sad,
May our eyes at the last, still thy bright promise see
That each slave shall know thee, arise and be glad!

The flag of our country, the flag of our love,
Our hearts are aflame with thy red, white and blue;
May thy glory increase while thy stars shine above,
To thy promise and pledge may the children be true.

O, the red, white and blue! O, the flag of the free!
Sweet liberty calls to the nations afar,
Thy glory illumines the land and the sea,
O, flag of our country, earth's beautiful star!
—*Metta Thompson in American Monthly.*

THE OLD VIRGINIA GENTLEMAN.

Many of you have no doubt heard or read the famous lecture of Dr. Bagley, entitled "Bacon and Greens," and chuckled over his vivid description of "The Old Virginia Gentleman." You may be interested in knowing that a portrait of the Hon. James Steptoe, of Federal Hill, Bedford County, Virginia, painted by Harvey Mitchell in 1826, was the inspiration of this interesting lecture.

This "Old Virginia Gentleman" was a worthy representative of the House of Steptoe, whose forefathers played an important part in the history of the "Old World." The progenitor of this interesting family was Anthony Steptoe, the third son of Sir Philip Steptoe, of England. Anthony and his wife, Lucy, came to the Colony in 1676, and located in Lancaster County, Virginia, and they were the great grandparents of Hon. James Steptoe.

"The Old Virginia Gentleman" was one of four brothers, George, James, Thomas, and William; they had four half sisters, Elizabeth and Ann Steptoe; Mary and Anne Aylett; and two step-sisters, Elizabeth and Ann Aylett; thus the families of Steptoe and Aylett are often confounded.

Col. James Steptoe, M. D., of "Homany Hall," Westmoreland County, Virginia, was born in the year of 1710, and died in 1778. He was a distinguished physician, and held many positions of honor and trust in affairs of Church and State. He married firstly Hannah Ashton, and secondly Elizabeth Aylett, the widow of Col. William Aylett and a daughter of Col. George Eskridge. The descendants of Colonel Steptoe and Colonel Aylett are often confounded.

Col. Aylett married first Ann Ashton, a sister of Colonel Steptoe's first wife, and had two daughters, Elizabeth and Ann. Elizabeth Aylett married William Booth, and Ann married William Augustin Washington (a half-brother of our beloved Gen. George Washington). Colonel Aylett married secondly Elizabeth Eskridge, and had two daugh-

ters, Mary and Anne; Mary married Thomas Ludwell Lee, of "Bell Vieu;" and Anne married Richard Henry Lee, of "Chantielly."

Col. James Steptoe had two daughters by his first marriage, Elizabeth and Ann; Elizabeth married first Philip Ludwell Lee, of "Stratford," and secondly Philip Richard Fendall; and Ann married first Willoughby Allerton, and secondly Col. Samuel Washington, a younger brother of Gen. George Washington. Of the four sons of Col. James Steptoe, George and Thomas never married; William married Elizabeth Robinson, and they resided at the old Robinson homestead, "Herwich." The Hon. James Steptoe, the original "The Old Virginia Gentleman," was born in the year of 1750, at "Homany Hall," Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was educated at William and Mary College, and while there was a fellow student of Thomas Jefferson. They formed a close friendship, which continued throughout life. It was through the influence of Jefferson that James Steptoe was appointed to an office under Secretary Nelson, after which he was transferred in 1772, at the early age of 22, to the clerkship of the District Court at New London, in Bedford Co., Va. This position he held until his death in 1826, having served fifty-four years. He married Frances Calloway, a daughter of Col. James Calloway, of Bedford County.

The Hon. James Steptoe built the mansion house known as "Federal Hill," and it was here that he spent his useful life surrounded by his family, and noted for his sincerity and hospitality. This mansion was situated three miles from "Poplar Forest," the abode of his friend, Thomas Jefferson, who loved to seek seclusion there during his intervals of rest from public service.

Upon one occasion when Gen. Andrew Jackson, on his way to Washington just after the battle of New Orleans, had stopped to dine with his friend, James Steptoe, he met Thomas Jefferson just at the gateway. The two great men dismounted from their horses and exchanged salutations

with each other and with their host, who awaited them within upon the lawn. Mr. Jefferson, with his courtly manner, waving his hand, stood back for "Old Hickory" to pass before him; but that gallant soldier, bowing low, said: "Surely, Mr. Jefferson does not think that I would go before an ex-President of the United States." To which Mr. Jefferson graciously replied: "It would ill become me to take precedence of the hero of New Orleans." Thus these two distinguished men stood bowing and scraping to each other in the roadway in true "Gaston and Alfonse style," while Mr. Steptoe waited for them with, I am sure, amused impatience; until at length General Jackson threw his arms about Mr. Jefferson and gently lifted him quite over the threshold, and then the General's aide and the other gentry coming up, we may be sure they had a jolly good time—a "feast of reason and a flow of soul," not forgetting Mrs. Steptoe's bountiful dinner served on the famous Steptoe silver, a veritable feast of "wines on the lees," which to read about makes us long more than ever for a return of those good old times.

But once a shadow fell upon the friendship of Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Steptoe, as clouds will fall upon human friendships. James Steptoe had another valued friend, Major Gibbon, a gallant officer of the Revolutionary army, who had led the forlorn hope at the battle of Stony Point. This old hero had been given the appointment of collector of customs at Richmond, but had been removed by Jefferson because it had been represented to him that Major Gibbon was on familiar terms with Aaron Burr, who was then on trial at Richmond for acts charged against him as treasonable. Soon after the removal of Major Gibbon Mr. Jefferson was on one of his visits at Poplar Forest, but his old friend, James Steptoe, who was usually the first to welcome him, the illustrious visitor, to his summer home, neither went in person nor sent a message of salutation to his life-long friend. Days lengthened into weeks, and still he made no sign, and at length Mr. Jefferson, on a bright summer morn-

ing, rode over to Mr. Steptoe's and dismounted from his horse at the gate, and on entering the yard found Mr. Steptoe walking to and fro on his porch, apparently unconscious of his guest's arrival.

Mr. Jefferson advanced with outstretched hand and cordial smile, but Mr. Steptoe gazed cold and stern upon his visitor, returning no look or word of kindness for the offered greeting of the President, who thus addressed him: "Why, James Steptoe, how is this? I have been for weeks within a stone's throw of you, and though you have usually been the first to welcome me home, your face is now turned from me, and you give me no welcome to your house." To this Mr. Steptoe coolly replied: "Mr. Jefferson, I have been disappointed in you, sir, you are not the man I took you to be. You know as well as I do that Maj. James Gibbon was a brave, a meritorious officer in the Revolutionary army, that he served under Aaron Burr, who was also a gallant soldier, and his officers were greatly attached to him. Now when Colonel Burr has been brought to Richmond for trial, committed to prison and every indignity heaped upon him, and just because Major Gibbon has supplied his old commander with some necessities and comforts, you, from hatred of Burr, have wreaked your vengeance on Gibbon and deprived a faithful old soldier of an office which was his only means of support." "Why, Steptoe, is that all?" said Jefferson, "I assure you the matter had not been so presented to me before. But the same hand that removed Major Gibbon can replace him, and justice shall be done him at once." "Then you are, indeed, my friend, and welcome as ever to my home and heart," cried James Steptoe.

James Steptoe's land and silver are gone, his bones have turned to dust; and ere long his name may be forgotten, but let us now honor the man who would refuse the proffered hand of the President of the United States, when that hand was stained by an unworthy act. Would there were more men of such mettle in our day!

James Steptoe was not only noted for his hospitality and justness, but also for his charity. Driving along in his coach and four, he passed the house of a certain widow, Mrs. Chaffee. Upon noticing a crowd gathered around, he sent his coachman, Ben, to inquire the cause. Hearing that the poor woman was being sold out for debt he descended from his carriage, stopped the auction, paid the mortgage, and added one more noble act of charity to his record.

James Steptoe was beloved by everyone, and especially so by his slaves, whom he had taught different trades that they might support themselves after his death when, by his will, they were all set free. A handsome monument in the old family burying ground in Bedford County, bears this inscription, "James Steptoe, born 1750, died 1826, for fifty-four years the Clerk of Bedford County."

The office of clerk of the Court of Bedford County has been held by the Steptoe family in its lineal and collateral branches for more than a hundred years.

The character of James Steptoe may be described in a few words, integrity, independence, and the strictest form of republican simplicity. Though descended, as has been shown, from a long line of the better class of English gentry, he never alluded to it himself; in fact, it was not known in his family until after his death, when they learned it through his correspondence. He was a man who held very decided opinions on all subjects, and would at times express them as to men and public affairs in very strong language, being strong in his friendships and equally strong in his dislikes. As a clerk, he was everything that could be desired, polite and obliging, as all Old Virginia Gentlemen are; careful and attentive in the business of his office and in court, and ever ready at all times to give information and advice to those who needed it.

The Hon. James Steptoe and his wife, Frances Calloway, were the parents of five sons and four daughters, as follows: Major James, who succeeded his father as Clerk of Bedford, and who married Catherine Mitchell; Dr. William, of

Lynchburg, who married first Nancy Brown, and second Mary Dillon; George, of Bedford County, who married Maria Thomas; Robert, of Bedford County, who married Elizabeth Leftwich; Thomas, who inherited the old home, married Louise C. Yancy; Elizabeth Prentise, who married Hon. Charles Johnston, of Richmond, Va.; Frances, who married Henry S. Langhorne, of Lynchburg, Va.; Sallie, who married William Massie, of Nelson County, Virginia; Lucy, who married Robert Penn, of Bedford County, Virginia. James Steptoe's descendants are scattered throughout the United States, and are among our most distinguished citizens. He has also descendants in England.

The old portrait by Harvey Mitchell is now owned by the Rt. Rev. James Steptoe Johnston, Bishop of Western Texas; and a fine copy of the same is owned by Mrs. William Waldorf Astor, of Cliveden-on-the-Thames, England,
—EDNA JONES COLLIER, in *American Monthly*.

WHEN WASHINGTON WAS WED.

Who does not wish that he might have been there,
When Martha Custis came down the stair
In silk brocade and with powdered hair,
On that long ago Saturday clear and fine,
A. D. Seventeen fifty-nine?

Out from St. Peter's belfry old,
Twelve strokes sounded distinct and bold,
So in history the tale is told,
When Dr. Mossen, preacher of zest,
Long since gone to his last long rest,
There in the Custis drawing room,
New world house, with an old world bloom,
Spake out the words that made them one,
Martha Custis and Washington.
Trembling a little and pale withal,
She faced her lover so straight and tall,
Oh, happiest lady beneath the sun!
Given as bride to George Washington.

Brave was the groom and fair the bride,
Standing expectant side by side,
But how little they knew or guessed
What the future for them possessed;
How the joys of a wedded life
Would be mingled with horrors of blood and strife;
How in triumph together they'd stand,
Covered with plaudits loud and grand,
Yes—covered with glory together they'd won,
Martha Custis and Washington.

Where is the gown in which she was wed?
Brocade, woven with silver thread?
Where are the pearls that graced her head?
Where are her high-heeled silken shoon
That stepped in time to the wedding tune?
Where are her ruffles of fine point lace?
Gone—all gone with their old world grace.
But the world remembers them every one,
And blesses the lady of Washington.

It is difficult to give the proper credit for the above poem. Mrs. Walter J. Sears, New York City Chapter, found a few beautiful lines, author unknown, added some lines herself, and then sent the whole to "Will Carlton," who revised and added to them. Mrs. Sears recited the poem at the celebration of Washington's wedding day by the New York City Chapter, D. A. R., in January, 1909.

RHODE ISLAND IN THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

The American colonies, though subjects of Great Britain, stoutly resisted the payment of revenues of customs; not because they doubted the justice, but they did object to the intolerant manner of demanding the revenues. Rhode Island, the smallest of the thirteen colonies, was destined to take an important part in this resistance which brought about the American Revolution.

The English parliament, in 1733, passed the famous "Sugar Act" which laid a heavy tax upon West India products imported into the northern colonies. Rhode Island protested, declaring that only in this way could she be paid for her exports to the West Indies and thus be able to purchase from England. The other colonies also objected and Richard Partridge, the appointed agent to look after the interests of the Rhode Island colony, conducted this affair for all the colonies. In his letter he declared that the act deprived the colonists of their rights as Englishmen, in laying taxes upon them without their consent or representation. Thus, thirty-seven years before the Declaration of Independence, the war-cry of the Revolution was first sounded and by the Quaker agent of Rhode Island.

In 1764 a new "Sugar Act" was passed. Parliament hoped that a reduction from six pence to three pence would conciliate the colonies. Neither the "Sugar Act" nor the proposed "Stamp Act" was accepted. The colonists still contended such an act and its acceptance to be inconsistent with the rights of British subjects. A special session of the Rhode Island assembly was convened. A committee of correspondence was appointed to confer with the other colonies and the agent was directed "to do anything in his power, either alone or joining with the agents of other governors to procure a repeal of this act and to prevent the passage of any act that should impose taxes inconsistent

with the rights of British subjects." Thus did Rhode Island expressly deny the right of Parliament to pass such an act and also declare her intention to preserve her privileges inviolate. She also invited the other colonies to devise a plan of union for the maintenance of the liberties of all.

The following year the "Stamp Act" was passed and disturbances followed. The assembly convened and through a committee prepared six resolutions more concise and emphatic than any passed by the other colonies, in which they declared the plantation absolved from all allegiance to the King unless these "obnoxious taxes" were repealed. Bold measures! But they show the spirit of the colony. Johnston, the stamp-collector for Rhode Island, resigned, declaring he would not execute his office against "the will of our Sovereign Lord, the People." In Newport three prominent men who had spoken in defence of the action of Parliament were hung in effigy in front of the court house. At evening the effigies were taken down and burned. The revenue officers, fearing for their lives, took refuge on a British man-of-war lying in the harbor and refused to return until the royal governor would guarantee their safety. The assembly appointed two men to represent Rhode Island in the convention about to assemble in New York. This convention, after a session of nearly three weeks, adopted a declaration of the rights and grievances of the colonies. The Rhode Island delegates reported the assembly and a day of public thanksgiving was appointed for a blessing upon the endeavors of this colony to preserve its valuable privileges. The day before the "Stamp Act" was to take effect all the royal governors took the oath to sustain it, except Samuel Ward, governor of Rhode Island, who stoutly refused.

The fatal day dawned. Not a stamp was to be seen. Commerce was crushed. Justice was delayed. Not a statute could be enforced. The leading merchants of Amer-

ica agreed to support home manufacturers and to this end pledged themselves to eat no more lamb or mutton.

The following year, January, 1766, the papers of remonstrance had reached England; and Parliament turned its attention to American affairs. The struggle was long and stormy; but the "Stamp Act" was repealed, with the saving clause that "Parliament had full right to bind the colonies in all cases whatsoever."

Meanwhile, patriotic societies were being formed in all the colonies under the name of "Sons of Liberty." Rhode Island has the peculiar honor of organizing a similar society: "Daughters of Liberty." By invitation eighteen young ladies assembled at the house of Dr. Ephriam Bowen, in Providence, and spent the day in spinning. They agreed to purchase no goods of British manufacture until the "Stamp Act" should be repealed and cheerfully agreed to dispense with tea. This society rapidly increased and became popular throughout Rhode Island.

England kept her faith but a little while and then proposed to raise a revenue by imposing duties on glass, lead, paint and paper, and a tax of three pence a pound on tea. This aroused fresh indignation throughout the colonies. In Virginia the house of burgesses passed a series of resolutions that in them was vested the sole right of taxing the colony. Copies were sent to every colonial assembly. The Rhode Island assembly cordially approved.

The next month the British armed sloop *Liberty*, cruising in Narraganset Bay in search of contraband traders, needlessly annoyed all the coasting vessels that came in her way. Two Connecticut vessels suspected of smuggling were taken into Newport. A quarrel ensued between the captain of one of the vessels and the captain of the *Liberty*. The yankee captain was badly treated and his boat fired upon. The same evening the British captain went ashore, was captured by Newport citizens and compelled to summon all his crew ashore except the first officer. The people

then boarded the *Liberty*, sent the officer on shore, then cast the cable and grounded the *Liberty* at the Point. There they cut away the masts, scuttled the vessel, carried the boats to the upper end of the town and burned them. This occurred July, 1769, and was "the first overt act of violence offered to the British authorities in America."

But armed vessels continued their molestations. The Rhode Island colony was not asleep but awaiting a favorable opportunity which came at last and the capture of the *Gaspee* was planned and accomplished. Rewards were offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators of this deed, but without effect. Some of Rhode Island's most honored citizens were engaged in the affair and some of the younger participants are said to have boasted of the deed before the smoke from the burning vessel had ceased to darken the sky. The capture of the *Gaspee* in June, 1772, was the first bold blow, in all the colonies for freedom. There was shed the first blood in the war for Independence. The Revolution had begun.

Then followed resolutions from Virginia that all the towns should unite for mutual protection. Rhode Island went a step farther and proposed a continental congress, and thus has the distinguished honor of making the first explicit movement for a general congress, and a few weeks later she was the first to appoint delegates to this congress.

The "Boston Port Bill" followed, and Massachusetts records tell of the money and supplies sent from Rhode Island to Boston's suffering people. England ordered that no more arms were to be sent to America. Rhode Island began at once to manufacture fire arms. Sixty heavy cannon were cast, and home-made muskets were furnished to the chartered military companies. When the day arrived upon which Congress had decreed that the use of tea should be suspended, three hundred pounds of tea were burned in Market Square, Providence, while the "Sons of Liberty" went through the town with a pot of black paint and a paint-brush and painted out the word "Tea" on every

sign-board. This was February 1, 1775. The fight at Lexington followed on the 19th of April. Two weeks after this battle the Rhode Island assembly suspended Gov. Walton, the last colonial governor of Rhode Island. He repeatedly asked to be restored and was as often refused. At the end of six months he was deposed. This was a bold act, but men who could attack and capture a man-of-war were not afraid to depose from office one single man who was resolved to destroy them.

The British war-ship *Rose* was a constant menace to the vessels in Rhode Island waters. Altercations ensued. Captain Abraham Whipple, who headed the expedition to burn the *Gaspee*, discharged the first gun at any part of the British navy in the American Revolution. Two armed vessels were ordered for the protection of Rhode Island waters; and this was the beginning of the American navy.

Passing over much of interest we come to the last important act of Rhode Island colonial assembly: an act to abjure allegiance to the British crown. It was a declaration of independence and it was made on May 4, 1776, just two months before the Declaration of Independence, signed at Philadelphia. This act closed the colonial period and established Rhode Island as an independent state. The records of the assembly had always closed with "God save the King!" This was changed to "God save the United Colonies!" The smallest of the colonies had defied the empire of Great Britain and declared herself an independent state!

Dark days followed. The British army occupied Newport. By command of congress, Rhode Island had sent her two battalions to New York, thus rendering herself defenseless. The militia was organized to protect the sea-coast. I may not linger to tell of the capture of Gen. Prescott; of the unsuccessful attempt to dislodge the British, nor of the battle of Rhode Island, in which Col. Christopher Greene with his famous regiment of blacks distinguished himself, and which Lafayette afterwards declared was the best-

planned battle of the war. For three years the English army held this fair island and left it a scene of desolation. Newport never recovered. Her commerce was destroyed. Her ships never returned.

Meanwhile momentous events were occurring at the seat of war. Philadelphia was threatened and the continental congress had been moved to Baltimore. Washington, with less than twenty-three hundred men, recrossed the Delaware at night. The men he placed in two divisions, one under General Greene, the other under Gen. Sullivan, and successfully attacked the Hessians at Trenton capturing nine hundred prisoners (Dec. 26th, 1776).

Washington recrossed the Delaware into Pennsylvania with his prisoners and spoils that very night. On January 1st, 1777, with 5,000 men he again crossed the Delaware and took post at Trenton. The next day Cornwalli's appeared before Washington's position with a much larger forces. Only a creek separated the two armies. The Rhode Island brigade distinguished itself at the successful holding of the bridge and received the thanks of Washington. That night Washington withdrew, leaving his camp fires burning. Next morning, January 3rd, 1777, Cornwallis was amazed to find Washington gone and still more astounded, as he heard in the direction of Princeton the guns of the Americans, who won that day another decisive victory.

We must not dwell upon the record of Gen. Nathaniel Greene. His campaign in South Carolina was brilliant. He has been called the saviour of the South. It was he, a Rhode Island general, who, because of his military skill, stood second only to Washington.

At the closing event of the war, the siege of Yorktown, a Rhode Island regiment under Capt. Stephen Olney, headed the advancing column. Sword in hand the leaders broke through the first obstructions. Some of the eager assailants entered the ditch. Among these was Capt. Olney who, as soon as a few of his men collected, forced his way between the palisades, leaped upon the parapet and called in

a voice that rose above the din of battle "Capt. Olney's company form here!" A gunshot wound in the arm, a bayonet thrust in the thigh and a terrible wound in the abdomen which he was obliged to cover with one hand, while he parried the bayonets with the other, answered the defiant shout. Capt. Olney was borne from the field, but not until he had given the direction to "form in order." In ten minutes after the first fire the fort was taken. Three days later Cornwallis accepted terms of surrender, which were formally carried out on October 19th, 1781. The war was over. The gallantry of Olney was lauded by Lafayette in general orders and more handsomely recognized in his correspondence. But the historian, thus far, has failed to record the fact, noted by Arnold, that the first sword that flashed in triumph above the captured heights of Yorktown was a Rhode Island Sword!—ANNA B. MANCHESTER in *American Monthly Magazine*.

GEORGIA AND HER HEROES IN THE REVOLUTION.

At the outbreak of the Revolution Georgia was the youngest of the colonies. Although there had been some unsatisfactory relations with the mother country, there had been no unfriendly relations until the passage of the famous Stamp Act. On account of the liberal laws granted by England and the fatherly care of General James Oglethorpe, the Colony of Georgia had least cause to rebel. But she could not stand aside and see her sister colonies persecuted without protesting.

In September, 1769, a meeting of merchants in Savannah protested against the Stamp Act. Jonathan Bryan presided over this meeting, and was asked by the royal governor, Sir James Wright, to resign his seat in the governor's council for having done so. About the same time Noble W. Jones was elected Speaker of the Assembly.

Governor Wright refused to sanction the choice because Noble W. Jones was a Liberty Boy. These two acts of the governor angered the people and made them more determined to resist. Noble W. Jones has been called "the morning star of liberty," on account of his activity in the cause of liberty at this time. A band of patriots met in August, 1774, and condemned the Boston Port Bill. Six hundred barrels of rice were purchased and sent to the suffering people of Boston.

About the same time a Provincial Congress was called to choose delegates to the first Continental Congress to meet soon in Philadelphia, but through the activity of the royal governor, only five of the twelve parishes were represented. No representatives were sent because this meeting did not represent a majority of the people. St. John's parish, the hotbed of the rebellion, sent Lyman Hall to represent that parish alone in the Continental Congress. On account of the patriotic and independent spirit of its people, and this prompt and courageous movement, the legislature in after years conferred the name of Liberty County on the consolidated parishes of St. John, St. Andrew and St. James.

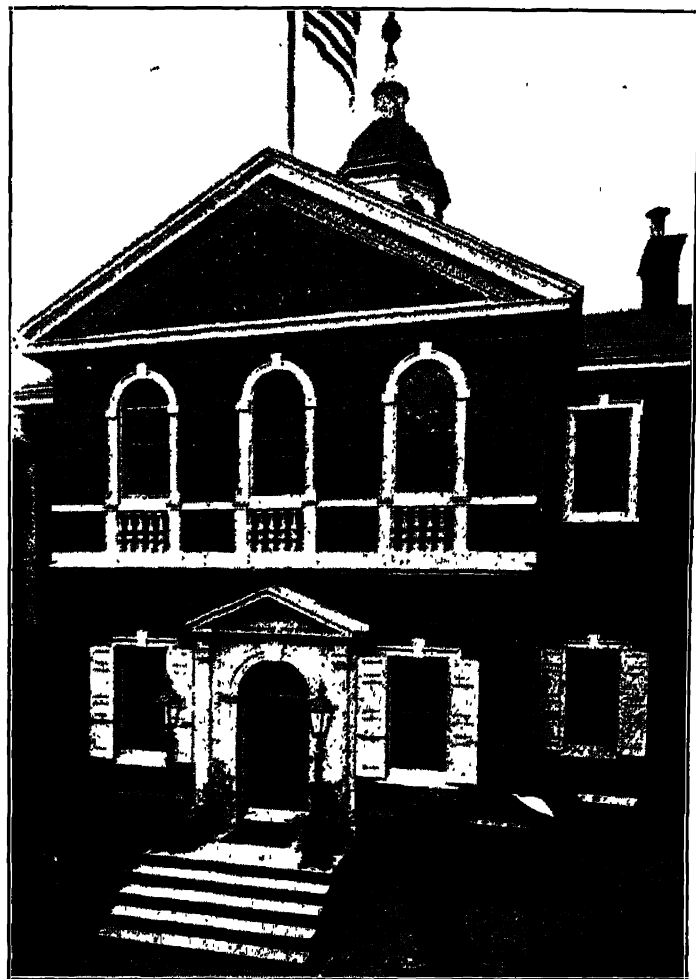
After the news of Lexington arrived great excitement prevailed. On the night of May 1, 1775, a party of six men led by Joseph Habersham broke open the powder magazine and took out all the ammunition. Some of this powder was sent to Massachusetts and used at the Battle of Bunker Hill. The people proceeded to take charge of the government. A Council of Safety and Provincial Assembly were elected.

The patriots captured a British schooner containing fourteen thousand barrels of powder. This captured schooner was the first ship to be commissioned by the American nation. The Council of Safety ordered the arrest of Governor Wright. Joseph Habersham with six men easily did this, but the governor soon escaped. The incident is famous because John Milledge and Edward

Telfair, known as two of the best loved of Georgia governors in after years, were members of this brave band. Joseph Habersham himself became famous afterwards, being Postmaster-General in Washington's cabinet.

While these events were taking place the second Continental Congress was framing the Declaration of Independence. George Walton, Button Gwinnett, and Lyman Hall signed that great document for Georgia. Button Gwinnett did not live to see Georgia's independence established, but Lyman Hall and George Walton saw her take her place in the union. They were honored with the highest offices of the state. There were many other men who became famous on account of their activities for the cause of liberty at this time. Chief among these were Lachlan McIntosh, of whom Washington said, "I esteem him an officer of great merit and worth." Archibald Bulloch, James Jackson, David Emanuel, John Adam Treutlen, Samuel Elbert, John Baker, John Wereat, and John Houston.

With the exception of a few unsuccessful expeditions against Florida there was no fighting in Georgia until December, 1778. The people hoped that the war would be fought elsewhere, but such was not to be. General Prevost who commanded the British in Florida was ordered to invade Georgia from the South. Colonel Campbell was sent by General Howe with three thousand five hundred troops to attack Savannah. Colonel Campbell landed December 27, 1778, and by a skillful flank movement drove a small army of nine hundred patriots from their intrenchments near Savannah and pursued them with such terrible slaughter that barely four hundred escaped. Many were run down with the bayonet in the streets of Savannah, almost within sight of their families. James Jackson and John Milledge, both of whom were afterward governor of Georgia, were among the number that escaped and while going through South Carolina to join General Lincoln's army they were arrested by the Americans who



CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Chestnut, Between 3d and 4th Streets.

The First Continental Congress Assembled Here
September 5, 1774,

thought they were English spies. Preparations were made for hanging them when an American officer came up who recognized them, and they were set free. It was certainly a blessing to the state that these men did not suffer an ignominious death for they rendered invaluable service in after years by fighting the Yazoo Fraud.

The force of British from Florida captured Fort Morris and united with the British force at Savannah. This combined force pressed on toward Augusta. Ebenezer was captured. A force of patriots under the command of Colonels John Twiggs, Benjamin and William Few, defeated the British advance guard under the notorious Tories, Browne, and McGirth, but the Americans' efforts were in vain and Augusta fell without a struggle.

The cause of liberty was crushed for a while. The royal governor was restored to power, England could say that she had conquered one of her rebellious colonies at least. But the spirit of liberty was not dead. Colonels Elijah Clarke and John Dooly of Georgia, with Pickens of South Carolina, nearly annihilated a band of plundering Tories at Kettle Creek. This aroused the Georgians with renewed vigor. The British hearing that a French fleet was coming to attack Savannah, began to withdraw to that place. The British outpost at Sunbury was ordered to retreat to Savannah. Colonel White with six men captured the entire garrison of one hundred and forty men through strategy.

When the French fleet under Count d'Estaing arrived, General Lincoln brought the Continental Army to assist in the recapture of the city. The combined French and American force besieged the city for three weeks all in vain. Finally it was decided to attempt to take the place by assault which resulted disastrously to the American cause. The French and Americans were driven back having lost over eleven hundred men, among them the Polish patriot, Pulaski, and Sergeant Jasper, the hero of Fort Moultrie. The French fleet sailed away and General Lincoln retreated

to Charleston leaving Georgia once more completely in the hands of the British.

Tories went through the state committing all kinds of outrages. Colonel John Dooly was murdered in the presence of his family by a band of Tories. The next day the same murderous Tories visited Nancy Hart, a friend of Colonel John Dooly. Nancy overheard them talking of the deed and she began to think of vengeance. She slid several of their guns through the cracks of the log cabin before the Tories saw her. When the Tories noticed her she pointed one toward them. One Tory advanced toward her and was shot down. The others afraid, dared not move. Meanwhile Nancy's daughter signaled for Nancy's husband who was in command of a band of patriots that carried on guerilla warfare in the neighborhood and on their arrival the Tories were taken out and hung. Nancy Hart is the only woman for whom a county has been named in Georgia.

After the fall of Charleston in 1780, Augusta was again occupied by the British. Colonel Elijah Clarke collected a force to recapture the place. His first attempt was unsuccessful September 14-18, 1780. He retreated leaving thirty wounded men behind. The cruel Colonel Browne hung thirteen and turned the others over to his Indian allies to be tortured. It is worthy of note that John Clarke, son of Elijah Clarke, was fighting with his father at this battle although he was only sixteen years old. He afterwards became governor of Georgia and founder of the Clarke party in Georgia. "Light Horse Harry" Lee, father of Robert E. Lee, and General Pickens brought reinforcements to Clarke and the combined force again besieged Augusta with renewed vigor May 15th, June 5th, 1781. After much hard fighting Colonel Browne was forced to surrender June 5th, 1781. On account of his cruelties he had to be protected from violence by a special escort.

The British were gradually forced back into Savannah. When Cornwallis surrendered, only four places were in their possession in Georgia. In January, 1782, "Mad"

Anthony Wayne came to Georgia to drive the British out. He routed Colonel Browne, who had collected a band of Tories and Indians at Ogeechee Ferry, after his exchange. The British were hemmed in Savannah. Finally in May, 1782, orders came to the royal governor from the king to surrender Savannah and return to England. Major James Jackson was selected by General Wayne to receive the keys of the city. They were formally presented by Governor Wright and Major Jackson marched in at the head of his troops. The city was again in the hands of the state after having been occupied by the British for three and one-half years. The great struggle was over. Georgia was weakest of the colonies and none had felt the hard hand of war any more than she. The heroic deeds of her sons during that awful struggle are sources of pride to every true Georgian.—Prize Essay by JULIUS MILTON, Nathaniel Abney Chapter.

UNITED STATES TREASURY SEAL.

The design of the seal of the treasury of the United States in all its essential features is older than the national government. From the days of the confederation of the colonies down through the history of the republic the Latin motto on the seal has been "The Seal of the Treasury of North America." These facts have just been developed, says the *Newark News*, by an investigation by the treasury department tracing the history of the seal. The Continental Congress ordered its construction Sept. 26, 1778, appointing John Witherspoon, Gouverno Morris and R. H. Lee a committee on design. There is no record of the report of the committee, but impressions of the seal have been found as early as 1782.

The original seal was continued in use until 1849, when, worn out, it was replaced by a new cut, made by Edward Stabler of Montgomery county, Md. He was directed to make a facsimile of the old seal, but there were some neg-

ligible differences. The symbols, however, are the same. There are the 13 stars, representing the 13 colonies; the scales as the emblem of justice and keys, in secular heraldry denoting an office of state.

WILLIE WAS SAVED.

We had a Sane Fourth—I was not
Allowed to fire a single shot;
If I'd 'a made a cracker pop
I'd a' been hauled in by th' cop.
If me or any of th' boys
Had dared to make a bit o' noise
They would 'a slapped us all in jail
An' held us there till we gave bail,
An' so our Fourth, I will explain
Was absolutely safe an' sane.

Pa's feelin' better—'t least no worse,
I heard him tell th' new trained nurse,
He played golf nearly all th' day
With Mister Jones and Mister Shea
Until 'bout half past three o'clock
An' then he had an awful shock,
Th' sun was boilin' hot, an' he
Was playin' hard as hard could be,
An' he got sunstruck, but he'll be
Up in two weeks, or mebbe three.

Ma's conshus now. They think her arm
Ain't re'lly suffered serious harm,
Except it's broke. An' where her face
Got cut will heal without a trace,
Ma went out ridin' with th' Greens
"To view th' restful country scenes."
A tire blew up an' they upset—
They didn't have no landin' net!
Th' doctor says that sleep an' rest
For her will prob'ly be th' best.

My sister's better, too, although
They had to work an hour or so
To bring her to—she purt' near drowned
An' looked like dead when she was found.
She went to row with Mr. Groke
An' he—he says 'twas for a joke—
He rocked th' boat an' they fell out,
An' people run from miles about
To save their lives. She was a sight
When they brought her back home last night.

I wasn't hurt though, I'll explain,
Because my Fourth was Safe an' Sane.

—*Wilbur D. Nesbit.*

VIRGINIA REVOLUTIONARY FORTS.

BY MRS. MARY C. BELL CLAYTON.

In a mental vision of that galaxy of stars which emblazon our national flag, that bright constellation the thirteen original states, we pause to select the one star which shines with purest ray serene, and as we gaze upon the grand pageant from New Hampshire to Georgia and recall the mighty things achieved by the self-sacrificing devotion of their illustrious statesmen and generals with the united efforts of every patriot, it is with admiration for all that we point with reverence to that star which stands for her who cradled the nation, that infant colony at Jamestown in Virginia, who made defense first against the tomahawk of the Indians, growing stronger and stronger with an innate love for truth and justice, 'till we hear the cry "Give me liberty or give me death," which resounded from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the sunny lands of Georgia, and is echoed there in her legend, "Wisdom, justice and moderation."

You, our sisters, the Daughters of the American Revolution of South Carolina, whose state is strong in state craft

and braye as the bravest, and whose star shines as a beacon light in the constellation of states, to those who would infringe on the rights of others, you call to us, in your study of the defences of the revolutionary period, to show our "Landmarks," the signs of our ancestor's devotion to patriotism, that you with us, may reverence their loyalty and with pride cherish every evidence of their struggle for liberty, remembering always that "he who builded the house is greater than the house." We would tell you of facts in the military annals of Virginia, deeds of prowess, more enduring than memorials of stone, which have become the sacred heritage of us all, but to these, at this time, our attention is not to be given. And if we fail to show but a few of her strongholds, you must remember that within the present bounds of Virginia there were few important positions held against assault, and her "Northwestern Territory" was far away from the main contest. Her troops were kept moving from place to place, their defences often were not forts, but earthworks, hastily constructed, often trees, houses, fences, etc. For instance the first revolutionary battle fought on Virginia soil was at Hampton, a little town between the York and James rivers.

"The Virginians sunk obstacles in the water for protection, but during the night the British destroyed them and turned their guns upon the town. In this fight we had no fire-arms but rifles to oppose the cannons of the English, so when the attack began the riflemen had to conceal themselves behind such meagre defences as I have mentioned, houses, fences, trees, etc., opening fire upon the British vessels. The men at the guns were killed and not a sailor touched a sail without being shot. Confusion was upon the British decks, and in dismay they tried to draw off and make escape into the bay, but without success; some of the vessels were captured, many men were taken prisoners, and the whole fleet would have been captured but for the report that a large body of the British were advancing from another direction."

Small was the defense, but great was the result at this first battle of the Revolution on Virginia soil.

THE FORT AT GREAT BRIDGE.

"After the attack on Hampton, Lord Dunmore determined to make an assault on Norfolk. He erected a fort at Great Bridge where it crosses a branch of the Elizabeth river. This bridge was of importance as it commanded the entrance of Norfolk. The Virginians held a small village near by. At these points the armies were encamped for several days ready for the moment to begin the fight. In order to precipitate a contest, the Virginians had recourse to a stratagem. A negro boy belonging to Major Marshall was sent to Lord Dunmore. He represented himself as a deserter and reported that the Virginians had only three hundred 'shirt men,' a term used to distinguish the patriot, whose only uniform was a graceful hunting shirt, which afterwards became so celebrated in the Revolution. Believing the story, Lord Dunmore gave vent to his exultation, as he thought he saw before him the opportunity of wreaking his vengeance upon the Virginians. He mustered his whole force and gave the order for marching out in the night and forcing the breastworks of his hated foe. In order to stimulate his troops to desperate deeds, he told them that the Virginians were no better than savages, and were wanting in courage and determination, that in all probability they would not stand fire at all, but if by any chance they were permitted to triumph, the English need expect no quarter, and they would be scalped according to the rules of savage warfare. Early in the morning of December 9th, 1775, the Virginians beheld the enemy advancing towards their breastworks. They were commanded by Capt. Fordyce, a brave officer, Waving his cap over his head, he led his men in the face of a terrible fire, which ran along the American line, directly up to the breastworks. He received a shot in the knee and fell forward, but jumping up as if he had only stumbled, in a moment he fell again pierced by fourteen bullets. His death threw everything into confusion. The next officer was mortally wounded, other officers were prostrate with wounds, and many privates had fallen. In this desperate situation a retreat towards their fort at Norfolk was the only resource left to the English. They were not allowed to escape without a vigorous pursuit. It was conducted by brave Col. Stevens, who captured many prisoners and ten pieces of cannon. The loss of the British was one hundred and two killed and wounded. The only damage to our men was a wound in the finger of one of them."

The British had built a fort for their defence, the Virginians had breastworks.

FORT NELSON.

"During the Revolution Sovereign Virginia erected Fort Nelson to resist Lord Dunmore, should he ever attempt to return to the harbor of Norfolk and Portsmouth. It was named for the patriot Governor Nelson, who gave his private fortune to aid the credit of Virginia, and risked his life and sacrificed his health on the battlefields of the American Republic. On account of its location it was never the scene of any bloody battle, but like the 'Old Guard,' it was held in reserve for the emergencies of war. On the 9th of May, 1779, a great British fleet, under Admiral Sir George Collier entered Hampton Roads, sailed up Elizabeth river, and landed three thousand royal soldiers under General Matthews in Norfolk County, where Fort Norfolk now stands, to flank this fortification and capture its garrison composed of only 150 soldiers. Maj. Matthews, the American commander, frustrated the designs of the British general by evacuating the fort, and retired to the northward. On the 11th of May, the British took possession of the two towns, and gave free hand to pillage and destruction. Sir George Collier, after satisfying his wrath sailed back to New York. Varying fortunes befell Fort Nelson during the remainder of the war until the evacuation by Benedict Arnold, after which no British grenadier ever paced its ramparts. After the close of the Revolution, it was rebuilt and for many years was garrisoned by regular soldiers of the United States; but since, abandoned as a fortification, it has been a beautiful park and a home for sick officers and sailors of our navy.

"The garrison of Fort Nelson, under the glorious stars and stripes, on the 22nd of June, 1813, stood to their shotted guns, to meet the British invaders, who were defeated at Crany Island, by our Capt. Arthur Emerson and other gallant heroes. Here thousands of soldiers marched in response to the call of Virginia in 1861."

In the naval park at Portsmouth, the site of Fort Nelson, there is a monument whose granite body embraces a real Revolutionary cannon. This gun was selected from a number of guns known to be of the period of the American Revolution. It is believed that one, at least, of these

was mounted at Crany Island for the defense of Portsmouth and Norfolk. The honor of erecting this monument is due to the ladies of the Fort Nelson Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution and to Admiral P. F. Harrington of the United States Navy, and also Medical Director R. C. Person of the navy. It is said that with proper care this gun will last centuries and "It will carry down to distant generations a memorial of the patriots of the American Revolution, a mark of the formation of a nation and the token of the later patriots, the Daughters of the American Revolution, to whose efforts is due this important national service to which the gun has been dedicated."

After these first assaults, for about three years of the war, there was almost no fighting in Virginia, but during that term she was furnishing her full quota of men, money and inspiration to the cause, with devoted loyalty, assisting in the north and in the south, wherever an attack was made. Directing her attention to the main army she built no defences of any importance on her own territory east of the Alleghanies. "The British success in the north and followed by still more decided victories in the south. Thus later the English began to look forward, with certainty, to the conquest of the entire country, and as Virginia was regarded as the heart of the rebellion, it was decided to carry their victorious arms into the state, as the surest way of bringing the war to a speedy conclusion." We had no time, then, for building forts, and when we recall the traitor Arnold's advance on Richmond, with the two days he spent there destroying public and private property—his taking of Petersburg, burning the tobacco and vessels lying at the wharves, with Col. Tarleton's raids, scouring the country of every thing; in fact all of Cornwallis' reign of terror, which was soon to end in that imposing scene at Yorktown, we realize truly that "the battle is not to the strong, nor the race to the swift," but that a country's bulwark often are not forts and strong towers,

but her courageous heart, and her staunch friends, such men as Lafayette, De Rochambeau, De Grasse and Steuben, who with Washington, led the allied Americans and French forces at Yorktown, and besieged the British fortification, the surrender of which virtually closed the Revolutionary War on the 19th of October, 1781. The place is sacred, their devotion revered.

FORTS OF THE NORTHWESTERN TERRITORY, KASKASKIA, CAHOKIA
AND VINCENNES.

"While the communities of the sea coast were yet in a fever heat from the uprising against the stamp act, the first explorers were toiling painfully to Kentucky, and the first settlers were building their palisaded hamlets on the banks of the Wautauga. The year that saw the first Continental Congress saw also the short grim tragedy of Lord Dunmore's war. The battles of the Revolution were fought while Boone and his comrades were laying the foundation of their Commonwealth. Hitherto the two chains of events had been only remotely connected, but in 1776, the year of the Declaration of Independence, the struggle between the king and his rebellious subjects shook the whole land and the men of the western border were drawn headlong into the full current of the Revolutionary war. From that moment our politics became national, and the fate of each portion of our country was thenceforth in some sort dependent upon the welfare of every other. Each section had its own work to do; the east won independence while the west began to conquer the continent, yet the deeds of each were of vital consequence to the other. The Continentals gave the west its freedom, and took in return, for themselves and their children, a share of the land that had been conquered and held by the scanty bands of tall backwoodsmen."

Kentucky had been settled chiefly through Daniel Boone's instrumentality in the year that saw the first fighting of the Revolution, and had been added to Virginia by the strenuous endeavorers of Major George Rogers Clark of Albermarle, Virginia, whose far seeing and ambitious soul prompted him to use it as a base from which to conquer the vast region northwest of the Ohio. "The country beyond the Ohio was not like Kentucky, a tenantless and

debatable hunting ground. It was the seat of powerful and warlike Indian confederacies, and of cluster of ancient French hamlets which had been founded generations before Kentucky pioneers were born. It also contained forts that were garrisoned and held by the soldiers of the British king.' It is true that Virginia claimed this territory under the original grant in her charter, but it was almost an unknown and foreign land, and could only be held by force. Clark's scheming brain and bold heart had long been planning its conquest. He looked about to see from whence came the cause of the Indian atrocities on the whole American frontier, and like Washington he saw that those Indian movements were impelled by some outside force. He discovered that the British forts of Detroit, Kaskaskia and St. Vincent were the centers from which the Indians obtained their ammunition and arms to devastate the country. He resolved to take these forts. "He knew that it would be impossible to raise a force to capture these forts from the scanty garrisoned forts and villages of Kentucky, though he knew of a few picked men peculiarly suited to his purpose, but fully realized that he would have to go to Virginia for the body of his forces. Accordingly, he decided to lay the case before Patrick Henry, the governor of Virginia. Henry's ardent soul quickly caught the flame from Clark's fiery enthusiasm, but the peril of sending an expedition to such a wild and distant country was so great, and Virginia's forces so exhausted that he could do little beyond lending Clark the weight of his name and influence. Finally though, Henry authorized him to raise seven companies, each of fifty men, who were to act as militia, and to be paid as such. He also advanced him a sum of twelve hundred pounds and gave him an order on the authorities at Pittsburg for boats, supplies and ammunition; while three of the most prominent gentlemen of Virginia, Thomas Jefferson, George Mason and George Wythe, agreed, in writing, to do their part to induce the legislature to grant to each of the adventurers three hundred acres of the con-

quered land, if they were successful. Clark was given the commission of colonel with the instruction to raise his men from the frontier counties west of the Blue Ridge, so as not to weaken the sea coast region in their struggle against the British." To this instruction he did not strictly adhere. There was a company of soldiers from Bedford County, Virginia, under his command, a list of whose names are on our county records. Two of these are connections of the mother of Mrs. R. B. Clayton, the regent of the Peaks of Otter Chapter of Virginia Daughters, which facts enhance our pride and interest in the capture of the western forts by Colonel Clark, which perhaps, prevented a vast and beautiful region of our country from being a part of a then foreign and hostile empire.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT KASKASKIA.

"Fort Kaskaskia, an old French fort of western Illinois, situated on Kaskaskia River, and garrisoned by the British was, at the time of its capture in splendid repair with a well drilled militia and spies constantly on the lookout. Rothenblave, the commandant of the fort, had two or three times as many men as Col. Clark, and would have made a vigorous fight if he had not been taken by surprise. Clark's force after the toil and hardships of much traveling across rivers and tangled pathless forests, was much reduced, and it was only his audacity and the noiseless speed of his movements, that gave him a chance of success with the odds so heavily against him. He ferried his men across the stream under cover of darkness and profound silence. Inside the forts, lights were lit, and through the windows came the sound of violins. The officers of the fort had given a ball, the young men and girls were dancing, revelling within, while the sentinels had left their posts. One of the men whom Clark had captured, on his approach to the fort, showed him a postern gate by the river side, through which he entered the fort, having placed his men about the entrance. Advancing to the great hall, where the revel was held he leaned silently, with folded arms, against the door post, looking at the dancers. An Indian lying on the floor of the entry suddenly sprang to his feet uttering the unearthly war whoop. The dancing ceased, the women screamed, while the men ran towards the door, but Clark standing unmoved and with

unchanged face, grimly bade them continue their dancing, but to remember that they now danced under Virginia and not Great Britain. At the same time his men seized the officers, including the commandant, Roehenblave, who was sent a prisoner to Williamsburg, Virginia."

Among his papers falling into the hands of Colonel Clark, were the instructions which he had from time to time received from the British Governor of Quebec and Detroit, urging him to stimulate the Indians to war by the proffer of large bounties for the scalps of the Americans. This shows of what importance the capture of this fort was at that period, a defence against the scalping knife of the Indians as well as the power of the British tyrant.

THE CAPTURE OF COHOKIA AND VINCENNES.

After the capture of Kaskaskia, without the shedding of a drop of blood, Clark pushed on to the taking of fort Cohokia, where the French, as soon as they were made to know that France had acknowledged the independence of America, shouted for freedom and the Americans. Clark then marched to fort Vincennes which, without the firing of a gun, surrendered, and the garrison took the oath of allegiance to Virginia July 19th, 1778. Very soon after this the British under Governor Hamilton, left Detroit and recaptured Vincennes, only to be forced by Clark to surrender it a second time in February, 1779, and to yield himself a prisoner of war. The taking of this fort the second time was a most remarkable achievement.

"Clark took, without artillery, a heavy stockaded fort, protected by cannon and swivels and garrisoned by trained soldiers. Much credit belongs to Clark's men but most belongs to their leader. The boldness of his plan and the resolute skill with which he followed it out, his perseverance through the intense hardship of the midwinter march of two hundred miles, through swamps and swollen rivers, with lack of force, the address with which he kept the French and Indians neutral, and the masterful way in which he controlled his own men, together with the ability and courage he displayed in the actual attack, combined to make his

feat the most memorable of all the deeds done west of the Alleghenies in the Revolutionary war. It was likewise the most important in its results, for had he been defeated in the capture of these forts we would not only have lost Illinois but in all probability Kentucky also."

As it was "he planted the flag of the Old Dominion over the whole of the northwestern territory, and when peace came the British boundary line was forced to the big lakes instead of coming down to the Ohio, and the State of Virginia had a clear title to this vast domain, out of which were carved the states of Ohio, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin, Michigan and a part of Minnesota." Virginia's share in the history of the nation has been gallant and leading, but the Revolutionary war was emphatically fought by Americans for America; no part could have won without the help of the whole, and every victory was thus a victory for all in which all alike can take pride—*American Monthly Magazine.*

UNCROWNED QUEENS AND KINGS, AS SHOWN THROUGH HUMOROUS INCIDENTS OF THE REVOLUTION.

One by one the years have dropped into the abyss of the past, since the close of the war for American Independence. Time has spread his brooding wings over the gulf and much of the horror and of the pathos of that tremendous struggle is now veiled from us; yet we are still perhaps too prone to remember only the dreadful in the events of the war, too anxious to recall only the dark days, leaving out the traces of cheerfulness which even in those troublous times, were experienced here and there; for there were many incidents connected with the American Revolution which were in lighter vein; incidents which did not, it is true, abolish the gloom and the suffering, but which lightened the sombreness and shed rays of glimmering light through the shade.

It has always seemed to me almost incredible, that the Colonists could have found anything to laugh at during those awful years. They were threatened with absolute loss of liberty as a country; they were menaced by starvation, and they were obliged to pass through the rigors of the winters, without proper food or clothing. The sanctity of their homes was invaded by the grim monster of war, who was no respecter of persons, and to whose voracious palate all persons were equally attractive.

If the British won their cause, the Colonists had nothing better to which to look forward than slavery and injustice; if the colonists won theirs, they must face the future poorly equipped in every way. The waste of their country must be repaired, their desolate homes must be rebuilt; their business, which was crushed, must be restored, they must begin from the beginning. Whatever the result, the outlook was dark. As the days went on, the husbands and fathers were obliged to forsake their plows, and go, perhaps with but a moment's warning, to

bloody fields of battle. Poorly clothed, they fought in their shirt sleeves and with their feet bare, their bloody foot prints often standing out as symbols of the struggle. The women must remain at home, to plow and sow and reap. The American soldiers must have spent many sleepless nights thinking of their unprotected ones at home, alone and defenceless. How could there be anything of humor connected with the struggle? And yet, while the American Revolution can in no sense of the word be said to have had its humorous side, yet there was much of humor connected with many Revolutionary occurrences, the stories of which have lived until the present time and have gained perhaps in their humorous aspect since the close of the great struggle.

One of the first incidents of the war, which I have found to savor of the humorous, was the meeting of General John Burgoyne and the Irish patriot immediately after the surrender of the British General. All through the march of the General, to Saratoga, he had boasted of the of the calamities which he would bring upon the Americans. Pompously up and down his quarters he would strut, composing high sounding sentences and listening to the fine roll of his voice, revelling in his verbosity and smiling with satisfaction at his thoughts which he deemed so great. The manifestos which he issued so frequently, were words, words, words, and these reiterated over and over again, the direful things which would encompass the Americans, did they not surrender with all haste and with becoming deference. He made himself ridiculous by the manifestos, but he did not realize this until he made his way through the streets of Albany, a conquered rather than a conquering hero, and met a funny little Irishman, who had evidently studied the harangues of the General to good purpose.

On the march through the Albany streets, Burgoyne was surrounded by men, women and children, who would fain look upon the face of this pompous British General.

Suddenly in the crowded part of the street, there bobbed up in front of him, a blue-eyed, red-haired Celt, his bright eyes dancing with mirth and his tongue ready with the wit of his mother country. "Make way there, ye spalpeens," he shouted, "sure don't ye see the great Ginral Burgyne a comin' along? Sthand back fer the great Ginral. Wud yees be standin' in the way of the conquerer? If ye don't sthand back and give the great man room, shure I'll murther ivy mither's son of ye."

History does not record how the boasting Briton received the onslaught of the Irishman, but we can readily imagine that his face lengthened a little, as he heard the laughs on every side. Still it is quite possible that he did not see the joke until the following week. Someway, that march of Burgoyne and his army, always struck me as humorous to a certain extent. While there was the sadness caused by the loss of many lives, and while the battle of Saratoga was one of the great battles of the world, still Burgoyne himself, with his verbosity and his pomposity, was so ludicrous a figure oft times, that he gave a humorous tinge to the entire campaign.

The saying of General Starke at Bennington which has come down to us with such pleasing patriotism: "Here come the Red Coats and we must beat them to-day, or Mollie Starke is a widow," was not a humorous saying, nor was the battle of Bennington a humorous incident. But Bill Nye, the immortal, has written something exceedingly funny concerning both. Nye said, "This little remark of Starke's made an instantaneous hit, and when they counted up their prisoners at night they found they had six hundred souls and a Hessian." Nye's description of Burgoyne's surrender is well worth repeating. He wrote: "A council was now held in Burgoyne's tent and on the question of renewing the fight, stood six to six, when an eighteen pound hot shot went through the tent, knocking a stylograph pen out of Burgoyne's hand. Almost at once he decided to surrender, and the entire army of 6999 men

was surrendered, together with arms, portable bath tubs and leather hat boxes."

Nearly all of our American soldiers were brave; that goes without saying. One of the bravest of these was Lieutenant Manning. His deeds of prowess were many and great. He was hero in one extremely humorous incident at the battle of Eutaw. After the British line had been broken, the "Old Buffs" started to run. This particular regiment was as boastful as General Burgoyne. Manning knew this and he was delighted to follow hard after them with his platoon. Excited in his pursuit he did not notice that he was getting away from his men, until he found himself surrounded by British soldiers and not an American in sight. Something must be done at once and Manning was the man to do it. He siezed a British officer standing near, and much to that officer's amazement he not only felt himself violently handled, but he heard the stentorian voice of the American shouting—"You are my prisoner." His sword was wrested from his grasp, and he was made a human shield for this preposterously impudent American. But instead of making a break for liberty, he began to relate his various titles to Manning. "I am sir," he said, "Sir Henry Barry, Deputy Adjutant General of the British Army, Captain in the 52d Regiment, Secretary to the Commandant of Charleston."

"Enough Sir," said Manning, "You are just the man I have been looking for. Fear nothing; you shall screen me from danger and I will take special care of you," which he did, holding the astonished man of title in front of him, until he reached the Americans and handed him over as a prisoner.

Colonel Peter Horry was another brave man of the south. He was afflicted by an impediment in his speech and at one time the impediment nearly worked disaster for him. He was ordered to await in ambuscade with his regiment for a British detachment, and he soon had them completely within his power; but when he tried to com-

mand his men to fire, his speech failed him. In vain he corrugated his brows and twisted his jaws; the word would not come out. "Fi, fi, fi, fi," he shouted, but could get no further. Finally in his desperation he howled, "shoot, blank you, shoot. You know very well what I would say. Shoot and be blanked to you." Horry was a determined character. At one time in battle a brother officer called to him:

"I am wounded, Colonel." "Think no more of it, Baxter, but stand to your post," called back Horry. "But I can't stand, Colonel, I am wounded a second time." "Then lie down, Baxter, but quit not your post." "Colonel," cried the suffering man, "they have shot me again, and if I remain longer here I shall be shot to pieces." "Be it so Baxter," returned Horry, "but stir not."

The part that women took in the Revolution has been sung by poets and made the nucleus of writers' efforts for a hundred years and more. Those Revolutionary women had brawn as well as brain. They were able to defend their homes from the depredations of the Royalists; they could bid the Indian begone, not only by word of mouth but at the musket's end. They could plow and sow and reap; they could care for their families and they could take up arms in liberty's cause if the need arose. Oh, those women of the American Revolution! What a history of bravery and fortitude and endurance they bequeathed to their descendants! There is some humor, too, in the stories left to us in record of their heroism.

It was the fashion among certain circles of Whig women, during the dark days of the Revolution, to wear deep mourning as an indication of their feelings. The black typified the darkness of the times and was worn by the town ladies who could afford it. One of these ladies, a Mrs. Brewton, was walking along Broad street in Charleston one morning, when she was joined by an insolently familiar British officer. At that very moment, the crepe flounce on her dress was accidentally torn off. She quickly

picked it up and passing just at that time the house of the absent Governor, John Rutledge, she sprang up the steps before the astonished eyes of the officer and decked the door with crepe, saying in ringing tones, "Where are you, dearest Governor? Surely the magnanimous Britons will not deem it a crime if I cause your house as well as your friends to mourn your absence." Colonel Moncrief, the English engineer, was occupying the house at the time, and his feelings were hurt at the action of Mrs. Brewton, as were those of the officer who had been with her, and she was arrested a few hours afterward and sent to Philadelphia.

One of the most marked women of the Revolution, a woman who figured in many a ludicrous as well as serious incident, was Nancy Hart, of Georgia. Nancy had a frightful temper, a big ungainly body, and she suffered from a most marked obliquity of sight. In fact Nancy was so cross-eyed, that her own children never could tell when their mother was looking at them and were perhaps better behaved on that very account. One time a party of Tories entered her modest home on food intent. They had taken the precaution of providing food for themselves, shooting Nancy's last remaining gobbler. Mrs. Hart had her head muffled up and no one had noticed her cross-eyes. The soldiers stacked their arms within reach and Nancy passed between them and the table, assiduous in her attention to the diners. The party had a jug, of course, and when they were becoming right merry, Nancy suddenly tore the mufflers from her head and snatching up one of the guns, swore that she would kill every last man who tried to get his gun or who delayed in getting out of the cabin. The men looked at Nancy's eyes and each man thinking she was aiming at him only, made a hasty and determined exit. But the terrible woman killed three Tories that day with her own hands. One day Nancy was boiling soap. As she industriously stirred, one of her eyes caught a glimpse of a Tory peeking through a chink in the cabin.

Stirring busily away, Nancy kept one eye on the soap and the other on the chink. When the spy again appeared she let drive full at the chink, a good big ladle full of hot soap. A scream satisfied her that she had hit the mark, and she finished her soap-making with great satisfaction. This woman was termed by one of the patriots: "A honey of a patriot, but the devil of a wife."

The Revolutionary woman's resources were indeed great, and the strategy she employed was as satisfactory as it was many times humorous. A Whig woman of New York State, a Mrs. Fisher, was one morning surprised by the hurried entrance of a Whig neighbor, who begged of her to conceal him as the Tories were pursuing him. Just outside her door was an ash heap four or five feet high. Seizing a shovel, Mrs. Fisher immediately excavated a place in the ashes and buried her friend in it. But first she had taken precaution to place a number of quills one in the other and extend them from the prisoner's mouth to the air, that he might breathe, and there he remained snugly ensconced until the Tories had come and gone, and even though they ran over the ash heap, they never suspected what lay beneath it.

Equally resourceful was that woman of the Revolution, who when her husband was pursued by Tories, hustled him down cellar and into a meat barrel partially filled with brine and meat. The Tories went into the cellar and even peered into the barrel, but they did not discover the man, who at the risk of terribly inflamed eyes, ducked his head beneath the brine, when he heard the soldiers' hands on the head of the barrel. Inflamed eyes were easier to bear than imprisonment in the hands of the British.

Bill Nye's description of the close of the war is as humorous as it is correct. Nye wrote: "The country was free and independent, but oh, how ignorant it was about the science of government. The author does not wish to be personal when he states that the country at that time did

not know enough about affairs to carry water for a circus elephant. It was heavily in debt, with no power to raise money. New England refused to pay tribute to King George and he in turn directed his hired men to overturn the government; but a felon broke out on his thumb and before he could put it down, the crisis was averted and the country saved.”

And so it goes; the sad and the humorous are blended on every side in life's struggles either in war or peace. Fortunate is the man or woman who can halt a little by the wayside and for a few moments laugh dull care away.—Compiled from *Federation Magazine*.

A COLONIAL STORY.

A long time ago, before the hand of progress had stamped the land with a net work of steel, or commerce and trade had blackened the skies of blue, John Hamilton and Tabitha Thweatt were married. There was no cutting of Dutchess satin or charmeuse draped with shadow lace, for it took time in those days to prepare for a wedding. Silk worms had to be raised, thread spun and woven into cloth before the bride's clothes could be fashioned. Waiting was no bar to happiness; the bride-to-be sang merrily while spinning or weaving at her loom and as the shuttles went in and out her day dreams were inter-mingled with the weaving of her wedding garments.

In the year of our Lord, 1770, the making of silk in the colonies was a new industry and when Mistress Tabitha decided on silk for her wedding dress she had to plant mulberry twigs and wait for them to grow. She had to pick the leaves to feed the worms until they wrapped themselves in their silken cocoons and as soon as the cocoons would web they were baked to keep them from cutting the raw silk. It took one hundred cocoons to make one strand of silk. After all these preparations this colonial girl's dream

of a silken wedding gown grew into a realization. She not only raised the silk worms, but spun the silk that they had webbed and wove it into shimmering cloth, from which her wedding gown was made. She also knit her wedding stockings of silk; but only one pair of silk went into her trousseau for the rest were knit of cotton.

The family records say that this couple had no worldly goods except what their own hands had wrought. They were God-fearing people of the Puritan type. He felled the trees and sawed them into logs out of which their home was constructed. The logs that went toward the building of their home were mortised and pinned together with wooden pegs. The floors were puncheon flat slabs split from whole tree trunks and the doors and windows were made of oak and were swung on great wooden hinges. The chimney was of "stick and dirt" and across the broad fire place hung the crane from which were suspended the cooking utensils.

John Hamilton was a member of one of Virginia's most distinguished families. He possessed an iron will that defied adversity; he blazed the way through his state and was brave enough to "hew down forests and live on crumbs." Mistress Tabitha was a help-meet to her pioneer husband. She not only cooked his meals but carried them to him when he worked in the field. He had the honor, and in those days it was indeed an honor, to be elected as a representative from his state to Congress. The frugal and beautiful Tabitha accompanied him to Washington. Her preparation for the replenishing of her ward-robe was quite as elaborate as those formerly made for her wedding. With deft hands she carded from the snowy cotton piles of rolls that were spun into thread and she wove many yards of cloth from which she made her underwear. From carefully carded bats of cotton she spun many spindles of fine smooth thread that was woven into fine cream cotton goods, some of which were dyed with copperas. Some was spread day and night on the grass where the dew would

fall to bleach it. From the bleached cotton this industrious woman made her dresses and the snowy whiteness of some of her gowns was the envy of her neighbors. She also carried in her little hair trunk to Washington, not only many well made cotton garments, but was the proud possessor of one black silk dress and two black silk aprons. The dress was afterward described as being so heavy that it could "stand alone." Mistress Tabitha, although a little overworked, was not too weary after reaching Washington to attend the Presidential ball and dance the minuet with the gallant Washington and the noted LaFayette.

John and Tabitha Hamilton had eleven children. All were born in Virginia except one, who came after they moved to Hancock County, near Sparta, Georgia, in 1791. Their home was destroyed twice by the Tories and once by a Tornado. Mr. Hamilton had just completed a nice dwelling for his family when the memorable tornado and cyclone passed over that portion of Georgia in April, 1805. All of the family except Jack and Everard were away from home. There was but one small house left on the place, their new house having been blown away, none of it left standing. Some of the doors were found six miles off in an adjoining county. Clothing, books and papers were carried promiscuously away. Jack was much bruised, having been struck by many things. His booksack was blown away, and his "Ovid" was found forty miles over in Baldwin County and returned to him. This book is now in possession of one of his descendants. Everard was carried into the air and lodged in a swamp about a quarter of a mile away, where he was caught up by the whirl wind. Madame Hamilton took this misfortune as coming from God and helped her husband to collect anew his scattered fortune. Later we read of them as living on their plantation surrounded by their servants, who ministered to their comforts and attended their broad fields.

In reading about the women who lived in the early days of Georgia, their splendid lives stand as a beacon to the

reckless and extravagant ones of today. They not only spun the thread and wove the cloth used in their homes, but they made all of the clothes their children wore, and reared them to be God-fearing men and women. They visited their neighbors for thirty miles away and extended a glad welcome and cordial hospitality for any and every guest. One with impunity may ask the question: "Are they pleased with their descendants, these women of Georgia's pioneer days?"—MRS. J. L. WALKER, Lyman Hall Chapter, D. A. R.

MOLLY PITCHER FOR HALL OF FAME.

The movement to place in the hall of fame a bust of Molly Pitcher, the only woman sergeant in the United States army, has the enthusiastic support of former Senator Chauncey M. Depew.

It was in the important movements of the year 1778 that at the battle of Mummouth Molly Pitcher was carrying water to her husband, who was a gunner of a battery at one piece of artillery. He was disabled and the lieutenant proposed to remove the piece out of danger, when Molly said, "I can do everything my husband could," and she performed her husband's duties at his old gun better than he could have done.

The next morning she was taken before General Washington, her wonderful act was reported and its influence upon the outcome of the battle, which was a victory, and Washington made her at once a sergeant in the army to stand on the rolls in that rank as long as she would.

It seems appropriate now for us to place among the immortals and in the hall of fame this only woman sergeant of the United States army, who won her title fighting for her country upon the field of battle.—*National Magazine*.

REVOLUTIONARY RELICS.

Great grandmother's spinning wheel stands in the hall,
That is her portrait there;
Great grandfather's sword hangs near on the wall,
What do you girlies care,
That in seventeen hundred and seventy-six,
One bitter winter's night,
When the air was full of sleet and snow,
And the kitchen fire burned bright.

He stood with a face so thoughtful and sad
With his hand on her hair,
"Asenath, I start at the break of day,"
Oh, that bride was so fair!
But country was dearer than home and wife,
Proudly she lifted her head,
"Go, David, and stay till is ended the strife,
God keep you, dear," she said.

Toward the loom in the kitchen she drew,
She had finished that day,
A beautiful blanket of brown and blue,
"Was it plaided this way?"
It was just like this but faded and worn,
And full of holes and stain,
When our soldier grandsire came back one morn,
To wife and child again.

When his eyes were dim and her hair was white,
Waiting the Master's call,
She finished *this* blanket one winter's night,
That hangs here on the wall.
And dreaming of fifty years before,
When she stood by that wheel,
And that cradle creaked on the kitchen floor,
By that swift and reel.
There's a rare old plate with a portrait in blue,
Of England's George the Third,

A porringer small and a stain shoe,
That five brave hearts has stirred,
There's an ancient gun all covered with rust,
A clock, a bible worn,
"Fox Book of Martyrs" and "Holy Wars,"
A brass tipped powder horn.

Great grandfather sat in that old arm chair,
Grandmother rocked by his side,
Till the Master called through the sweet June air,
They both went out with the tide.
—*Florence I. W. Burnham in American Monthly Magazine.*

TRAGEDY OF THE REVOLUTION OVER- LOOKED BY HISTORIANS.

BY T. H. DREHER, M. D.

Before the William Thompson Chapter, D. A. R., invaded this neck of the moral vineyard and put its delicate, historical fingers upon the tendrils of local happenings, there was no blare of trumpets over a foul and bloody deed which occurred near the "Metts Cross-Roads," in this county, during the Revolutionary war. But the gruesome case was never without intense interest to those concerned in the episodes of a past age. The strange and mysterious always throws an additional halo over our heroes. This feeling is intensified, in this case, by virtue of the fact that the same blood which ran in the veins of the victim of the "cross-roads plot," now pulsates in the arteries of many lineal, living descendants who are part and parcel of Calhoun County's sturdy citizenship.

The malignant, cruel and cowardly feature of this dastardly crime, garbed in a plausible and hypocritical cloak, make it unique, even in the gory annals of criminal warfare and harks our memories back to the murder of Duncan, King of Scotland. Here, as there, we have no doubt, but that souls grew faint over the details of the foul conspiracy

and "their seated hearts knocked at their ribs" until spurred to the "sticking place" by the evil eloquence of some overpowering and unnatural genius, like unto Lady Macbeth. John Adams Treutlen (for that was the name of our hero) is in his grave.

"After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well,
Treason has done his worst; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further."

That is true. The cold pen of a true chronicler, however, must again allude to the utter negligence and gross indifference of an earlier age to a proper appreciation of significant events. That a noted Governor of Georgia should be brutally done to death by revengeful Tories because of the intense Whig fires which consumed his very soul; that children, and children's children, should grow up around the scene of his untimely taking-off, and still his home and his grave should be, today, unidentified spots on the map of Calhoun County force us to exclaim with Mark Antony: "But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world. Now lies he there and none so poor to do him reverence."

The salient facts in the life of Treutlen are interesting. Born in Beretsgaden, 1726, as a German Salzburger, he was brought to this country in a boat load of Salzburgers that landed at Savannah in 1734. If early impressions count for anything, there is no wonder that the spirit of liberty and independence sank deep into the very inmost recesses of his soul. His father, along with thousands of other German Protestants, was exiled by a fanatical decree of Archbishop Leopold, which drove out from his domain all who would not accept the Catholic faith. It was this Salzburger strain and religion which was unterrified and unwashed, amid the raging tempests of an angry sea, while others aboard, including John Wesley, trembled for life, and confessed to a livelier awakening to the rejuvenating and sustaining power of God upon frail humanity.

Some 25 miles from Savannah these brave and devout pilgrims, after singing a psalm "set up a rock and in the spirit of the pious Samuel, named the place Ebenezer (stone of help) 'for hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' " Amid these crude but inspiring surroundings the young Treutlen received a splendid education, for that day, under the strict tutelage of his scholarly Lutheran pastors, Bolzius and Gronau. Thus it was that, when the red gloom of impending war was already visible on the distant horizon, and the Provincials had gathered at Savannah to take steps against the high-handed measures of England, John Adam Treutlen answered the roll-call from the Ebenezer country and was one of its leading and most aggressive spirits. Thus it was that, in the teeth of strong Tory influence and friends he espoused the patriot cause with all the ardor of a Knight Templar, thus becoming the chief object of Loyalist hatred and vengeance, his property being confiscated, and his home, with many of its treasures, burned to ashes.

Elected first Governor of Georgia under an independent Constitution by the Legislature, in 1777, there was not as yet the fearful carnage and bloody battles which were still to come, and which were to make the South and its manhood a synonym for courage and endurance the world over. It is true that the immortal conflict on Sullivan's Island had been fought and won, but Clinton and Parker, still hopeful under drooping plumes, had shifted the scene to the North.

The "blue bloods" of the Palmetto State—with the exception of Charleston's brave firebrand, Christopher Gadsden, were still praying for that peace, borne of wealth, intelligence and luxurious ease. Georgia, now perched upon the top-most round of empire—pre-eminence—was then weak in its swaddling clothes and viewed only as a promising child to be brought up in the aristocratic South Carolina Sunday School. With a cool and calculating diplomacy which smacked somewhat suggestively of the

rising Talleyrand, we are told that the gentle ripples on the waters little betokened the torpedoes which were being laid beneath. Bludgeons, not the velvety hand of artful diplomacy, were calculated to narcotize the grim-visaged ruler of the satrapy across the Savannah, as all accounts agree that Truetlen was a somewhat "stormy petrel," a sort of pocket edition of Oliver Cromwell, the greatest civilized dictator that the world has ever produced—who could rout a parliament of sitting members, lock the door and put the key in his pocket.

And so it came to pass that, when the Governor heard of the so-called "Machiavellian scheme" to annex his little kingdom to the great Palmetto Commonwealth, by a coup d'état, he pounded the floor viciously with his "condemnatory hoof" and shot a fiery proclamation over the official mahogany, denouncing the conspiracy in bitter vein and offering a heavy reward for the chief emissary—Drayton. When the Georgia patriot Government fell in 1779, Treutlen, along with hundreds of others, took British protection and fled to St. Matthews Parish, in the present County of Calhoun; and the road he travelled was a thornier path than that from Jerusalem to Jerico with

"Injuns on the upper way,
And death upon the lower."

It is not for me to split fine hairs over the principle involved in conditional agreements during the days of war, when every man is showing his teeth and reaching at the throat of his enemy. Suffice to say, that he chafed under the Tory bit and would have none of it. A born fighter and a man of rugged individuality, it was impossible for him to hug both sides of any fence. A dictator by instinct (and by Georgia statute,) well educated, and fresh from the Gubernatorial eiderdown he would naturally bring around his head swarms of bitter enemies, in times of war, and he was a marked man. He met his doom on a dreary night in 1780 under peculiarly atrocious conditions.

It is said that a small band of vindictive Tories went to his home during that fateful evening, and enticed him out, on a treacherous plea of surrender on certain plausible conditions. As he emerged from his door, he was seized, and not only brutally butchered, but, (all traditions agree,) literally hacked to pieces. The exact spot where the fragments of his dismembered body were buried will probably never be known. But there is every reason to believe that his bones rest in the vicinity of his home, from the fact that his tenure of life in this section was short; that he was without relatives beyond his family circle, and those relatives continued to live in the neighborhood. The mere fact that a Governor of Georgia could come here and be brutally and foully murdered by Tories, in the heat of war passions, and not a line recorded about it, in any South Carolina history or newspaper bearing upon that period, should open our eyes to the danger of swallowing the spurious pill offered to us by the Emily Geiger exterminators.

But for the Georgia records and a straight line of descendants, hereabouts, the Treutlen individuality and tradition would be tabooed as a "myth" and fabrication from beginning to end. Through the laudable efforts of the local D. A. R.—and particularly its regent, Mrs. F. C. Cain—a "marker" has been promised from the quartermaster general's office, Washington, D. C. It will stand in the vicinity of the "Metts Crossroads" and will remind the passerby of as true and loyal a Whig as lived during those perilous days.

Treutlen's general appearance, even in repose, as exhibited in an old photograph now in the possession of a descendant, is interesting. The orthodox military coat, unbuttoned and spread abroad over his shoulders, brings into bold relief a "dicky" shirt front, emerging into a high and ferocious collar, which nestles snugly and smugly under his lower jaws. There is a profuse shock of hair, futilely bombarding an obstinate "cow-lick," the whole showing little

or no subserviency to comb and brush. His large, piercing eyes, fringed by shaggy brows, with a drooping upper lid, produces a sad, if not sinister, aspect. The nose has a Roman slant, which meets a bold, intellectual forehead in an almost unbroken line. Marked cheek bones and a thin face ease down, more or less hastily, to a sharp and angular chin. A pair of thin lips, closely plastered to each other, bespeak firm determination; and his whole contour impresses one, forcibly, that he was not a safe man to take too many liberties with.

As intimated at the outset, there is an interesting ramification of descendants from the Treutlen family, many of whom are still living in Calhoun County. Some have gained prominence in Alabama, Washington, D. C., and other places, but I will note only those of local (and some, at least, of state-wide) interest. There were three sons and three daughters: John Adam Treutlen, Jr., Christian, Depew, Mary, Elizabeth and Hannah. Mary married Edward Dudley. From this union was born Mary Dudley, who married Adam Amaker, February 10, 1820, and from the latter was born Adam Perry Amaker, who married Augusta Zimmerman, and they, in turn, were the parents of Perry and T. A. Amaker, now living—the former of Denver, Col., and the latter a leading business man of St. Matthews. Amanda Amaker (alive) married Major Whitmarsh Seabrook Murray, of Edisto Island, who recently died here. They moved to this place after the war and leave many descendants.

Elizabeth Treutlen, another daughter, married William Kennedy and from them descended John W. Kennedy, who resided here for years, and now at Tyron, N. C. His only daughter, Vernon, married Dr. A. McQueen Salley, originally of Orangeburg, and a son of the present sheriff of that county, now of Saluda, N. C. John Adam Treutlen, Jr., married Margaret Miller. Their son, Gabriel, married Ann Connor and to them was born Caroline Treutlen, who married Jacob Dantzler. Their son, Col. O. M. Dantzler,

of Confederate war fame, was the father of O. M. Dantzler, the popular sheriff of Calhoun County, who recently died; Fred and Thos. W., of St. Matthews; Mortimer O., of Orangeburg and Charles G., an eminent jurist (deceased.)

Rachael Treutlen, daughter of John Adam Treutlen, Jr, married the Rev. J. J. Wannamaker, of St. Matthews. From this union were born Mary Ann (who first married Joel Butler and later William Reeves) and W. W. Wannamaker, deceased, who for many years was a leading physician of this community, and who married Adelia Keitt. To the last couple was born Agelina, who married the Rev. Artemus B. Watson, a well known minister of the Methodist Church, who died recently. Their son, Whitfield W. Watson, married May, daughter of the Hon. Samuel J. Dibble, and a daughter Adele Watson, deceased, married A. C. Hane, Fort Motte. Other children of Dr. W. W. Wannamaker were: John Keitt, who married Chloe Watson, both dead. He bequeathed \$20,000 for a Methodist Church here. W. W. Wannamaker, a successful farmer of this community, who married Lou Banks, deceased. A son bears the honored patronymic of "Treutlen." Mary B. Wannamaker, deceased, who married Dr. W. T. C. Bates, of St. Matthews, the well known ex-State Treasurer.

Emma C., a daughter of Rev. J. J. Wannamaker, married Dr. W. L. Pou, an eminent physician of St. Matthews, now 84 years old, and who has been actively practicing his profession for over 60 years. A daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Pou, Emma, deceased, married A. K. Smoke, a prominent and influential citizen of this town, while Blanche, another daughter, is living, and the joy and pride of her aged parents. A son of Rev. J. J. Wannamaker and Rachael Treutlen, his wife, was Capt. Francis M., deceased, a noted lawyer in his day, who married Eleanor Bellinger, of Bamberg. From the last couple were born the following: Jennie B., who married J. B. Tyler, of Georgia, both dead; Mary B., deceased, who married J. H. Henagan, of St. Matthews: Rachael Treutlen, who married H. A. Raysor, a successful

merchant and prominent citizen of St. Matthews; J. S. Kottowe, a leading banker and merchant of St. Matthews, who married Lillian Salley, of Orangeburg; Francis M., who married the writer; William H., professor of German in Trinity College, N. C., who married Isabella Stringfellow, of Chester, and Olin M., professor of English in the Alabama Polytechnic College at Auburn, who married Katherine Hume, of New Haven, Conn.

JOHN MARTIN.

When quite a little boy in his home in Caroline County, Virginia, John Martin adopted as his motto: "I will do my best." It helped him even in childhood to have this motto, for whenever he had any difficult task to perform, either at home or school, he remembered his motto and did his best.

In his veins flowed the blood of a noble ancestry and many sterling merited qualities helped him in the formation of a manly character.

He was born in 1751, amid turbulent scenes in Virginia, for the Indians were frequently incited by the French to commit deeds of violence and cruelty upon the English colonists, and in consequence of this, his early impressions were of preparations for war. At a tender age John witnessed the departure of his father, Abner Martin, to join Colonel Washington on his way to Fort Duquesne. He saw him buckle on his sword and sabre and mount his charger and set his face towards the Ohio Valley. And after that parting he experienced some of the horrors of war, for in the silent hour of night, the stealthy tread of the Indian noiselessly approached the Martin plantation and applied the torch to the barns and outhouses, and morning found them in ruins. He shared the general feeling of uneasiness and insecurity that had settled down upon the home circle in consequence of his father's absence, and his grandfather's illness. His mother at this time was for him his

tower of strength, and his ark of safety, for she it was who devised means for their protection and safety. As he grew older and thought upon these stirring scenes, no wonder that his martial spirit was stirred within him and that he resolved "some day I'll go too, and I can if I do my best," and he did.

About 1768, the Martin family removed from Virginia to South Carolina and settled at Edgefield. The sons were sent to Virginia to be educated, and it was there that John formed a close personal friendship for George Washington, which ripened with the coming years. When the war for American Independence was declared, John Martin, and his seven brothers, all officers, had his life's desire fulfilled, and following the footsteps of his father saw service in the defence of his country. He also served with distinction in the state legislature and afterward was made General in command of the South Carolina state troops. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of Colonel Nathaniel Terry, of Virginia. Many years later General John Martin was on a visit to his son Marshall Martin, in Meriwether County, Georgia at the time when Georgia was called upon to furnish her quota of troops for the war of 1812. John Martin was then 70 years old and still the fires of patriotism were not extinguished nor the love of battle front subdued.

The talk of another war with England made him forget his years, and his infirmities, and as his son Marshall recounted the probabilities of renewed encounters, and spoke of his own enlistment, the old "war horse sniffing the battle from afar," exclaimed excitedly, "My son let me go in your stead."

After this visit John Martin returned to his Edgefield home, where he died in 1820.

Boys and girls who would develop fine character must have high ideals even in childhood. "Sow a thought and you reap a habit, sow a habit and you reap a character, sow a character and you reap a destiny"—M. M. PARK, David Meriwether Chapter, D. A. R., Greenville.

JOHN STARK, REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER.

The victory of the little band of patriots at Bennington early in the Revolutionary War made John Stark famous, and shortly afterward he was christened "Old Bennington," first by the soldiers and then by the American colonists generally. At the time of the victory Stark was close to fifty years of age, and had had a long and distinguished career as an Indian fighter.

In early life John Stark was a New Hampshire farmer, and in that state he was born of Irish parents, and there he died in 1822, at the advanced age of 94. His farm was located in the wildest part of the forest country of New Hampshire, and Indian fighting was a hobby with him. Several years prior to the Revolution he and his little band of frontiersmen had succeeded in driving the Indians from their neighborhood, so that they were no longer troubled with them. Then for several years Stark settled down to the enjoyment of farm life. At this vocation he continued until tidings reached him of the battle of Lexington.

Promptly upon the receipt of this news he mounted his horse, and at the head of several hundred of his neighbors, set out to join the Colonial Army at Cambridge. Upon his arrival there he was appointed a colonel, and in one day he had organized a regiment of 800 hardy backwoodsmen.

Then came the memorable Bunker Hill day. Stark and his men were stationed a few miles away from the scene of this conflict, but in full sight of both Bunker and Breed's hills. Seeing that a battle was inevitable, he waited for no orders, but set out at once for the ground, which he reached just before the conflict began. He led his men into the fight saying: "Boys aim at their waistbands," an order that has become historical.

In the heat of this action a soldier came to Stark with the report that his son, a youth of 16, who was with him on the field had been killed.

"This is not the moment to talk of private affairs," was the grim reply; "go back to your post."

As it proved, the report was false, and young Stark served as a staff officer through the war.

After the patriots were compelled to evacuate Boston, Stark marched with his regiment to New York, but was shortly directed to take part in the ill-starred expedition against Canada. The retreating army reached Ticonderoga on the 7th of July. Here on the following day the Declaration of Independence reached the soldiers in the field and Col. Stark had the satisfaction, on the scene of his former exploits, to hear the proclamation read to his cheering troops.

Then Gen. Stark proceeded south to assist Washington and to gain his full share of applause in the battle of Trenton. In March, 1777, he returned to his native state to recruit the ranks of his regiment, and while there news came to him that a new list of promotions had been made in which his name was omitted, while younger officers had been advanced in rank. This injustice he bitterly resented and resigned from the army and retired to his farm.

But Stark was still the patriot and when the information reached him that the enemy were moving south from Canada, and that Gen. St. Clair had retreated and that Ticonderoga had been captured, New Hampshire flew to arms and called for Stark to command her troops.

Stark was at Bennington when he learned that a detachment of six hundred men under Col. Baum had been dispatched by Burgoyne on a foraging expedition in that section, sending a party of Indians in advance on a scouting raid. Upon learning of this Stark sent out expresses to call in the militia of the neighborhood, he marched out to meet Baum, who entrenched himself in a strong position about six miles from Bennington.

This was on the 14th of August. A few miles out he met Lieut.-Col. Gregg retreating, with the enemy close at hand. Stark at once halted and drew up his men in order

of battle. The enemy, seeing this, at once stopped also and entrenched themselves. Thus the armies remained for two days, contenting themselves with skirmishing, in which the Americans had much the best of the game. Baum's Indians began to desert, saying that "the woods were filled with Yankees."

On the morning of the sixteenth Stark prepared for an attack. Before advancing he addressed his men with that brief but telling address which has made his name historic: "There are the red coats; we must beat them to-day or to-night Molly Stark sleeps a widow."

They beat them and "Molly" had the satisfaction of long enjoying the fame that came to John, instead of wearing the widow's weeds. The victory was decisive and by a band of raw militia, poorly armed and without discipline, but led by one of the most fearless men of the revolution.

Of the one thousand British soldiers engaged in this fight, not more than a hundred escaped, and it was this victory of "Old Bennington" which led ultimately to the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. Col. Baum, who was mortally wounded, said of the provisionals, "They fought more like hell-hounds than like soldiers." Washington spoke of the engagement as "the great stroke struck by Gen. Stark near Bennington." and Baroness Riedessel, then in the British camp, wrote: "This unfortunate event paralyzed our operations."

"Old Bennington" was a splendid type of the class of men who gave success to the American Revolution. Congress, after Bennington, hastened to repair its former action by appointing Stark a brigadier-general, and he continued in the army till the end of the war. He lived to see the country firmly established, and when he died in 1822 he was buried on the banks of the Merrimac River at Manchester.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY GEORGE FITCH.

Benjamin Franklin was an ordinary man with an extraordinary supply of common sense who flourished in the eighteenth century and is still regarded as one of the finest of American products.

Franklin was born in Boston, but was one of the few Boston wise men to succeed in getting away from that city. His family was not distinguished and when he left Boston, after having run a newspaper with more brilliance than success, no committee of city officials appeared to bid him goodbye.

Franklin arrived in Philadelphia with enough money left to buy two rolls of bread and paraded the town wearing one loaf under his arm and eating the other. This successfully quarantined him from Philadelphia society and he was enabled to put all his time into the printing business with such success that he was sent to London in 1724 by the governor to get a printing outfit. He worked for eighteen months in a London printing house and was probably the most eminent employee that London Journalism ever had, though England has not yet waked up to this fact.

Franklin then returned to Philadelphia and purchased *The Gazette*, which he began to edit with such success that he frequently had to spend all day making change for eager subscribers. It might be well to mention here that at this time he was only 23 years old, having been born January 17, 1706, and having been a full-fledged editor at the age of 15. Genius often consists in getting an early start and keeping started.

At the age of 26 Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac," the sayings of a wise old man, had the largest circulation of anything printed in the Colonies, and people sought his advice on everything from love to chicken raising. At

the age of 31 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. At 40 he had diagnosed lightning and had exhibited the first electricity ever in captivity in a bottle, having caught it with a kite string and a key. He had also charted the course of North American storms, and explained the gulf stream.

Franklin helped the Colonies to declare their independence and secured the treaty of alliance with France. At 79 he was elected governor of Pennsylvania. At 82 he helped write the Constitution of the United States. He also devised the American postal system. He died at the age of 84, and Philadelphia is prouder of his tombstone than she is of the Liberty Bell.

Through all his long and busy life Franklin never had time to dress up and adopt the social usages of his day. But this did not prevent him from dazzling the exquisite court of France at its most brilliant and useless period. He was one of the few men who gave to the earth more wisdom than he absorbed from it, but he never was a bonanza for the tailors. Had he spent his youth keeping four tailors and three haberdashers in affluence, Franklin relics would probably not command the high price which they now do.

CAPTAIN MUGFORD RAN THE BRITISH BLOCK- ADE AND CAPTURED POWDER SHIP.

Had Great Britain made peace with the American colonies after the British army had been driven from Boston, James Mugford would be a popular hero today. But Great Britain continued the war for eight long years, and so many heroes were made that the name of James Mugford, "the world forgetting, and by the world forgot," was lost.

Mugford died in 1776. He and his 27 companions were attacked by 200 British marines. They fought most all night, and the British were whipped, but the gallant captain was killed by a pike thrust.

The British under General Gage evacuated Boston, in March, 1776. The British fleet remained behind in Boston to blockade the port. General Washington hurried to New York with the main Colonial army to dispute the proposed British landing there. General Artemas Ward was left in command of a pretty sizeable American army around Boston; but Washington had taken all the powder and most of the guns.

The Americans were at the mercy of the British ships, only the British didn't know it. General Ward zealously guarded the fact that his powder supply was nil, and planned to fill his magazines at the invader's expense.

Accordingly two small ships, the schooners Hancock and Franklin, were outfitted and ordered to sea for the purpose of capturing a supply ship. Captain Samuel Tucker commanded the Hancock. James Mugford, a citizen of Marblehead, Mass., was appointed master of the Franklin. His vessel carried a crew of 21, including himself.

On May 7 Captain Tucker captured two brigs laden with valuable supplies; but no powder. He took his prizes to Lynn. General Ward communicated with Captain Mug-

ford and explained to him the desperate straits the army was fronting.

"I'll get some powder," said the short-spoken Marblehead. And he did.

The British ship *Hope*, carrying war munitions for the British, was due. It had powder for the fleet. Captain Mugford heard of its expected arrival and put to sea.

Almost within sight of the British fleet he met the *Hope* and captured it. But how to land the prize? He didn't have men enough to take it to Lynn or any other port very distant. The British fleet lay between him and the American army in Boston.

Captain Mugford chose to run the British blockade and fight the whole fleet of a dozen ships or more, if necessary. He put a few of his best men aboard the *Hope* and made the British crew sail it. Then, in the *Franklin*, he arrogantly sailed toward the British fleet and dropped a few cannon balls its way.

The British were astounded. What could this crazy skipper mean by attacking a fleet with one dinky little schooner? They would teach him a lesson. The whole fleet maneuvered round to blow the *Franklin* off the bay. Meanwhile the *Hope* sneaked in the harbor, and then Captain Mugford outsailed the British fleet and got in himself. In the hold of the *Hope* the Americans found 75 tons of powder and other war stores needed just then more than men or gold. Mugford had made good his word.

Very naturally the British were angry. The admiral issued an order that James Mugford was to be captured by any hook or crook and promptly killed. Somebody told Captain Mugford about the order.

"Oh, piffle!" he said, or something like that. "I'll run by his derved old fleet every day in the week and twice on Sunday if I want."

The Sunday following, May 19, 1776, Captain Mugford, in the *Franklin*, with 21 men, and Captain Cunningham, in the privateer *Lady Washington*, a vessel carrying seven

men and a few small swivel guns, started to puncture the British blockade again. They would have succeeded, but the Franklin grounded. A flotilla of small boats from the fleet, carrying 200 well-armed men, started for the attack. Captain Cunningham refused to leave his companion, so both he and Captain Mugford prepared for battle.

It was a fiercely fought contest and lasted the better part of the night. On May 20 General Ward made the following report of the engagement:

“Captain Mugford was very fiercely attacked by 12 or 13 boats full of men, but he and his men exerted themselves with remarkable bravery, beat off the enemy, sunk several of their boats and killed a number of their men; it is supposed they lost 60 or 70. The intrepid Captain Mugford fell a little before the enemy left his schooner. He was run through with a lance while he was cutting off the hands of the pirates as they were attempting to board him, and it is said that with his own hands he cut off five pairs of theirs. No other man was killed or wounded on the Franklin.—*Kansas City Star*.

GOVERNOR JOHN CLARKE.

Among the historical sketches penned by Miss Annie M. Lane for the American Journal of History, that touching the life of Governor John Clarke, received the highest award, and through the kindness of the author we are permitted to reproduce it.

“Why are the dead not dead? Who can undo
What time has done? Who can win back the wind?
Beckon lost music from a broken lute?
Renew the redness of a last year’s rose?
Or dig the sunken sun-set from the deep?”

I sometimes think there are more interesting things and people under the ground than above it, yet we who are above it do not want to go below it to get acquainted with them, but if we can find out anything from the outside we enjoy it. In a previous article, I said there was no spot in Georgia so full of buried romance as Wilkes County, and no manuscript so fascinating as the musty and yellow old records of a hundred years ago, which lie unmolested in our courthouse, especially those of 1777.

One cannot but feel after reading these books that he has been face to face with the grand old gentlemen of Revolutionary days: the men who walked our streets with their ruffled shirts—three-cornered hats and dangling swords—yet so different are they in personality and character that the weaving together of their lives makes to me a grand and beautiful fabric, “a tapestry or reminiscent threads.” Some rich, some dark and sombre in shade, making a background so fitting for the crimson and purple and gold—for the conspicuous, inflaming color of impetuous natures, toned down with characters as white and cool as the snowflakes which fall upon our Southern violets.

You have but to close your eyes to the scene of today to recall ex-Governor Talbot, Governor Matthews, General Clarke, together with Jesse Mercer, Mr. Springer and

Duncan C. Campbell, who were familiar figures once upon the streets of Washington.

In the painting of character sketches we would not do the individual justice if we did not remember his environments, and above all his inherited nature, for are we not all bound by heredity? My last sketch was of Jesse Mercer, now it is of John Clarke. How striking the contrast. The life of Jesse Mercer was as quiet and majestic as was his nature. John Clarke just three years his senior, born and reared at no great distance had a life of adventure. He was the son of our stalwart General Elijah Clarke and his wife, Hannah, and was the youngest soldier whose name appears upon the roster of Kettle Creek, being 13 years of age. (Battle of Kettle Creek, 1779, John Clarke, born 1766.)

I will refer you to history to convince you of how his whole nature was fired by the blood within his veins, inherited from both mother and father. He came of fighting stock in a fighting age! In "White's Historical Collections of Georgia," there is an account of the life of Hannah Clarke, who survived her husband, Elijah Clarke, twenty years, dying at the age of 90 (in 1829.) The burning of her house by a party of British and Tories is recorded, and the turning out of herself and children while General Clarke was away.

When General Clarke was so desperately wounded at Long Cane in Carolina, she started to him and was robbed of the horse on which she was riding. On one campaign she accompanied him and when she was moving from a place of danger, the horse on which she and two of her younger children were riding was shot from under her. Later, she was at the siege of Augusta. All this time General Elijah Clarke's right hand man was young John. Being reared in the army, this boy became wild and impetuous; by nature he was intense, so when cupid's dart entered his heart it was inflamed as deeply with love as it had been with hatred for the British. His love story ends

with Meredith's words, "Whom first we love, we seldom wed."

About four miles from the hill on which the little battle of Kettle Creek was fought, there lived an orphan girl, the stepdaughter of Artnial Weaver, and the youngest sister of Sabina Chivers, who married Jesse Mercer. John Clarke loved this girl, but there was opposition to the union. But as yet not knowing the meaning of the word defeat, he induced her to elope with him.

It was his thought to take her to the home of a friend of his father's, Daniel Marshall, near Kiokee, but the weather was severe, and a snowstorm set in. They were compelled to stop at a farm house where lived the mother of Major Freeman (related to Dr. S. G. Hillyer.) Miss Chivers was taken ill that night with congestion of the lungs, and died. In the absence of flowers the good woman of the house adorned the dead girl with bunches of holly, entwined them in her beautiful black hair and placed them in her clasped hands. The grave they covered with the same beautiful crimson and green holly, upon which the snow recently fell. This was the first real sorrow in the life of John Clarke. and many were to follow.

To some the years come and go like beautiful dreams, and life seems only as a fairy tale that is told, yet there are natures for which this cannot be. Some hands reach forth too eagerly to cull life's sweet, fair flowers, and often grasp hidden thorns. Feet that go with quick, fearless steps are most apt to be wounded by jutting stones, and alas! John Clarke found them where 'er he went through life's bright sunlight or its shaded paths, these cruel, sharp piercing thorns; those hard, cold, hurting stones.

We next see John Clarke just before he enters into his political life. From "The History of Wilkes County," in our library, I copy the following, viz: "Micajah Williamson kept a licensed tavern in the town of Washington—on record, we find that he sold with meals, drinks as follows: Good Jamaica spirits, per gill, 2d; good Madeira

wine, per bottle, 4s 8d; all white wines, per bottle, 3s 6d; port, per bottle, 1s 9d; good whiskey and brandy, per gill, 6d & C. & C. at that time a shilling was really 22c., a penny 7-5 of a cent."

In front of this tavern was a large picture of George Washington hanging as a swinging sign. John Clarke used to come to town, and like most men of his day got drunk. They all did not "cut up," however, as he did on such occasions. He went into stores and smashed things generally, as tradition says, but he always came back and paid for them like a gentleman. Once he came into town intoxicated and galloped down Court street and fired through the picture of General Washington before the tavern door. This was brought up against him later when he was a candidate for governor, but his friends denied it.

Soon after this he married the oldest daughter of Micajah Williamson, while Duncan C. Campbell married the youngest.

The stirring events which followed we have all learned in history, how the state was divided into two factions, the Clarkeites and those for Crawford and Troup. The state was so evenly divided that the fight was fierce. The common people and owners of small farms were for Clarke, the "gentry" and well-to-do educated folk for Crawford, and sent him to the United States Senate. Clarke and Crawford from youth had been antagonistic. Clarke, while uneducated, was brilliantly intelligent, but deeply sensitive. Crawford was polished and of courtly bearing, a man of education, but was very overbearing. Had he lived today our public school boy would say "he was always nagging at Clarke." Be that as it may, it was nip and tuck between them in the gubernational campaign. Clarke fought a duel with Crawford at High Shoals, and shattered his wrist. Later he tried to get Crawford to meet him again, but he persistently refused. One ugly thing to me was the horse-whipping of Judge Tate by Governor Clarke on the streets of Milledgeville, then the capital. This did Clarke no good.

General Clarke twice defeated Mr. Troup for governor. Troup was at last elected, defeating Matthew Talbot, who was on Clarke's side in 1823. General Clarke was defeated by Talbot himself. There is never an article written about Clarke that his bad spelling is not referred to. Not long ago I read in a magazine published in Georgia that Clarke spelled coffee "kaughphy." This is not true, that honor belongs to Matthews, another one of the familiar figures once on the streets of Washington. Even the best educated of our Revolutionary heroes did not spell correctly as we call it, from George Washington down.

I rather enjoy their license for I think English spelling is a tyrannical imposition. After the defeat of Clarke the tide was against him. Many untrue things were said about him and they cut him deeply. He was misunderstood often, and in chagrin he left the state.

Rise, O Muse, in the wrath of thy rapture divine,
And sweep with a finger of fame every line
Till it tremble and burn as thine own glances burn
Through the vision thou kindest wherein I discern
All the unconscious cruelty hid in the heart
Of mankind; all the limitless grief we impart
Unawares to each other; the limitless wrong
We inflict without need, as we hurry along
In this boisterous pastime of life.

Beneath the rough exterior there never beat a kinder heart than that in the breast of John Clarke. Although he had the brusque manner of a soldier of Revolutionary days, with those he loved he was as tender and gentle as a child. On one occasion soon after his first election to the governorship of Georgia there was a banquet given in his honor. The decorations on the white linen of the table were wreaths of holly, thought to be very beautiful and tasty. When the governor entered with his friends he stopped stock still in the doorway turning deathly pale. He ordered every piece of holly dashed from the window. The occurrence was spread far and wide all over the state and criticism ran

high, and even his friends disapproved of the uncivil act of one in his high station. He never made an explanation until years afterwards.

Memories with him did not die, though beneath the ashes of the silent past. If he might call them dead, and bury them, it seems they only slept, and ere he knew, at but a word, a breath, the softest sigh, they woke once more and moved here as he thought they would not evermore. Clarke owned large tracts of land in Wilkes county (before it was cut up into other counties.) One deed is made to Wylie Pope in 1806. He reserves twenty feet where his two children are buried, Elijah Clarke and George Walton Clarke. Leaving Georgia he settled in Washington county, Florida, on the shores of the beautiful "Old Saint Andrews." Here he entertained his friends and here he spent the last ten years of his life within the sound of the restless, surging waters of the gulf. October 12th, 1832, Governor Clarke passed from this life, and eight days later his wife joined him in the Great Beyond. They were buried near the seashore in a beautiful grove of live oaks, and a marble shaft erected over them bears the following inscription:

Here reposes the remains of

John Clarke

Late Governor of Georgia

And

Nancy Clarke

His Wife

(NORTH FACE OF MONUMENT)

John Clarke

Born Feb. 28th, 1760

Died October 12th, 1832

As an officer he was vigilant and brave

As a statesman energetic and faithful

As a father and friend devoted and sincere.

(WEST FACE)

This monument was erected by their surviving children, Ann Campbell and Wylie P. Clarke.

Not far from the monument are two little graves with flat slabs and the following inscription :

Erected to the memory of John W. and Ann W. Campbell.

Ann Hand

Born January 24th, 1823

Died Sept. 3rd, 1829

Marcus Edwin

Born Feb. 25th, 1831

Died Feb. 3rd, 1833

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Seventy-five years have passed and the once beautiful spot is now desecrated. The oaks are cut, the toombstones are broken, and the grave of Georgia's governor is trespassed upon in a shameful manner. However, overshadowing his tomb, and keeping guard is a holly tree in all its beauty, filled with long waving wreathes of Spanish moss, and no doubt it whispers to the passing breeze that hurries on to ocean, the story of a lost love!

Aye, what is it all if this life be all
But a draught to its dregs of a cup of gall,
A bitter round of rayless years,
A saddened dole of wormwood tears,
A sorrowful plaint of the Spirit's thrall
The graves, the shroud, the funeral pall
This is the sum, if this life be all.

PARTY RELATIONS IN ENGLAND AND THEIR EFFECT ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

(A paper read before the Ralph Humphreys Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, of Jackson, Mississippi, by Dr. James Elliott Walmsley, professor of history in Millsaps College.)

George Eliot says somewhere that all beginnings are make-believes. Especially is this statement found true in attempting to trace the origin of the American Revolution. Every cause assigned is at once seen to be the effect of some more remote cause, until one might go back step by step to the liberty-loving ancestors of the early Saxons in their forest home of Northern Germany. Without undertaking any work so elaborate it is the purpose of this study to show the effects of one of these causes.

All free governments have developed parties, but as the word is used at present true political parties in England did not arise till after the wars of the Puritans and Cavaliers in the seventeenth century. The men who migrated to America, with the exception of the aristocratic element that located largely in the South between 1640 and 1660, were of the party who believed in restricting the power of the king, and were opposed by the party who professed implicit faith in the divine right of kings. By the time of the accession of William of Orange the former party was recognized by the name of Whigs, while the loyal devotees of regal infallibility were called Tories.

The first king of the Hanover line, George I, was seated on his throne through a successful piece of Whig politics, so admirably described by Thackeray in *Henry Esmond*, and his government was conducted by a Whig minister, Robert Walpole, assisted by a Whig cabinet. The power remained in the hands of a few families, and this condition, which amounted to an aristocratic rule of "Old Whigs," lasted down to the accession of George III, in 1760. The new king, who was destined to be the last king in America, was not like his father and grandfather, a German-speaking

prince who knew nothing of England and her people, but one who gloried in the name Briton. Brought up by his mother with the fixed idea he should never forget that he was king, his ambition was to restore the autocratic power of William I. or Henry II. To attain this end he set himself to overthrow the Whig party and so recall to favor the Tories, who had by this time given up their dreams of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" and Stuart restorations.

This misguided monarch, who was a model of Christian character in private life, but who in the words of a great English historian, wrought more lasting evil to his country than any other man in its history, determined first to overthrow William Pitt, the elder, the greatest statesman that the English speaking race has ever produced—that man who sat in his room in London and planned campaigns in the snow covered mountains of Silesia and the impassable swamps of Prussia, on the banks of the Hugli in India and on the Plain of Abraham in Canada, in the spicy islands of the East Indies and the stormy waters of the Atlantic, who brought England from the depths of lowest dejection to a point where the gifted Horace Walpole could say in 1759, "We must inquire each morning what new victory we should celebrate." This great man was overthrown by the king in 1761, and there came into power the extreme Tory wing, known as the "king's friends," whose only rule of political guidance was the royal wish. These men, led by the Earl of Bute, followed the king on one of the wildest, maddest courses that English partisan politics has known.

At this point we must pause and examine the constitution of the British Empire. England, Scotland, and Wales were governed by their own Parliament, but so defective was the method of representation that villages which had formerly flourished but had now fallen into decay or even like Old Sarum, were buried under the waves of the North Sea, still returned their two members to Parliament, while important cities like Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham, which had grown up in the last hundred years, were en-

tirely unrepresented. The Whigs in England, as least the New Whigs, the progressive element, were contending for the same principle of representation that inspired the Americans. In addition to the home-land, England ruled, as colonies, Ireland, the Isle of Man, the Channel Islands, sea fortresses, such as Gibraltar and Malta, Asiatic possessions, including in India an empire twenty times as populous as the ruling country, Canada, Jamaica, the Barbadoes, the Thirteen Colonies, etc. Our own thirteen colonies, which were not united among themselves and which were not different in the eyes of an Englishman from any other of the colonies, formed a small part geographically of the empire and had for their peculiar distinction only the larger proportion of English residents.

Furthermore, the modern idea of governing colonies for the welfare of the colonies had not yet been invented. A colony was considered as a farm or any other wealth producing piece of property. Adam Smith's epoch-making work, "The Wealth of Nations," the first serious attempt to discuss Political Economy, was not published till 1776, and in his chapter on colonies he for the first time proposed the doctrine of removing restrictions and allowing to colonies free trade and free government. It is significant of the contentions of this article that Adam Smith's book was at once read and quoted in Parliament by the leaders of the Whigs, especial attention being given to it by the young William Pitt, who was described by an enthusiastic Whig as "not a chip of the old block but the old block itself."

With this preliminary statement we can take up the course of party relations. One of the first distinctively party acts of George's reign was the Stamp Act passed against the active opposition of the Whigs; and the downfall of the Grenville ministry and the accession of the Marquis of Rockingham, the Whig prime minister, marked by the repeal of this act in 1766. In the next year, however, the Rockingham ministry fell, and Townshend, the

moving spirit in the succeeding administration, carried through the series of acts that led directly to the Boston Tea Party and its momentous results.

Finally when George III, who openly proclaimed himself a Tory, succeeded in becoming supreme in the government, he called into office, in 1770, Lord George North, who for twelve years was the king's tool in carrying out a policy which he disliked. It was only his "lazy good nature and Tory principles," which led him to defer to the king's judgment and advocate the doctrine, in a far different sense from the present meaning of the words, that "the king can do no wrong." From this day it was natural that the Whigs in opposition should oppose the government measures and should identify the cause of free government in America with that in England and that every New Whig should become an enthusiastic supporter of the American contentions. In fact George and the Tory party realized that if the American theory of taxation conditioned on representation prevailed it would be necessary to yield to the demand of the New Whigs for reform in the representation in England.

This fact explains some intricate points in the politics of the time. It shows for instance why we fought a war with England and then in securing a treaty of peace conspired with our enemy, England, to wrest more favorable terms from our ally, France. We fought a Tory England, but Lord North's ministry fell when the news of Yorktown came, and we made a treaty of peace with a whig England, and the Whigs were our friends. The Whigs in Parliament spoke of the American army as "our army," Charles Fox spoke of Washington's defeat as the "terrible news from Long Island," and Wraxall says that the famous buff and blue colors of the Whig party were adopted from the Continental uniform. Even the "Sons of Liberty" took their name from a phrase struck out by Colonel Barre, the comrade of Wolfe at Quebec, in the heat of a parliamentary debate.

Illustrations of this important point might be multiplied, but it may be better to take up more minutely the career of one man and show how the conflict of Whig and Tory politics affected the actual outcome of the struggle. Lord George Howe was the only British officer who was ever really loved by the Americans, and there is to-day in Westminster Abbey a statue erected to his memory by the people of Massachusetts. After his death at Ticonderoga in 1758 his mother issued an address to the electors of Nottingham asking that they elect her youngest son William to Parliament in his place. William Howe, known in American history as General Howe, considered himself as the successor of his brother and as the especial friend of the Americans. When war was threatened in 1774 he told his constituents that on principle the Americans were right and that if he were appointed to go out against them he would as a loyal Whig refuse. Of course this was a reckless statement, for an officer in the army can not choose whom he will fight. He was put in supreme command in America when General Gage was recalled, but was directed by his government to carry the olive branch in one hand. That he obeyed this command, which was to his own liking, even too literally, is easily established.

There is one almost unwritten chapter in American history which I would like to leave in oblivion, but candor demands its settlement. Our people were not as a whole enthusiastic over the war, in many sections a majority were opposed to it, those who favored it were too often half-hearted in their support. Had the men of America in 1776 enlisted and served in the same proportion in which the men of the Southern States did in 1861, when fighting for their "independence," Washington would have had at all times over 60,000 in his army. As a matter of fact there never were as many as 25,000 in active service at any one time, the average number was about 4,000, and at certain critical times he had not over 1,000. General Knox's official figures of 252,000 are confessedly inaccurate, and by

including each separate short enlistment make up the total enlistment for the six years, sometimes counting the same man as often as five times. At the very time when Washington's men were starving and freezing at Valley Forge the country people were hauling provisions past the camp and selling them to the British in Philadelphia.

Much more might be said, but enough for a disagreeable subject. No careful historian to-day will deny that considering the lack of support given to Washington and his army, the Revolution could have been crushed in the first year, long before the French alliance was a possibility, had the English shown one-half the ability of the administration in the recent South African War. Among the causes assignable for this state of incompetence the political situation deserves more attention than it has hitherto been given.

No one has ever explained Howe's inexcusable carelessness in letting Washington escape after Long Island, no one can explain his foolish inactivity during the succeeding winter, except by the fact that Howe was a Whig, his sympathies were with the Americans, the Whigs had said repeatedly that the Americans could hold out against a good army and it seemed now that they were helping fulfill their own prophecy.

It is rarely stated in our American histories that Howe was investigated by a committee of Parliament after his evacuation of Philadelphia, that he was severely condemned for not assisting Burgoyne and for not capturing Washington's starving handful of men at Valley Forge, that Joseph Galloway, the noted American loyalist, who was a member of the first Continental Congress, openly accused him of being in league with a large section of Whigs to let the Revolution go by default and to give America its independence, and that immediately after his return to England he resumed his seat in Parliament and spoke and worked in opposition to the king and in behalf of the Americans.

The case of General Howe is typical and can be duplicated in the other departments of the government. The leading Tory ministers claimed that the rebellion would have failed but for the sympathy in the House of Commons, and this charge was made in the very House itself.

It would be a gross exaggeration to say that our Revolution was merely the result of a party quarrel in England, but the unfortunate party attitude of King George III. certainly was one of the most potent causes of trouble, and the progress of the war reacted most strongly on the party situation in England. When William Pitt, the younger, at the age of twenty-five took into his hands the premiership of England in December 1783, he did it as the representative of the English people, and the revolution which began in this country was completed in the English Parliament. Up to 1776 the history of America and England flowed in the same channel, Shakespeare, Chaucer, and Pitt are ours as much as England's, and it should always be remembered that just when the countries were in the act of separating the system of George III. was shaken off and shattered by the free people of the two great Anglo-Saxon powers, and the Whig statesmen of England could join with their party friends in America in welcoming a new self-governing people to the council of nations.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

EARLY MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION BY LAND AND WATER.

The facilities for conveniently carrying persons or property from one place to another affects in a measure the physical welfare of every human being, and all progressive nations desire to secure the advantages to be derived from the best systems of transportation. This country of ours has tried many experiments and been rapidly benefited in the results obtained. It hardly seems to us possible, in this day of improved and rapid travel, that the entire system of transportation is still in the transition state, and in some parts of the country the very expedients which we have tried, improved upon and cast away, are at present in use. But our topic deals with other days than these, and we must hasten back to the beginning of things here in America.

According to Indian tradition, it is believed that within a brief period prior to the discovery of America by Columbus, the Indians had travelled over a large portion of the country between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and were familiar with the topographical features of the continent. Their frequent wars and their long continuance in the hunter state, made them necessarily a migratory race and their pathways were the first trails for the white settlers when they came. When we travel over crooked roads and even crooked streets in our towns, how many of us stop to think that we are travelling the same road as blazed out for us by an Indian or trodden down for us by an early settler's straying cow?

As the Indian, as a guide through the almost impenetrable forests was of great aid to the early settlers, so also was the canoe of the Indian a great service. Of course the white man crossed the ocean in larger boats, but when it came to travelling from point to point, after reaching America, the lighter craft of the Indians was the only possible means of water travel, for the numerous falls or

rapids, and the frequent portages between distinct water systems, made the use of a heavy boat impossible. These canoes were of birch bark, buffalo skin, stretched over wooden frames, or even large trees felled, the trunk cut into sections and split, then hollowed out by burning first and the ashes scooped out with the hands or pieces of shell, until the sides and bottom were reduced to the utmost thinness consistent with buoyancy and security. The method of propelling these canoes was usually by paddle, but some had sails. The size varied from twelve feet to forty feet in length, and they were capable of carrying from two to forty men. Of course the larger canoes were used principally for state occasions, military purposes, or when large stores of supplies were to be transported.

One old historian tells of the way the sails were used. The Indian stood in the bow of the canoe and with his hands held up two corners of his blanket, and the other two corners were either fastened to his ankles or simply placed under each foot, while in the stern of the canoe, the squaw sat and steered. The scheme was an ingenious one and must have been a grateful change to the poor squaw, who otherwise would have had to propel the canoe by means of the paddle.

Of the Indian canoe Longfellow says:

The forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar;
All the larches supple sinews.
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water lily

On account of the dense forests and the difficulty experienced in penetrating them, the early settlements were upon the banks of streams and consequently the water channels and seaports, for communication between the various settlements, as well as with the mother country,

were a necessity and the very first legislation with regard to transportation related to boats, canoes and landings. It was a long time before any internal development of the land took place, because these waterways formed the main reliance for all movements of persons or property. Each of the thirteen original colonies had one or more seaports and the main current of trade, during the colonial period, and in fact up to much later times, was between these ports and the interior districts on the one hand, and the outer world and the ocean on the other. Commerce between the colonies was limited and all movements from one colony to another were by various kinds of sea going vessels. All the boats subsequently built by the European settlers showed the influence of the Indian canoe. The raft was another method of the Indian for transporting property, and from this grew the various kinds of floatboats. The raft itself is still in use but more as a means of transporting the lumber of which it is composed than as a means for carrying other freight.

For land travel, when the Indians had burdens to carry they did it by means of the burden strap, an arrangement of leather bands which fitted around the forehead and was lashed to a litter borne upon the back. It was usually about fifteen feet in length and braided into a belt in the center, three or four inches wide. This carrying of burdens upon the back is the one method of transportation which combines the greatest amount of human effort with the least practical effect. But it was at the time the only method available and formed one of the most serious privations and discomforts of savage life.

It is recorded in the case of a white man, who helped the Indians in one of their wars, early in 1600, that he was wounded and could not walk. Thereupon he was placed in a basket of wicker work, doubled up, and fastened with cords until he could scarcely move, and so carried upon the backs of Indians for several days.

In winter we are told they had some sort of primitive sledges, and they used dogs in some sections. Then, of course, they had the snow shoe, which, to them, was a rapid way of travelling, but when the poor white explorers or captives travelled with the Indians on winter expeditions, they suffered sharply until they caught the hang of it. Chilblains were not the worst of the suffering, for the tie over the instep and the loops over the toes caused friction, and bleeding, frozen feet were the result.

When the white man came, he, in time, brought horses and these were much appreciated by the Indians, who seemed to know intuitively how to manage and use them. In place of carrying burdens upon his own back, the red man fastened one end of his tent poles to the horse and fastened upon them the skins which composed his tent, and allowed the poles to trail upon the ground. This support furnished a method of transporting baggage, household effects and even women and children vastly superior to the old way.

The old trails of the red man, over which for many years they had traveled with their peculiar but rapid walk, now furnished bridle paths for the white man and his horse, and many of those bridle paths are today in use. Of course, the first sturdy settlers walked these trails as did the Indians, and we have the history of one journey of Governor Winthrop, when he was carried, at least over streams, "pick-a-pack" upon the back of an Indian. This is a very human, if undignified, picture of the worthy governor.

An early explorer in Virginia said that had she "but horses and kine and were inhabited with English, no realm in Christendom were comparable to it." As these blessings were all added to Virginia in course of time, we must believe her the fairest of colonies. As the Indians were too poor to buy the carefully guarded horses of the early settlers, and could not steal them, they were compelled to wait until races of wild horses were developed from the horses brought to Florida, Mexico and California by the Span-

iards. The better grade of horse was used by the warrior and for travel, but the poorer horses for the drudgery and were quite naturally called "squaw ponies." In the early days before the carriage was introduced, wounded or sick persons were carried upon stretchers between two horses.

The early means of transportation on land, in the colonies, was by horseback, for either persons or property, and this was the universal method of travel until nearly the beginning of the 19th century. It was a common custom for the post rider to also act as a squire of dames, and sometimes he would have in charge four or six women travelling on horseback from one town to another. It was to the north that the carriage came first, and in the early days only the very wealthy families had them. And with the coming of the carriage, the colonists realized that they needed something better than an Indian trail or bridle path, and the agitation for good roads had its birth. One can form some idea of what the co-called roads must have been in 1704, when we read that the mail from Philadelphia to New York "is now a week behind and not yet com'd in." The mail after 1673 was carried by horseback between New York and Boston, but as late as 1730, the postmaster was advertising for applications from persons who desired to perform the *foot* post to Albany that winter. The route was largely up the Hudson river on skates. In 1788 it took four days for mail to go through from New York to Boston in good weather—in winter much longer.

The commerce between the settlements on the coast and those in southwestern Pennsylvania and western Virginia was carried on by pack horse. The people in these districts sent their peltry and furs by pack horse to the coast and there exchanged them for such articles as they needed in their homes and for work upon their farms. Several families would form an association, a master-driver would be chosen and the caravan move on its slow way to the settlement east of the mountains. Afterwards this pack horse system was continued by common carrier organizations.

The earliest legislation in reference to highways was in the Massachusetts Bay Colony in 1639, providing for supervisors, and the relaying of the roads so as to be more convenient for travel, with authority to "lay out the highways where they may be most convenient, notwithstanding any man's property, or any corne ground, so as it occasion not the pulling down of any man's house, or laying open any garden or orchard." The law in force in Pennsylvania, prior to the grant to Penn was part of the system established for the New York Colony in 1664. In 1700 a revision of existing road laws was made, giving control of county roads to county officials, but the king's highway and public roads to be controlled by governor and council.

The fact appears that while the early roads in the American colonies were bad, England had few, if any, good roads, and the improvement, when begun, was so rapid that driving for pleasure was introduced here long before it was known in England. In fact, the idea was carried back to England by officers who fought in the Revolution.

When stage coaches were started in the colonies in 1718, from Boston to Rhode Island, there was no wagon road over this route, it not being built until 1721. It was a common thing for the passengers of the early stage coaches to have to get out, and help lift or push the stage coach out of the mud, and the objection raised to this was the reason for the introduction of the corduroy road. If one has had the doubtful pleasure of riding over a short portion of such road, one knows that it was a question whether long stretches of it and being shaken around in the coach like peas in a pod, was much improvement over being dumped out into the mud, while the coach was lifted out of the mire with which the old roads were padded. With the development of stage routes, came bridges, ferries, turn-pikes and national roads. As the passengers and light baggage were carried by stage, the freight traffic was carried on by the old time teamsters, with their huge wagons, with six or eight horses attached to each, and moving along

the turnpikes, traveling together for company and protection. These turnpikes presented a bustling appearance, with the dashing stage coaches, parties on horseback, the long trains of teamsters' huge wagons, and the many taverns that lined these thoroughfares. The passenger on the stage coach had time to study nature and his surroundings as he passed along, and to be fortunate enough to secure the box seat with the stage driver and hear, as one rode along, the gossip of the route, made a joy one does not experience in our days of rapid travel.

Following the institution of national roads and staging, came the introduction of canals and artificial waterways, as a means of transportation for freight in the carrying on of commerce. A short canal, for the transporting of stone, was built in Orange County, New York, as early as 1750. The first public canal company was the James River Company, incorporated in 1785. From that time on there have been vast improvements in methods and much of our freight is moved by means of the large canals all over our country.

The next development in transportation facilities was the railroad, the first of which was the "Experiment" railroad built to carry stone to Bunker Hill Monument. Oliver Evans, in 1772, began to experiment upon the construction of a steam carriage to run upon the ground, but it remained for John Stevens to combine the steam carriage and the railway. The first rail cars, or coaches, were run by horse power. It is interesting to read Mr. Evans' prediction, which is as follows:

"I do verily believe that the time will come when carriages propelled by steam will be in general use, as well for the transportation of passengers as goods, travelling at the rate of fifteen miles an hour, or three hundred miles per day." In 1813 he predicted that the time would come when a traveller could leave Washington in the morning, breakfast at Baltimore, dine at Philadelphia and sup at

New York, all in the same day, travelling "almost as fast as birds fly, fifteen to twenty-miles an hour."

In 1811, Robert Fulton, journeying by stage to Pittsburgh, said, "The day will come, gentlemen, I may not live to see it, though some of you who are younger will probably—when carriages will be drawn over these mountains by steam engines at a rate more rapid than that of a stage on the smoothest turnpike."

A howl of protest went up from the old stage drivers when the railroad was projected, but as every public necessity had its will, the railroads had come to stay. There were many accidents on these primitive roads, and these were made the most of by the opposition. One old stager said, "You got upset in a stage coach, and there you were. You got upset in a rail car—and where are you?"

From trail in the days of the Indians to T-rail of recent years seems a slow, tedious advance, but as some one has said:

"When we reflect upon the obstinate opposition that has been made by a great majority to every step towards improvement; from bad roads to turnpikes, from turnpikes to canals, from canal to railways for horse carriages, it is too much to expect the monstrous leap from bad roads to railways for steam carriages at once. One step in a generation is all we can hope for."—CLARA D. PATTERSON, *Easton, Pennsylvania.*

COLONEL BENJAMIN HAWKINS.

BY MRS. J. L. WALKER, *Waycross*.

Colonel Hawkins, patriot, soldier, United States senator and Indian agent, was born August 15, 1754, in the county of Butts, now Warren County, North Carolina. He was the son of Colonel Philemon and Delia Hawkins. He attended Princeton College until his senior year when the institution was closed on account of the Revolutionary War.

His knowledge of the French language led Washington to press him into service as a member of his staff to act as interpreter with the French allies. He was one of the founders of the Society of Cincinnati in 1783.

He was a gallant Revolutionary soldier, having participated in several important engagements, among the number the Battle of Monmouth. After North Carolina ratified the federal constitution he was elected United States Senator from that state, taking his seat in 1790. At the close of his term in the senate he was appointed agent of the three great Indian tribes east of the Mississippi and entered upon his duties in the part of Georgia now known as Crawford County, but at that time called "The Agency Reserve."

This place became an important trading post and was selected by Colonel Hawkins as a convenient locality for the transaction of duties that devolved upon him. He infused progression, activity and thrift into the little village. Mills, workshops, and comfortable homes appeared on every side.

"Colonel Hawkins brought his own slaves from his old home in North Carolina, and under the right conceded to his office, he opened and cultivated a large plantation at the agency, making immense crops of corn and other provisions."

"While he lived his cattle brand was rigidly respected by the red men; although soon as his death, if reports be

true, the Creeks, oblivious of former obligations, stole numbers of his cows and hogs."

To him does the state of Georgia owe a debt of special gratitude. He not only risked his life for the state of his adoption, but preserved the history of the Creek country, some of which is most valuable and interesting.

The French general, Moreau, who in exile, was his guest for some time, was so much impressed with his character and labors, that he pronounced him one of the most remarkable men he met in America.

Colonel Hawkins possessed great adaptability and through his beneficence he acquired the respect of the Indians. It is said he gained their love and bound them to him by "ties as loyal and touching as those of old feudal allegiance and devotion."

He was closely associated with Generals Floyd, Blackshear and John McIntosh, and Governors Troup, Mitchell and Early.

The Indians of Chehaw were closely allied to Colonel Hawkins. They frequently furnished him with valuable information in regard to the treachery of the British and the unfriendly Indians.

It has been conceded to some of our patriots that they were great in war. Benjamin Hawkins was not only great in war, but, like Washington, was great in peace. It was he who most strongly advocated terminating the War of 1812. He knew well how to approach the "children of the forest." The simple and diplomatic way in which he addressed the Indians is displayed in his quaint letter to the Ammic-cul-le, who lived at the Indian town of Chehaw:

"The time is come when we are to compel our enemies to be at peace, that we may be able to sit down and take care of our families and property without being disturbed by their threatening and plundering of us.

"General Blackshear is with you to protect and secure the friendly Indians on your river, and to aid in punishing the mischief-makers. Go you to him; see him; take him

by the hand, and two of you must keep him. You must point out sixty of your young warriors, under two chiefs, to be with, and act under the orders of the general till you see me. He will supply them with provisions and some ammunition.

“You must be very particular about spies. You know all the friendly Indians, and all who are hostile. If any spies come about you of the hostiles, point them out to the general. And your warriors, acting with the general must be as quick and particular as his white soldiers to apprehend or put to death any enemy you meet with. Your warriors will receive the same pay as the soldiers in the service of the United States.

“Tell your women and children not to be afraid,—that friends have come for their protection, and that I am at the head of the Creek warriors.

“I am your friend and the friend of your nation.”

Colonel Hawkins was closely identified in the negotiation of the Treaty of Peace and Friendship with the Indians. His name, together with George Clymer and Andrew Pickens, was signed as commissioners on the part of the United States to the Treaty held at Coleraine, in Camden County, Georgia, March 18, 1797.

A treaty of limits between the United States and the Creek nation of Indians, was held near Milledgeville, at Fort Wilkinson, on the part of the United States. The signers were Benjamin Hawkins and Andrew Pickens. This treaty was signed by forty chiefs and warriors. Treaty with the Creeks at the agency, near Flint River, on November 3, 1794, signed by Hopoie Micco and other Indians, also bore Hawkins' signature.

“In 1802 Colonel Hawkins recommended the establishing of a fort and trading post on the Old Ocmulgee Fields.” The right to establish such a post was obtained by the Fort Wilkinson treaty. Colonel Hawkins selected a site on an eminence near the river, where the city of Macon now

stands. A tract of one hundred acres of land was set apart for the use of the post.

Fort Hawkins was built in 1806 and was garrisoned by troops from Fort Wilkinson early in the following year. The fort was named in honor of Benjamin Hawkins, one of the few honors bestowed upon him by the state he had so ably served. "This fort was considered one of the most formidable on the frontier. Two block houses, each twenty-eight feet square with two stories and a basement were built with heavy mortised logs. This place was provided with port holes for both cannon and musketry, and stood at the southeast and northwest corner of a strong stockade. During the war of 1812 the fort was a strong point for the mobilization of troops."

Colonel Hawkins died at the agency in Crawford County, June 6, 1816, and was "buried on a wooded bluff overlooking the Flint River." The little graveyard that served as a last resting place for those who lived around the agency has long since been abandoned. The unmarked grave of a patriot is there, sleeping unhonored amid the tangled vines and weeds.

GOVERNOR JARED IRWIN.

Jared Irwin was born in Mecklenburg, N. C., in 1750, about two years after his parents arrived from Ireland. They emigrated from Mecklenburg County, N. C., and came to Burke County, Georgia, when Jared was seven years old. Years afterward Jared moved to Washington County.

He was a faithful soldier in the Indian wars, serving as a Brigadier-General in the Georgia Militia. In the Revolutionary War he served as Captain and afterwards as Colonel, fighting in the siege of Savannah and Augusta and in the battles of Camden, S. C., Briar Creek, Georgia, Black Swamp, and others.

Just after the first siege of Augusta, in 1780, Colonel Williamson was placed in command of Colonel Clarke's forces and on April 16th, 1781, he led them to Augusta and fortified his camp within twelve hundred yards of the British works. Here Captain Dun, and Captain Irwin with the Burke County men, joined him, where they guarded every approach to Augusta for nearly four weeks, never for a moment relaxing their vigilance, but waiting impatiently for the promised assistance from General Greene.

At last, the militia, destitute of almost every necessity of life, wearied of their hard service, and giving up all hope of aid, determined to return to their homes. The encouragement of Colonel Jackson roused their drooping spirits, inspired them with hope and courage, and saved them from tarnishing the laurels they had already won. The militia afterwards nobly did their part in all the fights around Augusta.

Jared with his three brothers John, William, and Alexander, built a fort in Washington County known as Fort Irwin, which was used as a defence against the British and with his private money he equipped his company of soldiers for the war.

Jane, the Governor's youngest child, received a claim through our great members, Alexander H. Stephens and Robt. Toombs, in the United States Congress, to the amount of ten thousand dollars for money expended by her father in the defence of his section of the country in time of the Revolutionary War.

Jared Irwin represented Washington County in the Legislature and was President of the State Senate at different times from 1790 to 1818. He was in the Convention for revising our Constitution in 1789, and was president of the body which revised it in 1798. At the close of the war of Independence he was a member of the Legislature that convened under our present form of government.

In 1796, the Legislature assembled in Louisville, then the Capitol of eGeorgia, and on the second day of the session, January 17th, he was elected Governor. The Legislature at once took up the Yazoo Act over which the State was greatly excited.

A committee of investigation pronounced it not binding on the State on account of the fraud used to obtain it. James Jackson introduced a bill known as the "Rescinding Act." This was at once passed by both houses and signed by Gov. Irwin, Feby. 13th, 1796.

It was resolved to burn the papers of the Yazoo Act and thus purge the records of everything relating to it. So on Feby. 15th, 1796, wood was piled in front of the State House, and, in the presence of Gov. Irwin and both branches of the Legislature, fire was kindled by the use of a lens and the records and documents were burned "with a consuming fire from heaven."

After the death of General James Jackson, United States Senator, Governor Milledge was elected to fill his place by the Legislature at an extra session held in June, 1806, and in September following tendered his resignation as Governor. In this way, Jared Irwin, President of the Senate, again became Governor, and when the Legislature

met in November he was elected to that office for a full term, thus filling the Governor's chair from the 23rd of September, 1806, to the 7th of November, 1809.

His administration as Governor was distinguished for justice and impartiality. The spotless purity of his character, his affable disposition, his widespread benevolence and hospitality, made him the object of general affection. To the poor and distressed he was benefactor and friend.

In every position of public life, as a soldier, a statesman and a patriot, the public good was the object and the end of his ambition, and his death was lamented as a national calamity.

Governor Irwin married Isabella Erwin, his cousin, and they had four children, Thomas, John, Elizabeth and Jane. Thomas was among the nine in the first class that graduated from the University of Georgia on Thursday, May 31st, 1804, and had a speaker's place at Commencement. Jane the youngest child, lived and died an old maid; she said she would not marry for fear that the Irwin name might run out. She was spirited, a good talker, and affable in her manner, a patriotic, whole-souled, noble woman.

Governor Irwin died on March 1st., 1818, at the age of sixty-eight and was buried at his home at Union Hill, in Washington County.

In 1856 there was an appropriation by the Georgia Legislature to erect a monument to his memory; and in 1860, a Committee consisting of Colonel R. L. Warthen, Captain S. A. H. Jones and Colonel J. W. Rudisill, was appointed to select a site for same. It was decided to erect the monument in Sandersville, Ga., the county site of Washington County; and here it still stands on Court House square—a shaft of pure white marble—a gift from the State to the memory of her noble son who gave his life, love and ability to his beloved *Georgia*, "Empire State of the South."—Governor Jared Irwin Chapter, D. A. R.

EDUCATION OF MEN AND WOMEN OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY MRS. DEB. RANDOLPH KEIM.

*Regent Berks County, Reading Pa., Chapter and Honorary
Vice-President General, D. A. R.*

Again you are assembled to do honor to the memory of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental armies during the war for Independence, this being the one hundred and seventy-ninth anniversary of his birth.

The first steps to the establishment of a school of systematic education of young men was William and Mary College, of Williamsburgh, the capital of Virginia, in 1617, twenty-six years before the foundation of Harvard in Massachusetts. But the character of the former was not granted until 1693, or fifty years after. The first common school established by legislation in America was in Massachusetts, in 1645, but the first town school was opened at Hartford, Conn., before 1642, and I feel proud to say I graduated from this same school over two hundred years later, then known as the Hartford Latin Grammar School and later Hartford Boy's and Girls' High School.

The only established schools of higher learning in America after William and Mary in Virginia and Harvard in Massachusetts for the education of young men later prominent in the Revolution were: St. John's, Annapolis, Md., 1696; Yale, New Haven, Conn., 1701; University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, 1740; Princeton, N. J., 1746; Washington and Lee, Lexington, Va., 1749; Columbia, New York, 1754.

Only the sons of men of means could avail themselves of these advantages. Therefore the great mass of those who became more or less prominent picked up whatever they knew as best they could. In Virginia, Patrick Henry, Washington and others had the limited opportunity and means of the old "Field or Plantation School" which was

the only road to the rudest forms of knowledge. These were generally taught by men of fair education, but adventurous life, who were paid by the planters within a radius of eight or ten miles.

A notorious pedagogue, by the suggestive name Hobby, celebrated in Virginia annals for the brisk coercive switching of the backs of his "boys" as the most effective road to knowledge, is made famous in history as the rudimentary educator of the great man whose beginning of life's journey dates from this day. Washington's parents having removed from the place of his birth when a child resided within a journey of thirteen miles of the despotic jurisdiction of Hobby, and thither the boy walked or rode daily except Sundays in all kinds of weather, even being obliged to row across the Rappahannock River to Fredericksburg, where this vigorous applier of the ferrule held forth.

At eleven years, the death of Washington's father put an end to even this limited supply of "schooling." But the young man fortunately had a mother who was one of the few educated women of that period. We learn from a primitive record that Mary Ball, the name of Washington's mother, was educated by a young man graduated from Oxford, England, and sent over to be assistant to the rector of the Episcopal parish in which she lived. At the age of fifteen she could read, write and spell. In a letter preserved she wrote to a young lady friend: "He (her tutor) teaches Sister Susie and me and Madame Carter's boy and two girls. I am now learning pretty fast."

It was Governor Berkeley who, in a letter to his friends in England, boastingly "thanked God that there were no schools and printing in Virginia."

Washington was always methodical, and what he undertook was done well. This trait he inherited from his mother, as she was a woman worthy of imitation. From her stern disciplinary character and pious convictions her son learned self-control and all the characteristics of ad-

dress and balance, which carried him through the most intricate and discouraging experiences of his career.

The tastes of Washington in childhood were instinctively military; all his amusements pointed that way. At twenty-one his first mission to the French at le Boeuf, fixed his career as a fearless man of action. The rescue of Braddock's Regulars from destruction by the savages was his baptism of fire; the rest, a manifestation of human greatness put the stamp of military prowess upon him. Virginia furnished more of the leaders of the first rank in the contest with the Crown than any other one colony, and yet some of the men who contributed most to the incisive work of the conflict had few opportunities of education.

For instance, Patrick Henry, who electrified the issue in his famous epigram which struck the fulminate of the combat for independence: "Caesar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell and George the Third" (Treason, treason being shouted), rejoined, "if this be treason, make the most of it." This same authority, being criticised by aristocratic loyalists for his lack of education, replied: "Naiteral pairts are more acount than all the book lairning on the airth."

Thomas Jefferson, on the other hand, was a man of higher education. The private schoolhouse ten feet square on the Tuckahoe plantation, thirteen miles west of Richmond, in which Thomas Jefferson and his kinsman, Thomas Marr Randolph, were educated, in part by a private tutor, was in a good state of preservation when I had the pleasure of visiting Tuckahoe at the time of the international review at Hampton Roads.

What we today call free school education began in a simple form under the Quakers of Philadelphia in the earliest years of the Provincial government of Penn, the first proprietary. Thomas Holme in bad rhyme and not much better grammar tells about these schools in 1696. In what the Germans would call the hinterland the school was at a low ebb. There being no towns there were no facilities

to get enough scholars together to make the pay of a teacher worth the while. The Germans, the dominant element, when educated at all, were under the tuition of teachers of parochial schools of the evangelical denominations and sects of their own, frequently pastors or missionaries in the language of the Fatherland. In Pennsylvania among the emigrants who came over in colonies there was a preacher and a schoolmaster. This was particularly so among the Dutch, Swedes and Germans. The English Quakers began schools in Philadelphia very soon after the foundation of that town. In the interior schools were rare as the settlements were scattered.

Reading was not founded until 1748, therefore education had not made headway at the time when the men prominent in Berks affairs during the Revolution were at the educational age. Yet those who figured during that period in prominent places held their own with any of their city contemporaries. Among the people generally, according to the oath of allegiance list, handwriting was evidently not widespread, judging from the number of "his (cross) mark," substituted for signatures in 1777-1778.

In 1714 Christopher Dock, a German, opened a school at Skippach, below what is now Pottstown, about thirty miles from this large assemblage of educated young ladies. Christopher Dock was a man of real learning, unexcelled by any outside of Pennsylvania in his time. His "Schule Ordnung" written in 1750 and printed by Christopher Sauer, of Germantown, 1770, was the first treatise on education produced in type in the American colonies. The leaders in the German emigration prior to the American Revolution were often men of the highest scholastic training.

In New England began the earliest systematic preliminaries and expansion in the line of schooling. It has the honor, as I have shown, of founding the second institution of higher learning which survives today. James Otis, Samuel and John Adams, foremost agitators on the legal technicalities of opposition to England, were the best types

of the output of New England's educational opportunities of the times.

It is one of the greatest tributes to our forefathers that with these limited and more frequently rude means of getting an education there should have been so many examples of brain and culture to meet the educational requirements of the conflict with the British Crown, the preparation of documents which stood the most critical scrutiny, and as well the preparation and negotiating of correspondence, conventions and treaties to compare favorably with the most advanced university educated statesmen of the Old World.

What I have said applies to men, but what about the young women of the same period? Except in the few largest towns where some enterprising woman was courageous enough of her own volition to establish a school for young ladies, the education of women was not considered of importance. The Moravians were the first and most notable exceptions. The seminary at Bethlehem, almost in sight of where we are now gathered, was famous in Revolutionary days.

In New York and Philadelphia there was an occasional fashionable "school" for young ladies.

Abigail Smith, who became wife of John Adams, one of the earliest agitators and leaders of the contest, one of the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence, first Vice-President and second President of the United States, was a woman of education. Being the daughter of a Congregational preacher and having a taste for books, her father devoted much care to her instruction.

As John Adams, on account of his radical patriotism was the man the British authorities most feared, and were looking for, the letters of Mrs. Adams to her husband and his replies are valuable contributions to American history.

They were perfect in writing, spelling, grammar and composition. I may add, though, of a date long after, history is indebted to her letters to her daughter for the only

eye witness account we have of the trials and tribulations of the journey of the President's family from Philadelphia to Washington, in the fall of 1800, then the new seat of government, getting lost in the woods and taking possession of the unfinished President's palace, as it was called, without firewood during bleak November days and nights with no looking glasses, lamps, nor anything else to make a President's wife comfortable.

As a rule, young women were not educated in books, but taught to sew, knit, spin, weave, cook, wash, iron and perform all other household requirements. Her value in the scale of life was in proportion as she was skilled in the duties of a housewife. This was the real type of womanhood in those days, and should always be, with a cultivated mind added.

When we read of their heroic maintenance of the home, care and training of children, management of the farm, sale of its products and often facing hardships in keeping the wolf from the door, while husbands, sons and brothers were fighting for liberty and independence, we care not whether they could read, write, spell, cast up accounts or not, but think of their woman's contribution to the success of the contest.

It is positive that the fathers of the Revolution would not have been successful but for the women, perhaps uneducated in books but competent and self-sacrificing in maintaining the home, while the men were fighting for liberty and free exercise of all its enjoyments. If this great nation is a testimonial of what women without the aid of books contributed in laying the foundation, what must now be expected of women having every advantage of education from kindergarten and primary schools to the woman's college?

I might mention sixteen colleges now exclusively devoted to the education of young women in New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, North Carolina, South

Carolina, Georgia, Ohio, and Illinois with a roll of eight thousand young women students.

The first seniority is Mount Holyoke, Mass., founded in 1837, having 755 scholars; the largest is Smith College, Northampton, Mass., 1,620 young women; next Wellesley, Mass., 1,375, and Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, 1,125. To show the difference between now and the days of our revolutionary fathers, the school houses were built of logs, one story high, with bark roofs and puncheon or dirt floors, which on account of incessant tramping usually became covered several inches deep with dust. The teacher sat in the center of the room.

In the log walls around were driven wooden pegs upon which were laid boards that formed the desks. The seats were rough stools or logs. All sat with backs to the teacher. The windows to admit light were fitted with white paper greased with lard instead of glass. The boy scholars wore leather or dried skin aprons and buckskin tunics and leggings, when they could not get woven materials. And the girls, coarsely woven flax or wool bodices, skirts, kerchiefs, and aprons and footwear of wood, coarse leather, not a few going barefoot.

The writing equipment in Revolutionary days consisted of ink which was of home manufacture from an ink powder, quills and a pen knife, cutting pens from goose quills being an art. The rest of the materials were paper, pumice, a rule, wax, and black sand, shaken from a pepper box arrangement, instead of blotting paper.

The earliest method of teaching before school text-books were known was by what was termed the hornbook, a tablet of wood about 5 by 2 inches upon which was fastened a paper sheet containing the alphabet in capitals and small letters across the top and simple syllables like, ab, ad, etc.; below and underneath the whole the Lord's Prayer. The paper containing this course of study was covered with a sheet of transparent horn fastened around the edges. At the lower edge was a small handle with a hole through it and a

string to go around the neck. By this means the advantages of a colonial education stayed by the scholars if they wished to avail of them or not.

These hornbooks were made of oak, bound with metal for common folks, but for the rich of iron and metal, often silver. Some were wrought in silk needle work. Their popularity is shown by their advertisement for sale in the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, December, 1760, and *New York Gazette*, May, the same year. Battledore book was another name. Another style was the printed cardboard battledore, about fifteen inches long and folded over like a pocket book.

The primer succeeded the hornbooks, the *New England Primer* being one of the earliest. It is recorded that three millions of these were sold, so great was the desire for education in times preceding the Revolution. These little books were five by three inches and contained 80 pages. They gave short tables of easy spelling up to six syllables; also some alphabetical religion in verse, as

K—for King Charles the good,
No man of blood.

In the Revolutionary days this was transposed to

K—for Kings and queens,
Both have beens.

Z appears to have been a poser in this alphabetical array of rhythmic religion, rendered

Zaccheus he
Did climb a tree
His Lord to see.

The hours of study were eight a day.

There were also text-book writers in those early times.

Among the titles one reads: "A delysious syrup newly claryfied for young scholars yt thurste for ye swete lycore of Latin speche." Another: "A young Lady's Accident or a short and easy introduction to English Grammar designed principally for the use of young learners, more

especially for those of the fair sex though proper for either." Fifty-seven pages. It had a great sale.

It was the style of the time to set books of instruction in doggerel verse, even spelling, grammar and arithmetic. The latter was taught by means of "sum books," simply "sums" copied by the learner from an original furnished by the teacher.

Alphabet lessons were similar to the alphabet blocks children play with to-day, generally beginning with verses from the Bible. An interesting fact is that we find the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," in the New England Primer catechism as far back as 1737. A more beautiful tribute could not be paid to this invocation of childhood than the thought of the generations of American children who were thus taught in their everyday lessons their dependence upon the Supreme Being.

Some of the most interesting contributions we have to the literature of the Revolutionary period are the letters of the educated women of the time. They are the more pleasing because they relate to the affairs of home and social life.

You, of this age of education of women are expected to exert a large share in their extension and enjoyment.—*American Monthly Magazine*.

NANCY HART.

Many people believe that Nancy Hart was a myth. But not so. In the "Life and Times of William H. Crawford," by J. E. D. Shipp, of Americus, the story is reproduced, as the Hart family lived not far from the home of the Crawfords. Col. Shipp says:

On the north side of Broad River at a point about twelve miles from the present city of Elberton, Ga., and fourteen from historic Petersburg, in what is now Elbert County, was situated the log house in which Benjamin Hart and his wife, Nancy Morgan Hart, lived at the commencement of the Revolution. The spot is easily located to this day as being near Dye's and Will's ferries, and on the opposite side of the river from which Governor Matthews settled in 1784, near a small and romantic stream known as "War Woman's Creek." This was the name given to it by the Indians in honor of Nancy Hart, whom they admired and feared. Her home was near the entrance of the stream into the river.

The State records show that Benjamin Hart drew 400 acres of land on Broad River, and afterwards another body of land in Burke county. He was a brother to the celebrated Col. Thomas Hart of Kentucky, who was the father of the wife of Henry Clay. He was a well-to-do farmer, and was compelled to take his stock and negroes to the swamp to protect them and his own life from the unrestrained Tories. As captain of a small company of 'Partisans,' he would sally forth from his hiding place only whenever there was a chance of striking the enemy an effective blow.

The Tories generally spared the women, but killed the men, though unarmed. Nancy Hart, alone with six boys—Morgan, John, Thomas, Benjamin, Lemuel and Mark—and her two girls, Sally and Keziah, presents a unique case of patriotic fervor, courage and independence of character. Rough, six feet tall, spare, bigboned and exceedingly strong, she was highspirited, energetic and

shrewd. The Whigs loved her—the Liberty boys called her “Aunt Nancy.” The Tories hated her.

When General Elijah Clark moved the women and children away from Broad River settlement to a place of safety in Kentucky most of them were anxious to go, but Nancy refused, and remained alone with her children after her Whig neighbors had departed. Her house was a meeting place for her husband’s company. She aided as a spy and kept him informed of the movements of the enemy. She always went to the mill alone and was an expert equestrienne. One day while on her rounds she was met by a band of Tories with the British colors striped on their hats. They knew her and demanded her “pass.” She shook her fist at them and replied: “This is my pass; touch me if you dare.”

Tories lived on the opposite side of the river from her, and she had many trials with them. Some are noted. One night “Aunt Nancy” was boiling a pot of lye soap in the big fireplace of her stack chimney. Suddenly she noticed a pair of eyes and a bearded face at a crack between the logs. Pretending not to see the prowler, she went on stirring the soap and chatting with the children. Biding her time, she deftly threw a ladleful of the boiling soap into the face of the intruder, whom, blinded and roaring, Nancy bound fast and the next morning marched him across the river, wading the ford, and delivered him to Colonel Clark. She had many encounters, capturing Tories and taking them to the commander.

But of all her acts of heroism this one eclipses all others. From the detachment of British soldiers sent out from Augusta, and which murdered Colonel Dooly, there were five who diverged to the east and crossed Broad River to examine the neighborhood and paid a visit to Nancy Hart. They unceremoniously entered her cabin. Being hungry, they ordered her to cook food for them. She replied that the Tories and the villains had put it out of her power to feed them, as she had nothing. “That old gobler out there

is all I have left." The leader of the party shot down the turkey, brought it in and ordered Nancy to prepare it without delay. She and her children went to work at the task. Finally she heard her unwelcome guests boasting of killing Col. Dooly. Then she appeared in good humor and exchanged rude jests with them. Pleased with her freedom they invited her to partake of their liquor, which she accepted with jocose thanks. While the turkey was cooking Nancy sent her eldest daughter to the spring for water, with directions to blow the conch shell, which sound her father would interpret. The Tories became merry over the liquor, pouring it from the jug with laughter, as they hurried up Nancy, anticipating a good feast. They were at ease. They stacked their arms within easy reach, and Nancy would occasionally pass between the men and their muskets. The Tories again called for water and Nancy again sent the daughter to the spring for water—and to blow the signal for Captain Hart. Nancy was thinking fast. Through a crack between the logs she slipped outside two of the five guns. When the third was being put out she was discovered, and the men sprang to their feet. In an instant Nancy brought the musket to her shoulder, declaring she would kill the first man that moved. Appalled by her audacity and fury, the men for a moment stood still; then one of them made a quick movement to advance on her. She shot him dead. Instantly seizing the other musket at her side she leveled it, keeping the others at bay. By this time the daughter returned from the spring and took the other gun out of the house, saying: "Father and the company will soon be here." This alarmed the Tories and they proposed a general rush. So Nancy fired and brought down another man dead at her feet. The daughter handed her another gun and Nancy, moving to the doorway, demanded surrender of the three living. "Yes, we will surrender, and let's shake hands on the strength of it." But Nancy did not shake hands. When Captain Hart and company arrived Nancy would not let

them shoot, saying: "These prisoners have surrendered to me; they have murdered Colonel Dooly. I heard them say so." And George Dooly, brother of Colonel Dooly, and McCorkle followed and saw that the captured murderers were hanged.

John Hart, second son of Nancy, became an influential citizen of Athens. Nancy lived with him after the death of Capt. Hart. In 1787, when the two Virginia preachers, Thomas Humphries and John Majors, were holding a great campmeeting in Wilkes County, Nancy became a staunch adherent of the new faith and joined the church—Wesley's. She finally moved to Kentucky, where her relatives, the Morgans, lived. Hart County was named for her, and the town of Hartford, which in 1810 was the county seat of Pulaski.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

BY MARION JACKSON HALL.

They heard the guns a-roaring,
They sounded far and wide;
They saw the rebels coming,
Up every mountain side.

The mountaineers, no longer tame,
From every hill and thicket came,
They rushed up every mountain side
To plunge into the swelling tide.

Ferguson knew, both good and well,
He would have to fight, on hill or dell,
But the number of rebels, he could not tell.
They were advancing, and walking fast,
When now they blew a long, shrill blast.
A smoke now covered the battlefield
With deaf'ning sound, of warlike peal.

The British flag was waving high,
When through the smoke there came a cry—
A cry from amidst the cloud did ring
From men that fought for England's king.

The English flag, they took it down,
Their leader was dead, and on the ground,
And panic stricken, they were found.

The rebels raged and charged again
And captured more than a thousand men;
They raised their flag up at top mast,
They saw and knew they were gaining fast.

The thunder roared, the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
The field was high, but there was mud,
For it was wet and red with blood.

It was a short, but bloody fight,
It filled the Tories all with fright—
They whipped the Tories, that was right.

The battlefield with blood was red,
And covered with wounded and with dead.
They smote and fell, who raised a hand,
To wipe the rebels from the land.
The Americans won that glorious fight
That put them all to thinking right,
They believed they should soon make their laws
And God was with their righteous cause.

WILLIAM CLEGHORN.

In the spring of 1728, a handful of sturdy Scotchmen started from Chelmart, Scotland, for America, "The Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave." Among these were the parents of the boy William Cleghorn, whose true story is herein narrated.

He was a frail lad and partly for the love of the sea and partly for his health, he enlisted in the Navy. We find him enrolled at Brunswick, N. C., September 8th, 1748, as a member of Capt. Samuel Corbin's Company. He proved a daring sailor, yet he was not so interested in the Navy but that he had time to fall desperately in love with sweet Thankful Dexter, of Falmouth.

Now, Thankful's father was a man of wealth, great wealth, for those days, and a son-in-law, with nothing to recommend him but good looks and a fine record as a daring sailor, did not appeal to him, but demure, sweet Thankful had a will of her own. She saw that young William was worthy of any woman's love, so never for an instant did she even think of giving him up.

As time went on our hero began to be a power in the colonies. He was interested in everything pertaining to their welfare. He soon began to prosper financially, and on February 12, 1782, we find recorded that he gave security for twenty thousand (\$20,000.00) dollars, and took command of the ten-gun ship "Virginia." Rickerton, the historian, tells us in his history that our hero was "one of the earliest and most intelligent ship masters" but "all the world loves a lover," and I started to tell you chiefly about his love affair.

Thankful was always dreaming of William's bright, cheery face, and we may be sure she lost no opportunity to say to her worldly, bustling father, "Didn't I tell you so?" every time William brought new honors upon himself.

As time went on this energetic young man conceived the idea of building a sloop, which he did and named it the

“Betsy.” We wonder why he did not call it “The Thankful” but perhaps Thankful had something to say about that.

William loaded the “Betsy” with an immense cargo of oil and sailed around Cape Horn. This was the very first voyage ever made around the Cape, and can you not imagine how proud young William Cleghorn was? And can you not almost hear Thankful telling her father about the wonderful journey around Cape Horn?

The father was now convinced that William was not only valiant in war and a persistent lover, but that he was an excellent business man as well, so he withdrew his objections and Thankful Dexter became the happy wife of William Cleghorn.

We can almost see the radiant Thankful in her homespun gown and pertly poke bonnet, and the erect happy William with the air of a conquerer, coming side by side from the little church, through the narrow paths of Martha’s Vineyard, to the home all ready for the happy couple, for William was now a well-to-do young man.

We must not take them all through life’s journey, for this is to be a child’s story, but alas for human joys, while on a visit to Boston in 1793, William Cleghorn was stricken with apoplexy and very suddenly passed away.

When you go to Boston, go out to the old Granary Cemetery, so well known by lovers of history, and inclosed in an iron railing you see a white stone standing alone. Draw near and read the inscription and you will see that there lies your hero, William, for on the stone you read:

Captain William Cleghorn
of
New Bedford.

Who died in a fit of apoplexy on a visit to this town,
February 24, 1793, in the 60th year of his age.

“Here lies entombed beneath the tufted clod,
A man beloved, the noblest of God.

With friendly throbs the heart shall beat no more,
Closed the gay scene, the pomp of life is o’er.”

In the record of his will we find the following, which will show you how our ancestors made their wills:

Two mahogany tables, 1 square table, 16 leather bottom chairs, 1 mahogany desk, 7 looking glasses, 1 set of china (42 pieces), 1 coffee set (30 pieces), 34 linen sheets, 25 pair pillow cases, 1 pew in First Congregational Meeting House, 1 pew in Second Congregational House, etc., etc., besides a long list of notes and other properties.

This is very different from the wills of today, isn't it? I presume we have many boys as brave and true as William, and many girls as dear and sweet as Thankful, and perhaps one hundred years from now other boys and girls will be reading about some of you. So let us live in such a way that we may have our story written and enjoyed as is this true story of Thankful Dexter and William Clegghorn.—EVELYN CLEGHORN DIMOCK HENRY, Xavier Chapter, D. A. R., Rome, Ga.

THE BLUE LAWS OF OLD VIRGINIA.

Usually in discussion of blue laws, those very Draconian regulations which have so aroused the ire or the respect of moderns, depending upon which way they look at it, the debaters confine themselves mostly to New England Puritan forms, or those of New York, Pennsylvania or New Jersey.

In the days the Puritans formulated the blue laws, Virginia was looked upon as the home of high living and frivolity. Even to this day few would look for such measures among that old aristocratic colony.

As a matter of fact, the Virginians of the seventeenth century, had a habit of enacting indigo-tinted laws, and likewise enforcing them, which might have made the Puritans sit up late at night to beat them.

Aside from the stern and vindictive intolerance which finds utterance in the acts of the Virginia Assembly between the years 1662 and 1680, the most striking element in

them is the tremendous premium placed upon spying and informing. In most every case in which such a reward is possible the law encouraged the man to spy upon his neighbor.

If the Virginia husbands agreed with Kipling that "a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," the following act must have been the occasion of much domestic infelicity.

"If a married woman shall slander a person the woman shall be punished by ducking, and if the damages shall be adjudged more than 500 pounds of tobacco her husband shall pay, or the woman receive a ducking for every 500 pounds so adjudged against her husband if he refused to pay the tobacco."

Unless a man was well stocked with the divine weed it was worth while to attend church with promptness and regularity:

"Enacted that the Lord's Day be kept holy and no journeys or work done thereon, and all persons inhabiting in this country shall resort every Sunday to church and abide there quietly and orderly during the common prayers and preaching, upon the penalty of being fined fifty pounds of tobacco."

Devices for public instruction and amusement were not to be neglected with impunity, even by the courts of the colony, as witness the following:

"The Court in every county shall set up near the courthouse, in a public and convenient place, a pillory, a pair of stocks, a whipping post and a ducking stool. Otherwise the Court shall be fined 5,000 pounds of tobacco."

There is no record of the Court ever having been mulcted of tobacco for depriving the people of the opportunity to watch the sufferings of their friends and neighbors.

Severe laws were directed against Quakers. Prior legislation had attempted to put a damper on being any kind of a "separatist," which meant any fellow who didn't agree with the Established Church. Evidently a little further

law on the subject was thought necessary, for in 1663 the Virginia Assembly passed the following act:

"Any person inhabiting this country, and entertaining a Quaker in or near his house, shall, for every time of such entertainment, be fined 5,000 pounds of tobacco, half to the county, half to the informer."

Even Virginia hospitality might well have paused in the face of such a flying start toward bankruptcy.

That a stowaway might prove costly is demonstrated by the following:

"Every master of a vessel that shall bring any Quakers to reside here after July 1 of this year shall be fined 5,000 pounds of tobacco, to be levied by distress and sale of his goods, and he then shall be made to carry him, her or them out of the country again."

Evidently a little thing like a couple of years in servitude did not deter the lovers of pork chops from appropriating their neighbors' swine, for in 1679 the Assembly delivered themselves of the following act:

"The first offense of hog stealing shall be punished according to the former law; upon a second offense the offender shall stand for two hours in the pillory and shall lose his ears, and for the third offense shall be tried by the laws of England as in case of felony."

As the English law of the period usually prescribed hanging for a twice convicted felon, it is presumed that the third dose of justice proved an efficient remedy.

Not only in the stringency of their laws did the gray cavaliers of the Old Dominion run neck and neck with the grim-visaged gentry of Plymouth Rock, but the doubtful honor of being the last to relinquish the gentle art of witchcraft persecution probably belongs to them as well.

The witchbaiters around Salem and throughout New England generally ceased to a considerable extent their punishment for alleged witchcraft before the eighteenth century, but the Virginian records show the arrest and per-

secution of Grace Sherwood, of Princess Anne County, for witchcraft in 1706.

For six months this young woman was imprisoned, being brought time and again before the court in an effort to convict her. Finding no evidence in her actions to justify the persecution, the Attorney-General caused the Sheriff of the county to impanel a jury of women to examine Grace Sherwood physically and instructed them to find something to indicate that she was a witch. This the women failed to do and they were threatened with contempt of court for their failure.

Everything else having failed, it was decided to put Miss Sherwood to the water test, which consisted in tying her hands and feet and throwing her overboard in the nearest lake or river. If she sank she was innocent, but if by her struggles she managed to keep afloat for a few moments, she was guilty of witchcraft.

The full account of this trial is preserved by the Virginia Historical Society, and the last two court orders in the case are of interest as marking the close of witchcraft persecution in the colonies.

"Whereas, Grace Sherwood, being suspected of witchcraft, have a long time waited for a fit opportunity for a further examination, & by her consent & approbacon of ye court, it is ordered that ye sheriff take all such convenient assistance of boats and men and shall be by him thought fit to meet at Jno. Harpers plantation, in order to take ye Grace Sherwood forthwith and BUTT her into the water above a man's debth & try her how she swims therein, always having care of her life to preserve her from drowning, & as soon as she comes out that he request as many antient and knowing women as possible he can to search her carefully for all spottes & marks about her body not usuall on others, & that as they find the same to make report on oath to ye truth thereof to ye court, and further it is ordered that some woman be requested to shift and search her before she goes into ye water, that she carry nothing about her to cause further suspicion."

On the afternoon of July 10, 1706, the court and county officers and populace assembled on John Harper's plantation, and the arrangements being completed, Grace Sherwood was carried out to a nearby inlet of Lynnhaven Bay. The official court reporter tells quaintly the rest of the story:

"Whereas, on complaint of Luke Hill in behalf of her Magisty, that now is against Grace Sherwood for a person suspected of witchcraft, & having had sundry evidences sworn against her, proving many circumstances, & which, she could not make any excuse or little or nothing to say in her own behalf, only seeming too rely on what ye court should do, and thereupon consented to be tried in ye water, & likewise to be searched againe with experimints; being tried, and she swimming when therein & bound, contray to custom and ye judgments of all ye spectators, & afterwards being searched by five antient women who have all declared on oath that she is not like them; all of which circumstances ye court weighing in their consideracon, do therefore order that ye sheriff take ye said Grace Sherwood into his custody & comit her body to ye common goal of this county, there to secure her by irons, or otherwise there to remain till such time as he shall be otherwise directed."

The woman was finally turned free, and thus ended the last legal prosecution for witchcraft in the colony.

ELIJAH CLARKE.

BY MRS. JOHN H. MORGAN, *Regent Brunswick Chapter,
D. A. R.*

It is to be regretted that our historians have given so little space to one of our Georgia patriots of the Revolution—Elijah Clarke. One of our greatest national needs is that of commemorating the memories of our men who “did greatly,” who fought, suffered and endured for our national independence. This is one of the prime objects of the existence of the Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution; “To perpetuate the memory of the Spirit of the men who achieved American Independence.”

Among the many contributed to this great cause by Georgia, was Elijah Clarke. After the fall of Georgia, for the time being, many of our most distinguished men became voluntary exiles among their “brethren” in the West. Among the most prominent of these was Colonel Clarke; one to whom our liberty and the justness of the cause was dear.

He did not give up hope; for his heart was filled with the desire to return and renew the contest. He employed his entire time in the preparation of a sufficient force that would enable him to return when the opportunity should present itself.

Augusta was the key to the northern part of the state, and its possession was of great importance to our patriots. Upon hearing that the time for the arrival of the annual Indian presents was near, the desire to recover Augusta became, to Colonel Clarke, irresistible. He immediately set about collecting troops and his arguments were so successful that in a very short time five hundred enthusiastic warriors and men from the hills were assembled and marched to Augusta.

Upon their arrival, the division under Major Taylor attacked the Indian camp on Hawks Gully, thereby draw-

ing the British under Colonel Thomas Brown to the support of the Indian allies, leaving the south and west of the city unguarded. Colonel Clarke entered at the points, with the remainder of his army, captured the garrison and finally, driving out Colonel Brown, occupied the town.

The British under Colonel Brown, after being driven out of Augusta, took refuge in a strong house called Seymour's White House, which they had fortified.

Colonel Clarke besieged them and was on the point of capturing them, after a four days siege, when Col. Cruger, coming with another British force compelled Clarke to retreat.

Lord Cornwallis ordered Colonel Ferguson to intercept Colonel Clarke. Just as Col. Ferguson started to carry out these orders, he heard that a new enemy was approaching, for the very purpose of doing just what Colonel Clarke had failed to do. This force consisted of rifle militia and had been drawn from Kentucky, the western country of Virginia and North Carolina, and was under the command of the famous independent colonels, Campbell, Cleveland, Williams, Sevier and Shelby. Upon hearing of Clarke's repulse and of Ferguson's orders to intercept Clarke, they gave up their enterprise on Colonel Brown, and turned against Ferguson; which ended in a crushing defeat for the British and the destruction of Colonel Ferguson at King's Mountain.

"Although Clarke failed in the reduction of Augusta, his attempt led to the destruction of Ferguson; and with it to the present relief of North Carolina." Such is the testimony of "Light Horse" Harry Lee, his companion in arms, and the father of our beloved General Robert E. Lee.

General Clarke, as he became, was brave and patriotic, and his services during the Revolution were valuable to the country, and deserve the recognition of his state. He died December 15th, 1799—one day after the death of Washington.

“Poor is the nation that boasts no heroes, but beggared is that country that having them, forgets.”

General Clarke was one of Georgia's heroes. Let us honor him.

GENERAL FRANCIS MARION.

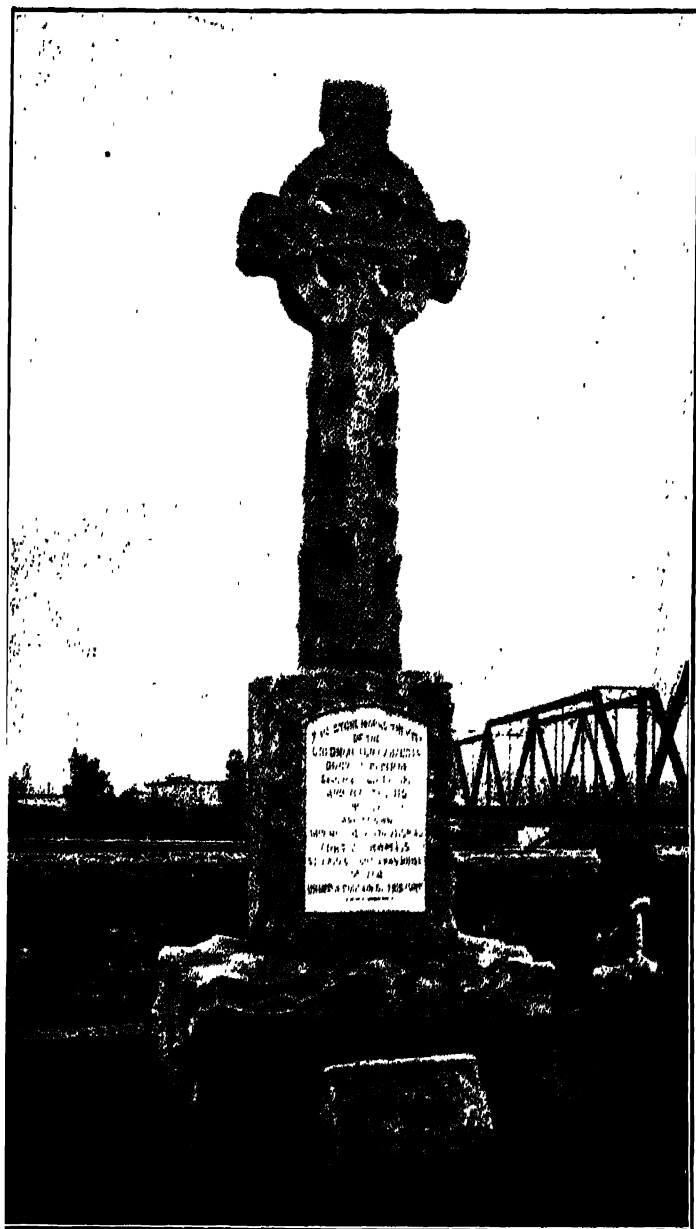
The subject of this sketch is General Francis Marion and a pleasant duty it is to revive the memory of this almost forgotten hero who was one of the most famous warriors of the American Revolution. General Nathaniel Greene had often been heard to say that the page of history had never furnished his equal.

He was born near Georgetown, South Carolina, of French parents, who were refugees to this country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. From them he inherited that love of liberty which had caused them to forsake home and friends and commence a new life among strangers that they might enjoy freedom of thought and guson at King's Mountain.

He manifested early in life a love of adventure. His first warlike experience was against the Indians. He served as a Lieutenant of volunteers. In his encounters with the savages he showed such courage and skill that he soon became famous, and to his credit, it must be said, he was always humane and just.

When war was declared against England and troops had to be raised, Marion received a Captain's commission. He went forth to raise a company. Money was lacking and he had to depend entirely on volunteers. He very soon, however, succeeded in getting his complement of men and was unexcelled in his dealings with these raw recruits. He could enter into their feelings and appreciate their conduct. He did not exact impossibilities of them and he was celebrated for what was called his patience with the militia.

No service was ever more strictly voluntary than that of those who constituted the company known as “Marion's



MONUMENT, SITE OF OLD FORT CORNWALLIS, AUGUSTA, GA.

Men'' and he led them to perform deeds of valor which seem almost incredible. There was an air of mysterious daring in what he undertook, which gave a charm to the life his followers led, while they had the most perfect confidence in their leader. Insubordination was rare among his men on account of their devotion to him. If it did occur he usually visited it by dismissal from his band. This ignominy was dreaded more than any other mode of punishment. He seldom resorted to the military methods of severe discipline. His band was composed largely of the planters, and some of them were boys who lived in the section of the country where his daring exploits harrassed so severely the British. These men were devoted to field sports and were consequently fine riders and marksmen.

Marion and his men are connected with the most romantic adventures of the Revolution, equal to any we have read of in song or story. The writer has often listened with intense interest to the accounts given by her grandfather of the recitals of his party. William Pope, who was one of ''Marion's Men,'' tells of the many hazardous undertakings against the British and Tories. The famous rides at night when they would leave their hidden places in the swamps, or some forest so densely wooded that they alone knew the trails by which they found their way in and out; how they would start on one of their swift rides to intercept the passing of British troops from one post to another or attack an army wagon train with provisions and ammunition, etc. The descent of Marion and his men would be so sudden that the enemy would be completely demoralized.

Marion kept bands of scouts constantly watching the enemy and by this means he was enabled to give our army most valuable information.

At one time our hero and his men learning of the encampment of some British troops near a river, started out to attack them at midnight. They had to ride many miles to reach the river and in crossing the bridge the noise of the horses aroused the sentinels of the enemy and they

were prepared for resistance. The fight which ensued was a fierce one, but ever after that experience, when Marion found it necessary to cross a bridge, he made the men dismount and spread their blankets over the bridge to muffle the sound of the horses feet. It was a rule with him never to use a bridge when he could ford a river, and he burned all bridges for which he had no use. These long rapid rides were exhausting to man and beasts. They returned as rapidly as they went forth and when they reached their place of safety, they would secure their horses, throw themselves on the ground with only a blanket and a saddle for a pillow and sleep so soundly they would be unconscious of the falling rain and often awaken in the morning to find themselves surrounded by water. Amid all these scenes of hardship there were times when this band of devoted patriots indulged in revelry, as they were safely gathered around the camp fires among the lofty moss-draped cypress trees and gum trees of the swamps to enjoy the captured supplies from the enemy's commissary stores, which enabled them to supply themselves with clothing, arms and ammunition. Thus they largely provided for their own subsistence by their daring prowess.

The British established a line of military posts in South Carolina extending from Georgetown to Charleston. They found it exceedingly difficult to hold any communication, for Marion's scouts were always on the lookout to report their movements. Colonel Watson, of the enemy, attempted to take a regiment from one post to another. He was so harrassed by the sharpshooting of "Marion's Men" who lay in ambush along his route, that he sent a letter by flag of truce to Marion reproaching him for fighting like a savage and invited him to come out in open field and fight like a gentleman. But Marion was too shrewd to put in open field his comparatively small band, with their peculiar mode of warfare, against a far greater number of finely drilled regulars of the enemy and Colonel Watson had to retreat and encamp his men in the first open field he could find

Marion had a number of interviews by flag of truce with British officers. One of the most noted is the one in which he entertained the officer at dinner. After business affairs had been settled General Marion invited the officer to dine with him and he accepted. Marion ordered dinner. The officer looked around with curiosity as he saw no preparations for dinner and his surprise was great when the cook placed before him on a piece of bark a few sweet potatoes which had been roasted in the fire near by. The officer remarked to Marion that he supposed his supplies had fallen short, endeavoring to relieve Marion of any embarrassment he thought he might feel in offering him such meager fare, but Marion replied that he considered himself fortunate, as he had a guest that day, he had that much to offer him. The officer was amazed and profoundly impressed with what he had seen. He returned to his command with such feelings of admiration and respect for men who endured so cheerfully such privations and so many hardships for the sake of liberty, that he said it was useless to fight such men, that they were entitled to liberty and he would not continue to fight against them. He resigned his commission in the army.

The enemy at this time had absolute command of this portion of South Carolina excepting as they were disturbed by Marion. He shifted from swamp to swamp and thicket to thicket and never relaxed his struggle for liberty. So harrassed were the enemy by him, they determined a number of times to make a special effort to capture him or drive him out of the state. All in vain. Marion was too alert and often met them with more promptness than they desired.

Colonel Tarleton, a British officer, with a reputation for great activity undertook one of these expeditions against Marion and narrowly escaped being captured himself. He retreated from his attack exclaiming to his men "Come on boys, we will go back, there is no catching this

'Swamp Fox'." By this same name he was ever afterward called by his followers.

When Gen. Nathaniel Greene took command of the Southern Army, he wrote to General Marion and begged him to remain in his independent position and keep the army supplied with intelligence, in which important part he rendered most active service, also in the battles of Georgetown, Ninety Six, Charleston, Savannah and others. So highly appreciated by the Government was the brave and valuable part performed by Marion and his men, that Congress passed a series of resolutions expressing the gratitude of the country to them.

Governor Rutledge appointed him Brigadier-General. In addition to the usual military rank, extraordinary powers were conferred upon him, such as were only granted to extraordinary men.

In the circumstances of life, there was a remarkable resemblance between him and the great Washington. They were both volunteers in the service of their country. They learned the military art in Indian warfare. They were both soldiers so vigilant that no enemy could ever surprise them and so equal in undaunted valor that nothing could disturb them, and even in the private incidents of their lives, the resemblance between these two great men was closer than common. They were both born in the same year, both lost fathers early in life, both married excellent, wealthy wives, both left widows and both died childless.

In reviewing the life of Gen. Marion, we find patient courage, firmness in danger, resolution in adversity, hardy endurance amid suffering and want. He lived that liberty might not die and never relinquished his sword until the close of the war. He then retired to his plantation near Eutaw, where he died. His last words were: "Thank God, since I have come to man's estate, I have never intentionally done wrong to any man."

Marion's remains are in the church yard at Belle Isle in the parish of St. John's Berkely. Over them is a marble slab upon which is the following inscription :

"Sacred to the memory of Brigadier-General Francis Marion, who departed this life on the twenty-ninth of February, 1795, in the sixty-third year of his age, deeply regretted by all of his fellow citizens. History will recall his worth and rising generations will embalm his memory as one of the most distinguished patriots and heroes of the American Revolution; who elevated his native country to honor and independence and accrued to her the blessings and liberty of peace." This tribute of veneration and gratitude is erected in commemoration of the noble and distinguished virtues of the citizen and of the gallant exploits of the soldier who lived without fear and died without reproach.

This brief and imperfect sketch of one of the most noted military men of his day has led to the reflection that many of the most valiant leaders of the Revolution are comparatively little known among the rising generation. The old histories written in the early part of this century which recorded their brilliant deeds and virtues, are out of print, a few to be found in old libraries, and the old readers which were used in the schools forty and fifty years ago were full of the accounts of their achievements, which thrilled the hearts of the students and stimulated in them a love of country, as only such deeds of valor could inspire. But today these heroes who taught us such lessons of patriotism have passed away forgotten, others scarcely a memory. Ought it to be so?

As our society is for the purpose of advancing the cause of patriotism, no effort on the part of its members would do more to bring this about than for some of them situated in different parts of our country to unite in collecting material for a new reader for the use of schools in which the deeds of these revolutionary patriots would be once

more revived and made conspicuous to those who should ever hold them in grateful veneration.

This thought is one that might advantageously engage the attention of some national publisher who might employ compilers from different localities of our country for this purpose.

Among the "Readers" alluded to, was a tribute to Gen. Marion and his men, which was at the same time a graphic account of their lives and services. It was written by one of our favorable national poets, William Cullen Bryant, and was a favorite selection for declamation among American juvenile orators many years ago. It has disappeared from the modern editions of "Readers," but would fitly embellish a new "American Speaker," a book which would be popular throughout our land in these days of Sons and Daughters of the Revolution.

This suggestion will be enhanced by the reproduction of the ringing lines with which this article will close:

SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good green wood,
Our tent the cypress tree;
We know the forest 'round us,
As Seamen know the sea;
We know its wall of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass;
It's safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass.

Woe to the British soldiery,
That little dread us near;
On them shall light at midnight
A strange and sudden fear;
When waking to their tents on fire,
They grasp their arms in vain,

And they who stand to face us
Are beat to earth again,
And they who fly in terror deem
A mighty host behind
And hear the tramp of thousands
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release
From dangers and from toil;
We talk the battle over
And share the battle spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout
As if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are gathered
To crown the soldiers' cup.
With merry sounds we mock the wind
That in the pine top grieves,
And slumber long and sweetly
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon,
The band that Marion leads;
The glitter of their rifles,
The scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb,
Across the moonlit plain;
'Tis life to feel the night wind
That lifts his tossing mane.
A moment in the British camp,
A moment and away;
Back to the pathless forest,
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,
Grave men with hoary hairs.
Their hearts are all with Marion,
For Marion are their prayers;
And lovely ladies greet our band
With kindest welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer,
And with tears like those of spring.

For them we wear these trusty arms
And lay them down no more,
Till we have driven the Briton
Forever from our shore.

—*Mrs. F. H. Orme, Atlanta Chapter, D. A. R.*

"LIGHT HORSE HARRY."

The Lee family was illustrious both in England and America. They clearly trace their ancestry to the Norman Conquest, Launcelot Lee being the founder of the family. The Lees were prominent in English history down to the colonization of this country. Robert E. Lee is descended from Richard Lee, a younger son of the Earl of Litchfield, who was sent to this country in 1641 during the reign of Charles I. He came as colonial secretary under Sir William Berkeley. He was loyal to the royal party during the struggle between the Cavaliers and Roundheads. Richard Lee, second son of the Richard mentioned above, was born in Virginia in 1646 and educated in England and studied law. He took an active part in colonial legislation. His son, Thomas, was the first to establish himself in Westmoreland County. He was very prominent in the early history of the state. The fine mansion of Stratford was built for him by the East India company, and several of the prominent Lees were born in that home. Henry Lee, the son of Richard Lee, filled no prominent place in colonial history. He married a Miss Bland and had three children, the second son being Henry, who married a Miss Grymes in 1753. He left six sons and five daughters, the third son being Henry, the ancestor of R. E. Lee. He went to Princeton and was preparing to study law when hostilities with England changed his plans. When quite young he raised a company of cavalry and soon after the battle of Lexington joined Washington's forces. He soon became noted as an able leader and was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and had command of "Lee's Legion," consisting

of infantry and cavalry. He was actively engaged in the service to the close of the war and was conspicuous in this state for some time. Owing to his rapid movements he was known as "Light Horse Harry." About 1781 he married his cousin, a daughter of Colonel Philip Ludwell Lee, of Stratford. Four children were born to them, all of whom died except one son. The wife died in 1790. He was elected to congress and afterwards was governor of Virginia. He next married Miss Anne Hill Carter, daughter of Charles Carter, of Shirley. He again entered political life and was elected to the general assembly. The children of his second marriage were Charles Carter, Sidney Smith, Robert E., Anne and Mildred. Robert Edward Lee was born in the Stratford mansion in which two signers of the Declaration of Independence were born. In 1811 Henry Lee moved to Alexandria to educate his children. Here he was made major-general during the war of 1812. He was the author of "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," when pronouncing a eulogy on Washington. His health failed in 1817 and he was induced to make a trip to the West Indies, but finding that he was not benefited, he returned and landed on the coast of Georgia, where he enjoyed the hospitality of a daughter of his old friend, General Nathaniel Greene, who was living in the family residence on Cumberland Island. After lingering a short time he died and was buried there, March 25, 1818.

General A. C. Long wrote the memoirs of R. E. Lee. He publishes an incident which occurred in 1862, when Lee was sent to this state to examine our lines and means of defense. General Long accompanied him. When they reached Savannah General Lee secured a vessel and went to Cumberland Island. He had the boat anchored and the two went on shore. They entered the old Greene mansion, which was in bad condition. Going through that to the rear, General Lee went alone to an old neglected cemetery. After that he returned with a flower in his hand, but never

spoke a word about the visit to his father's grave. In silence he showed his reverence; with his usual modesty he refrained from speaking about it. From that old cemetery on Cumberland Island the body of "Light Horse Harry" Lee, ninety-five years after his death, was carried back to his old Virginia home and laid in its final resting place.

OUR LEGACY.

Our brave Forefathers: give them place
In Hall of Fame—the Nation's heart;
They met the foe, aye face to face:
Each man a hero, did his part—
Invincible to fear, and wrought
For us and ours, beyond his thought.

O fair Republic: pride and boast
Of children who cannot forget—
From lake to gulf, from coast to coast
Where waves the Flag with colors set
In patriot blood, which ne'er shall fade—
That *Flag* is *ours*, its price they paid.

We, daughters of a loyal line,
Would weave their deathless deeds in song,
With memory's fairest flowers entwine
Sweet garlands which shall linger long,
Who die for God and Country share
Immortal honors other-where.

—*Hannah A. Foster in American Monthly Magazine*

THE RIDE OF MARY SLOCUMB.

In the prologue to "The Princess," Tennyson makes one of the group of collegemates assembled during the holiday season at Vivian Place find in an old chronicle the story of a brave woman whom a wild king besieged. But she armed

"Her own fair head, and sallying through the gate,
Had beat her foes with slaughter from the walls."

When this story was read to the ladies present, one of the men asked: "Where lives there such a woman now?" To which

"Quick answer'd Lilia 'There are thousands now
Such women, but convention beats them down.'"

On the first day of February, 1776, General McDonald, chief of the McDonald clan in the Cape Fear region, issued a proclamation, calling upon all true and loyal Highlanders to join his standard at Cross Creek, now Fayetteville, and prepare to assist General Clinton and Governor Martin in maintaining the king's authority in the province of North Carolina. About fifteen or sixteen hundred of them obeyed the summons. From Cross Creek they marched down the Cape Fear River until they came to Moore's creek, where they were met on February 27th by a Whig force about a thousand strong under the command of Richard Caswell. The following from a letter from Caswell to Cornelius Harnett shows the result of the meeting:

"I have the pleasure to acquaint you that we had an engagement with the Tories, at Widow Moore's creek bridge, on the 27th current. Our army was about one thousand strong, consisting of the Newbern Battalion of Minute Men, the militia from Craven, Johnston, Dobbs and Wake, and a detachment of the Wilmington Battalion of Minute Men, which we found encamped at Moore's Creek the night before the battle, under the command of Colonel Lillington. The Tories by common report were three thousand, but General MacDonald, whom we have prisoner, says there were

about fifteen or sixteen hundred; he was unwell that day and not in the battle. Captain McLeod, who seemed to be principal commander, and Captain John Campbell, are among the slain."

This was the first pitched battle of the Revolution won by the Whigs; the only victories of an earlier date being the capture of Forts Ticonderoga and Crown Point on May 10, 1775. It would be difficult to overestimate the importance of the victory. Besides the capture of about 900 prisoners and 2,000 stands of arms of which the Americans stood in great need, the crushing of the Tory spirit and the corresponding rise of the Whig spirit, meant untold strength to the cause of freedom.

But it is not the political nor the military result of this battle with which this story is to deal. With the foregoing as an introduction, it is interesting now to turn to the story of the heroine of Moore's creek, Mary Slocumb.

Mary Slocumb was the young wife of Ezekiel Slocumb, of Wayne County. He afterwards became a prominent member of the house of commons, serving in the session of 1812 to 1818. She was but yet a girl when her husband rode away from home to join Caswell in crushing McDonald and the enemies of liberty. The men of that section, more than eighty strong, rode away one calm Sunday morning, under the lead of Slocumb. Before the long ride was begun, his young wife went out with the colonel to inspect the men. She says that she looked at them well, and could see that every man meant mischief. No doubt it was a sturdy, stern and determined band that rode away that day to battle for their rights. These men rode away in high spirits, some to a glorious death, some to a glorious victory; none to defeat or dishonor.

It is easy to imagine what a long, lonely day the young wife had at home that quiet Sabbath day; it is easy to imagine where her thoughts were; it is easy to imagine how she concealed the anxiety of her heart under the assumed cheerfulness of her face. "I slept soundly and quietly that night," she says, "and worked hard all the next day; but

I kept thinking where they had got to, how far, where and how many of the regulars and Tories they would meet; and I could not keep from that study."

Going to bed in this anxious state of mind, her sleep was disturbed by a terrible dream. She seemed to see lying on the ground, surrounded by the dead and wounded, a body, motionless, bloody, ghostly, wrapped in her husband's cloak. With a cry of alarm she sprang to her feet into the middle of the room. So vivid was the impression that it remained with her even after she awakened from sleep and in rushing forward to the place where the vision appeared, she ran into the side of the house. The light was dim; all around was quiet and peaceful, but her heart kept up a great commotion. "If ever I felt fear," she says, "it was at that moment." The more she reflected on the vision the more vivid and more fearful it became, until at last she could bear the suspense no longer and starting up she said aloud:

"I must go to him."

In the stable was her favorite and own particular horse, "as fleet and easy a nag is ever traveled." In an instant, leaving her baby and the house in the care of the nurse, she rushed out to the barn, saddled her mare, and in less time than it takes to tell it, was flying down the road at full speed.

The night air was cool; the spirit of the race was in the nag; and mile after mile was quickly left behind, as the sound of her rapidly falling hoofs fell clear and distinct in the quiet night air. All alone, urged onward by love and fear, this brave little woman swept on through the dark night, dashing over bridges, whirling through dark woods, flashing past farm houses, until when the sun began to appear in the east thirty miles lay between her and her quiet home. Shortly after sunrise she passed a group of women and children anxiously awaiting news from the troops. From these she learned the exact route taken by Caswell and with only a few minutes' stop she was again

skimming over the ground. There was no flagging in her spirits, nor those of the mare. On the contrary, the excitement became more and more intense the nearer they got to the end of their journey. It seemed as if the woman had infused her spirits into the horse.

The sun was well up when a new excitement was added to the race—she heard a sound like thunder rolling and rumbling in the distance. She pulled her mare up suddenly. What was it? Though she had never heard the sound before, she knew it must be the roar of the cannon; and as she thought of what it meant, the blood coursed more rapidly than ever through her veins; she was more than ever impatient to be on the scene, and away she dashed again. But then a thought rushed into her mind that for a moment made her feel very foolish to be here so far away from home and child, on what might after all be but a fool's errand.

“What a fool I am,” she thought. “My husband could not be dead last night, if the battle is only fighting now.”

But she had come too far now to turn back and so she pressed on faster than before. As she drew nearer, she could hear the roar of the deadly muskets, the fatal rifles, and the triumphant shouts of the victors. But from which side did they come? Did those shouts mean the defeat of her husband; or did they mean his triumph? This was the most trying moment of all—this terrible suspense. If it was his victory, then he would rejoice to have her share his glory; if his defeat, then he would need her to soothe his sufferings; so on she pressed to share with him weal or woe. Crossing the Wilmington road a few hundred yards below the bridge, she saw a clump of trees under which were lying perhaps twenty wounded men. What was this she saw? Her blood froze in her veins; her heart leapt to her mouth, for there was the vision realized. The scene before her—she knew it as well as if she had seen it a thousand times; the spot, the trees, the position of the men, the groans of the wounded, and her sight fell upon a body

lying in the midst of the group, her brain became dizzy, and the world seemed whirling around her at the rate of ten thousand miles a second—there lay a body, motionless, bloody, ghostly, wrapped in her husband's cloak. Her whole soul became centered in that one spot. "How I passed from my saddle to this place I never knew," she said afterwards; but in some way she succeeded in reaching the body, and mechanically uncovered the head. She saw before her an unrecognizable face crusted with dust and blood from a gash across the temple. What a relief to her aching heart was the strange voice which begged her for a drink of water! Her senses came back to her at once so she was able to minister to the sufferer's wants. She gave him a swallow as she held the drooping head in her lap; and with what remained of the water, bathed the dirt and gore from the face. From the ghastly crust came the pale face of one of her neighbors, Frank Cogdell. Under the gentle care of his nurse, he revived enough to speak, and when she attempted to dress the wound on the head, he managed to gasp out:

"It's not that; it's the hole in my leg that's killing me."

Lifting the wounded leg from the puddle of blood in which it lay she gently cut away the trousers and stockings and found a shot hole through the fleshy part of the limb. What nerve it must have taken for this young girl, unused to such work, alone, without help or advice, to go through with the painful ordeal. But she was of the stuff of which North Carolina moulds her heroes, and she did not flinch from her duty. Gathering a handful of heart leaves, the only thing in sight suitable for binding the wound, she tied these tight to the hole and the bleeding stopped. No sooner had she completed this pressing duty, than she turned to others of the unfortunate men who lay in pain and need and, as she says, "dressed the wounds of many a brave fellow who did good fighting long after that day." During all this time, the first anxiety for her husband relieved, she had not had time to make inquiries after

him, but with true heroism devoted herself to the more pressing duties of the moment. While she was busily engaged in bringing home to these poor fellows the blessings of a woman's care, General Caswell rode up. With great surprise at seeing Mrs. Slocumb, he raised his hat and was about to address her with a compliment, when she interrupted him with the question:

"Where is my husband?"

"Where he ought to be, madam; in pursuit of the enemy. But pray, how came you here?"

"Oh," she replied, carelessly, "I thought you would need nurses as well as soldiers. See! I have dressed many of these good fellows." Then pointing to Frank Cogdell, she continued, "Here is one who would have died before any of you men could have helped him." As she spoke she lifted Frank's head in her arms and gave him a drink of water. When she raised her head, there before her stood her astonished husband, "as bloody as a butcher and as muddy as a ditcher."

"Why, Mary," he exclaimed, "what are you doing there, hugging Frank Cogdell, the greatest reprobate in the army?"

"I don't care," she cried. "Frank is a brave fellow, a good soldier and a true friend of congress."

"True, true, every word of it," exclaimed Caswell, who stood by much amused at the scene. "You are right, madam," with a bow that would have shamed Chesterfield himself.

Mrs. Slocumb says she could not tell her husband what had brought her there. "I was so happy," she says, "and so were all. It was a glorious victory; I came just at the height of the enjoyment. I knew my husband was surprised, but I could see that he was not displeased with me."

It was of course long into the night before the excitement subsided. The news spread like wild fire, and the Whigs all over the country heard it with rejoicing and thanksgiving; and everywhere the news of the victory was

heard, went also the story of the heroine, her brave ride, her heaven-sent aid, her soothing care of the wounded and suffering. Many a soldier breathed a prayer of thanks for the vision which came to her and for her courageous response. But the prettiest side of the story is the simple and unaffected way in which she looked upon her act. Nothing of force or beauty can be added to her own simple and touching words about her return home. After staying in camp long enough to offer intercession in behalf of the unfortunate prisoners and to receive assurance from Caswell that they would be well treated, she prepared to start home. "In the middle of the night," she says simply, without thinking apparently of her course, "I again mounted my mare, and started home. Caswell and my husband wanted me to stay till next morning and they would send a party with me, but no! I wanted to see my child, and told them they could send no party that could keep up with me. What a happy ride I had back! and with what joy did I embrace my child as he ran to meet me!"

This is a story full of meaning and significance to him who loves his state; who admires her noble women, and brave men; who glories in her heroic deeds and great achievements. As long as the old North State can produce such women as Mary Slocumb, she need entertain no fears as to what her men will be.—R. D. W. CONNOR, Wilmington, N. C., in *American Monthly Magazine*.

THE HOBSON SISTERS.

"Come in girls, I'll find her. She just knows everything about everybody's grand parents. Oh, Grandmother!" called Agnes, as she ushered the bevy of girls about her own age into the cherry sitting room, one October afternoon, and ran to tell her grandmother of her visitors.

It did not require a second call for Mrs. Martin to respond, and in her quaint way she cordially greeted her youthful quests, well known to her and her grand-daughter's friends, "Elizabeth," "Mary" and "Lucy Kent."

When the customary salutations and courteous inquiries had been exchanged, Lucy Kent, anxious to make known the object of their visit, explained:

"Agnes said you knew everything about everybody's ancestors, and our teacher told us today that we must bring in tomorrow our lines of descent, as far back as we could trace; also tell any family tradition or any incident in the lives of our ancestors in connection with the war of the Revolution, especially, she said, anything the women did."

"I don't see how the women could have done anything, when it was all fighting," added Mary, as if in apology.

And I said, "Grandmother, you could tell us, because I had heard you go over it all, way back to Adam," said Agnes reassuringly.

"Not quite so far back, my dear, yet I can give each of you some interesting accounts of your ancestors, but the story would have to be a long one and you might weary of it," said Mrs. Martin hesitatingly.

"Oh do, Grandmother," pleaded Agnes.

"But Wednesday is my day for darning the stockings, and"—

"Oh, we'll darn the stockings, so do begin," exclaimed several voices in chorus, and a rush was made for the sewing basket, and then the little girls sat demurely, wait-

ing to hear the promised story, industriously plying the needle, and filling the holes with the thread.

"This portrait that you see here on the wall," began Mrs. Martin, pointing to the one in front of them, "is the grandmother of my grandmother. She is one of the Hobson sisters and you, Anges, are seventh in direct line of descent from her through the Bacons and Carrs and Wares. It is a singular coincidence that you and your little friends here, all come from this same family of Hobson. 'Birds of a feather flocking together,' " chuckled the old lady, evidently pleased to see the friendship existing between the children in this generation, who were representatives of one of the best Georgia families and of the staunchest and truest supporters of the cause of American Independence.

"These Hobsons," continued she, "were daughters and sons of Nicholas Hobson, of Lunenburg County, Virginia, son of Matthew Hobson, of Henrico. As you already know, Georgia was largely settled by colonists from Virginia. It is not surprising to find the younger members of the Hobson family removing later to Georgia, for young folks are always looking for the best place to locate, and this is what the husbands and wives in the Hobson family did, moved to Georgia and located at Augusta."

"But you were telling about the portrait," interposed Mary. "Is she Agnes Hobson?"

"Yes, Agnes Hobson, born July 4th, 1740, and wife of William Bacon, born January 29, 1732, who was a Revolutionary soldier, and a member of the Provincial Congress 1775, as was also his brother John Bacon. Agnes had sisters Elizabeth, Sarah, Obedience, Mary and Margaret, and brothers Matthew, William, Nicholas and John Hobson. Ten children in the Hobson family, in the home in Lunenburg County, Virginia. My! what fine men and women, with the love of country, and the sacredness of the cause of freedom instilled in their hearts from infancy."

"Well, what did Agnes Hobson do?" questioned Mary.

“I was just about to tell you Mary, men and women are great and are heroic when they can rise to meet the occasion which necessity presents. So at this particular crisis in the affairs during the war of the Revolution, it became necessary to convey a message from Colonel Clark, in Georgia, to General Nathaniel Greene, who was then in South Carolina. In 1781, the British being in possession of Augusta, General Greene determined to march into South Carolina, and Colonel Clark and McCall proceeded to co-operate by annoying the British posts in Georgia. General Clark determined in May to attack. This information must be conveyed to General Greene at once. As the enemy’s line would have to be crossed, it would not be possible to send the despatch by a man with the hope that he would ever reach General Greene alive. He would not only be held as a prisoner, but searched and probably hung. In those days petticoats were flags of truce. So, here was a woman’s opportunity. But what woman would? In those days the country’s affairs were freely and intelligently discussed by men and women, and there were no braver women than the Hobsons. Nothing daunted, Agnes volunteered to convey the despatch. Her brother-in-law, Nathaniel Bacon, had gone to South Carolina to assist Colonel Pickens who was maneuvering between Augusta and Ninety Six. Nathaniel was a Captain in Pickens’ Brigade. She would reach him and through him convey this message to General Greene’s headquarters. With the papers safely folded in her bosom she plunged into the swollen current of the Savannah River, and borne by her trusty horse, reached the Carolina shore in safety. Reaching her destination and fulfilling her mission, she recrossed the enemy’s line, performing the act of a courier, swimming on horse back the Savannah River, and riding many, many miles unattended, because a woman’s service was needed at this crisis in the war for American Independence.”

"Did you say one of these Hobson sisters was my ancestor, and did she do anything heroic?" asked Mary inspired by this recital.

"Oh, yes" answered Mrs. Martin, "This was Elizabeth, the wife of Capt. Sherwood Bugg. There is a love story there."

"A love story" inquired Lucy Kent, "How interesting it grows! Please tell us this one."

Grandmother, pleased at her interested audience, continued her story of the Hobson sisters.

"Elizabeth Hobson, wife of Capt. Sherwood Bugg, (Legionary Corps, Jackson Legion) came with her husband and her brothers John and Matthew Hobson to Richmond County, Georgia, 1765-67. John died soon after his arrival in Georgia. Matthew married Miss Burke. He also lived in Augusta, was a Revolutionary soldier and an ardent patriot. It was at his house that the Executive Council met after the capture of Savannah by the British. It is said that General Washington was the guest of Matthew Hobson during his stay in Augusta, while on his triumphant tour through Georgia and the South."

"Elizabeth Hobson was no less a heroine than was her sister Agnes, nor less a patriot than were her brothers Matthew, William and Nicholas. Her house on her plantation, near Augusta, Beech Island, she converted into a refuge and hospital for the patriots and Continental Soldiers, where they were cared for and nursed back to health. Among these patriots were Colonels Clark and McCall, and Major Carter, who in spite of the care bestowed upon him died there from his wounds. Another, Colonel John Jones, of Burke County, received the tenderest treatment at the home of Mrs. Bugg. Colonel Jones had received eight sabre cuts on the head and was desperately wounded at Earle Fort, on the Pacolet River, during the night attack by the British and Tories. During his illness at Beech Island, his brother Abraham Jones and sister Sallie Jones came to visit him. The acquaintance thus brought about

between the Jones and Bugg families, culminated later in the marriage of two couples. Sarah Ann Jones married young Shirwood Bugg, and following their example Abram Jones married Sally Bugg. From these descended the Phinizys and Hamiltons and Jones and Lamars, from whom you, Elizabeth and Mary and Lucy Kent are descended."

"You said, grandmother, that 'Ned Brace' of 'The Georgia Scenes,' came from the Hobson sisters," reminded Agnes, anxious that nothing be left untold.

"So he did; 'Ned Brace,' who was Edmund Bacon, was a grandson of Obedience Hobson, who married John Bacon. I spoke of him in the beginning as the brother of William Bacon, who married Agnes Hobson, and there is a sweet story tradition which tells of Obedience. On one occasion she was approached by a British officer, who had reason to believe that Obedience knew the whereabouts of her husband, John Bacon. 'Do you know where he is?' sternly demanded the officer as he leveled his gun at her head. 'Yes,' replied Obedience, not daring to tell a lie."

"'Where?' thundered the officer. Gaining strength at each stage of their interview, Obedience lifted her head and replied defiantly:

"I have hid him—in my heart and you will have to kill me to find him."

"Then, there was another sister, Sarah, who married William Fox. The old people used to speak of them as 'Sister Bacon' and 'Sister Bugg' and 'Sister Fox.' Margaret married a Telfair and Mary Married William Bilbo. Nicholas Hobson married Miss de Graffenried and William,—well, my memory fails me now,—but I suppose I have given you tradition and incident sufficient for to-morrow's lesson, so far as you are personally interested."

"Oh, yes, and thank you so much" exclaimed each of the circle of friends, and with affectionate goodbyes their pleasant interview ended.—SALLIE MARSHALL MARTIN HARRISON, Oglethorpe Chapter, Columbus, Ga.

WASHINGTON'S MARCH THROUGH SOMERSET COUNTY, NEW JERSEY.

ADELINE W. VOORHEES STILLWELL.

The battle of Trenton thoroughly aroused General Howe, who at once collected 7,000 men at Princeton. Washington had but 5,000 men. On January 3 the battle of Princeton took place and the Americans were again victorious, but the men were so completely exhausted that Washington was forced reluctantly to abandon his project of capturing the stores at New Brunswick and to seek the hill country, where his men might obtain the rest and refreshment they so much needed.

Reforming his columns, the General passed along the King's Highway to Van-Tillburgh's Inn, at Kingston, which was standing not many years ago. Here, turning to the left on the narrow Rocky Hill road, he marched his way-worn men down the valley of the Millstone.

Arrayed in the Continental blue and buff as he sat on his horse with all that martial dignity peculiar to himself, Washington came as a conqueror, welcomed by the enthusiastic populace.

Much of interest appertaining to this march to Morristown is to be learned from the manuscript diary of Captain Thomas Rodney of the Dover Light Infantry, which is preserved by his descendants.

When the van of the American army reached the bridge which spanned the Millstone in front of the residence of Christopher Hoagland, near Griggstown, the British cavalry appeared in considerable force on the opposite bank. The condition of Washington's men was such that he desired neither to pursue nor be pursued, so he ordered the bridge broken up. This being done the enemy was forced to retire, which would lead one to suppose that the depth of the river was much greater then than now. Commissaries were sent forward to notify the inhabitants of

the approach of the troops and to direct that food be prepared for their refreshment. The home of Abraham Van Doren, like many others, was the scene of great excitement and special activity that day. I quote from a paper read before the Somerset County Historical Society several years ago by his great-grandson, Rev. Wm. H. Van Doren: "Abraham Van Doren was a most prosperous and prominent member of the community. He owned the grist mill which did a large business between Trenton and New Brunswick. Besides the mill he owned the store (ruins of which are still standing), a feed mill, a saw mill, a carding mill and power loom, a cider mill and distillery, a cooperage, a work and wagon shop, two blacksmith shops and a lath mill, besides six or seven hundred acres of land. The mills and store houses were filled with flour, grain, whiskey and lumber, awaiting a favorable opportunity of shipment to New York. The general 'killing,' as it was called, had just been finished. The beeves and hogs and other animals designed for the next year's use had just been laid down, so that, what had never before occurred in the history of the settlement, there was now a whole year's labor stored up, a Providential supply for a great necessity which no human wisdom could have foreseen. Before noon the whole hamlet of Millville, as Griggstown was then called, was ablaze with excitement and activity. Soon the old Dutch ovens were roaring hot and bread and pone, shortcake, mince and other pies, beef, ham and pork, sausage and poultry, were cooking and roasting to feed the General and his staff. Not the officers alone, but the whole rank and file of the army was coming and right royally they feasted." There are many interesting traditions which are cherished in the Van Doren family relating to this visit of Washington and his army.

As soon as the troops had been fed and had an hour or two of rest, Washington found that Cornwallis, enraged that he had been so tricked as to allow his foe to escape while he slept, and fearing for his military stores at New

Brunswick, had put his whole army in motion. So hurriedly calling his men to "fall in," Washington hastened with them to Somerset Court House, now Millstone. It was about dusk and here they encamped for the night. Washington and some of his staff quartered at the residence of John Van Doren, which is this house. Here also still stands the old barn where the General's horse was stabled. Until recently the house was occupied by a great-grandson of the man who was the proud host for one night of the Father of our Country. This family, too, have many interesting traditions of this memorable visit. We note that two men by the name of Van Doren, within twenty-four hours, were honored by being permitted to entertain the commander-in-chief of the Continental army.

The main body of the army encamped for the night near the present Dutch Church parsonage, in close proximity to the Court House, which was afterward burned. Early the following morning the column was again pushing northward, crossing the Raritan at Van Veghten's bridge, now Finderne. Not far from this bridge stood the old First Dutch Church of the Raritan on the ground donated by Michael Van Veghten, whose tombstone is still standing in the little "God's Acre," which surrounded the edifice. This building, like the Court House, was burned with all the priceless records by General Simcoe's men.

Rodney states that Washington was again tempted to march to New Brunswick, still having in mind the rich stores there which would be of such inestimable value to him. However, again out of consideration for his troops, he abandoned the project. After crossing at Finderne they marched up the river to the old road turning west, just north of Bernard Meyers' house to Tunison's Tavern, now the "Somerset" in Somerville, field to the right, passed up Grove Street and continued over the hills to Pluckemin. The sick and wounded were cared for in the village while the Lutheran Church was used as a temporary prison for the captured men.

It was at this time that Leslie, the young British officer who had been wounded and so tenderly cared for by Dr. Rush of Philadelphia, having died, was laid to rest with full military honors. Many of us have seen the stone in the church yard at Pluckemin which marks his resting place.

Sunday, January 5, 1777, was a great day for Pluckemin. News of Washington's presence, and that of his army, quickly spread throughout the surrounding country, and we can well imagine the eagerness with which the people flocked in to get the latest news of the war and perchance of their loved ones. The Mathew Lane house is said to be the house where the General was quartered.

Early on the morning of January 6 Pluckemin lost, suddenly as it had gained, the distinction of being the headquarters of the army.

Rested and refreshed, it was probably the most peaceful and satisfactory march experienced since leaving Hackensack three months before with Cornwallis at their heels.

Secure now from pursuit the little army in good heart travelled slowly along the narrow road called the Great Road from Inman's Ferry, New Brunswick, passing Bedminster Church to Bedminster. Some authorities say they then crossed the north branch of the Raritan at Van der Veer's Mills, but Mr. Joshua Doughty, of Somerville, who seldom makes an assertion which he cannot prove by the records, tells me that they did not cross the river at that point, but fled to the right, going through "Muggy Hollow," the road which Lord Sterling used in going from his place to the sea shore at Amboy; then passing through Liberty Corner and Basking Ridge, with frequent halts, they climbed the Bernards hills to Vealtown, Bernardsville, and on to New Vernon, and just as the sun was sinking in the west reached Morristown. After a weary pilgrimage they were for the time being safe in winter quarters.—*American Monthly Magazine.*

HANNA ARNETT.

BY MRS. MARY LOCKWOOD.

The days were dark and hopeless, the hearts of our forefathers were heavy and cast down. Deep, dark despondency had settled upon them. Defeat after defeat had followed our army until it was demoralized, and despair had taken possession of them. Lord Cornwallis, after his victory at Fort Lee, had marched his army to Elizabethtown, New Jersey, and there encamped. This was in that memorable December, 1776. The Howe brothers had already issued their celebrated proclamation, that offered protection to all that would seek refuge under the British flag within sixty days and declare themselves British subjects, and take an oath binding themselves to not take up arms against the mother country or induce others to do so.

In one of the many spacious homes of the town, there had assembled a goodly number of the foremost men of the time to discuss the feasibility of accepting the proffered proclamation. We are much inclined to the belief that enthusiasm, bravery, indomitable courage and patriotism were attributes that took possession of our forefathers and held on to them until they became canonized beatitudes, upon which the sires alone had a corner, but we find on close scrutiny that there were times when manly hearts wavered, and to courage was added a prefix, and this was one of them.

For hours the council went on, the arguments were sincere, grave but faltering. Some thought that the time had fully come to accept the clemency offered—others shook their heads. but the talk went on until every soul in the room had become of one mind, courage, bravery, patriotism, hope, honor, all were swept away by the flood-tide of disaster.

There was one listener from whom the council had not heard. In an adjoining room sat Hannah Arnett, the

wife of the host. She had listened to the debate, and when the final vote was reached she could no longer constrain herself. She sprang to her feet and, throwing open the parlor door, in her majesty confronted that group of counsels.

Picture a large room with a low ceiling, furnished with the heavily-carved furniture of those days, dimly lighted by wax candles, and a fire in the huge fire-place. Around a table sat a group of anxious disheartened-looking men. Before them stood the fair dame in the antique costume of the day. Imagination will picture her stately bearing as she entered into their august presence. The indignant scorn upon her lips, the flash of her blue eyes, her commanding figure and dignified presence brought every man to his feet.

Consternation and amazement for the moment ruled supreme. The husband advanced toward her, shocked and chagrined that his wife had so forgotten herself; that she should come into the midst of a meeting where politics and the questions of the hour were being discussed. He would shield her now. The reproof he would give later on, and so he was quickly at her side, and whispering, said to her:

"Hannah! Hannah! this is no place for you. We do not want you here just now."

He would have led her from the room.

She was a mild, amiable woman, and was never known to do aught against her husband's wishes, but if she saw him now she made no sign, but turned upon the astonished group:

"Have you made your decision, gentlemen?" she asked. "I stand before you to know; have you chosen the part of men or traitors?"

It was a direct question, but the answer was full of sophistry, explanation, and excuse.

"The case was hopeless, the army was starving, half clothed and undisciplined, repulses everywhere. We are

ruined and can stand out no longer against England and her unlimited resources."

Mrs. Arnett, in dignified silence, listened until they had finished, and then she asked: "But what if we should live after all?"

"Hannah! Hannah!" said her husband in distress. "Do you not see that these are no questions for you? We are doing what is best for you—for all. Women have no share in these topics. Go to your spinning-wheel and leave us to settle affairs. My good little wife, you are making yourself ridiculous. Do not expose yourself in this way before our friends."

Every word he uttered was to her as naught. Not a word had she heard; not a quiver of the lip or tremor of an eyelash. But in the same strangely sweet voice she asked: "Can you tell me if, after all, God does not let the right perish, if America should win in the conflict, after you had thrown yourself on British clemency, where will you be then?"

"Then," said one, "we should have to leave the country. But that is too absurd to think of in the condition our country and our army are."

"Brother," said Mrs. Arnett, "you have forgotten one thing which England has not, and which we have—one thing which outweighs all England's treasures, and that is the right. God is on our side, and every volley of our muskets is an echo of His voice. We are poor, and weak, and few, but God is fighting for us; we entered into this struggle with pure hearts and prayerful lips; we had counted the cost and were willing to pay the price, were it in our own heart's blood. And now because for a time the day is going against us, you would give up all, and sneak back like cravens to kiss the feet that have trampled upon us. And you call yourselves men—the sons of those who gave up home and fortune and fatherland to make for themselves and for dear liberty a resting place in the wilderness? Oh, shame upon you cowards!"

"Gentlemen," said Arnett, with an anxious look on his face. "I beg you to excuse this most unseemly interruption to our council. My wife is beside herself, I think. You all know her, and know it is not her wont to meddle in politics, or to bawl and bluster. Tomorrow she will see her folly, but now I pray your patience."

Her words had already begun to leaven the little manhood remaining in their bosoms, but not a word was spoken. She had turned the light of her soul upon them, and in the reflection they saw photographed their own littleness of purpose or want of manly resolve.

She still talked on: "Take your protection if you will; proclaim yourselves traitors and cowards, false to your God! but horrible will be the judgment you will bring upon your heads and the heads of those that love you. I tell you that England will never conquer. I know it, and feel it in every fibre of my heart. Has God led us so far to desert now? Will He who led our fathers across the stormy, wintry sea forsake their children, who have put their trust in Him? For me, I stay with my country, and my hand shall never touch the hand nor my heart cleave to the heart of him who shames her."

While these words were falling from her lips she stood before them like a tower of strength, and, turning toward her husband, she gave him a withering look that sent a shock through every fibre of his body. Continuing, she said: "Isaac, we have lived together for twenty years, and through all of them I have been to you a true and loving wife; but I am the child of God and my country, and if you do this shameful thing I will never own you again as my husband."

"My dear wife!" answered Isaac, excitedly, "you do not know what you are saying. Leave me for such a thing as this!"

"For such a thing as this?"

"What greater cause could there be?" answered the injured wife. "I married a good man and true, a faithful

friend, and it needs no divorce to sever me from a traitor and a coward. If you take your protection you lose your wife, and I—I lose my husband and my home.”

The scornful words, uttered in such earnestness; the pathetic tones in which these last words were spoken; the tears that dimmed her sad blue eyes, appealed to the heart of every man before her. They were not cowards all through, but the panic sweeping over the land had caught them also.

The leaven of courage, manliness and resolution had begun its work. Before these men left the home of Hannah Arnett that night every man had resolved to spurn the offered amnesty, and had taken a solemn oath to stand by their country through good days and bad, until freedom was written over the face of this fair land.

There are names of men who fought for their country and won distinction afterward, who were in this secret council, but the name of Hannah Arnett figures on no roll of honor.

Where will the “Sons and Daughters of the Revolution” place Hannah Arnett?—*American Monthly Magazine*.

BUTTON GWINNETT.

Georgia was the youngest of the thirteen original colonies. At the Provincial Congress which convened in Savannah, January 20, 1776, there were elected five delegates to the Continental Congress, namely: Dr. Lyman Hall, Button Gwinnett, George Walton, Archibald Bulloch, and John Houston. Of these Button Gwinnett, Dr. Lyman Hall, and George Walton were present at the session of the National Assembly, which convened in Philadelphia on May 20th, and pledged Georgia with the United Colonies on July 4, 1776, by affixing their signatures to the Declaration of Independence.

Button Gwinnett, the subject of this sketch, was said to have been born in England about 1732. He was a merchant in Bristol, England, from which place he emigrated to America in 1770, located in Charleston, S. C., and in 1772 moved to Savannah, Georgia, at which time he bought a large part of St. Catharine's Island, and engaged in farming. He died tragically on May 27, 1777, as a result of a pistol shot wound in a duel with General Lachlan McIntosh, near Savannah on the morning of May 16, 1777.

The records give only limited information, and from careful investigation, at times it appears that the statements do not bear out the correct facts with regard to the biography of Button Gwinnett. In Harper's "Cyclopaedia of United States History," Page 190, Vol. 4, the statement is made that Gwinnett was "cautious and doubtful, and took no part in political affairs until after the Revolutionary War was begun." Also that McIntosh challenged Gwinnett for a duel. Subsequent acts would not indicate that the first statement conforms to his real temperament, and it appears from the best obtainable data that Gwinnett issued the challenge to McIntosh. It is true that having been a resident of America only a few years, he was in some doubt at first as to whether he would support the

colonies, or throw his influence against them, but he was a man of strong convictions, ambitious, and possessed of great force of character, and his brief political career was meteoric. Unfortunately his strong prejudices and desire for political preferment led to the tragedy of his premature death.

He located in Georgia in 1772, was elected a delegate to the Provincial Congress, which convened in Savannah, January 20, 1776, and by this congress was made a delegate to the Continental Congress, which convened in Philadelphia, May 20, 1776. July 4, 1776, he signed the Declaration of Independence. He became a member of the Council of Safety, and was an important factor in framing the first Constitution of Georgia.

Archibald Bulloch, who was the first President and Commander-in-Chief of Georgia, died suddenly in Feb. 1777. Button Gwinnett, on March 4th, was elected to fill this vacancy until a Governor could be duly elected. Col. Lachlan McIntosh had been promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and was placed in charge of the Militia of Georgia. Button Gwinnett was envious of this promotion of General McIntosh, and through jealousy and revenge he so interfered with the military affairs as to seriously jeopardize discipline, and create insubordination towards General McIntosh as Commander-in-Chief. Personally ambitious, Gwinnett planned an expedition against Florida, and further humiliated and insulted General McIntosh by ignoring him as Ranking Military Officer of Georgia, and took command of the expedition himself. It is a matter of historical record that the expedition was a complete failure.

John Adams Treutland was elected Governor over Gwinnett. McIntosh had become a warm supporter of Treutland, and openly denounced Button Gwinnett as a scoundrel. As a result, Gwinnett challenged McIntosh for a duel, which was promptly accepted, and fought with pistols at a distance of eight feet, near Savannah, May 16,

1777. At the first shot both were wounded, Gwinnett's leg being broken and he fell. It is said he asked his seconds to raise him that he might shoot again, but his request was denied, and he was taken from the field. The weather was very warm, and septic fever soon developed, which proved fatal on the 27th of May following.

Thus ended the meteoric life of Button Gwinnett, who, within the short space of less than two years, sprang from obscurity into prominence, and whose life was brought to a sudden and tragic end at the hands of another, and whose grave today is in some obscure and unknown spot.

"FORCED BY PIRATES TO WALK THE PLANK."

Theodosia Burr, wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, was considered a beautiful and unusually brave woman of Revolutionary days. It is of her that this legend is told.

After her father's defeat as candidate for Governor of New York, in 1804, she left Charleston by water route to offer her sympathy and love during his trying ordeal. The ship of which she was a passenger was captured by pirates with murderous intent. Theodosia Burr was forced to walk a plank backward into the watery deep, her eyes were tightly blind-folded with a handkerchief and in this gruesome manner she met her death.

Later on in years an old pirate confessed upon his death bed that this beautiful daughter of Aaron Burr, whom he had helped put to death, walked the plank with the greatest composure; never once did she give vent to her feelings. This was the news conveyed to her parents after years of fruitless search for their beloved daughter, Theodosia Burr.—EDNA ARNOLD COPELAND, Stephen Heard Chapter, Elberton, Ga.

GEORGIA WOMEN OF EARLY DAYS.

When the full meed of recognition to which she is entitled, is given by the historian to the part which woman played in the founding and evolution of the colony of Georgia into one of the sovereign states of the American union—when her part in the bloody tale of the achievement of American Independence is fully told and final justice done on history's page to the hardships which she suffered in freedom's name, to her marvellous courage, to her fortitude, to her patience, to her self-denial and heroic sacrifice, then will the poet find new themes for epic song, the artist fresh riches for his easel, the romancer a new field for his historical fiction and every patriotic American a deeper veneration for the flag whose primal baptism was of blood so precious and heroic.

As a curtain-raiser to the story of the heroines of the Revolution, two notable women of colonial days appear and claim the tribute of more than a passing mention by reason of the picturesque place which they occupy in the early history of the province, and because of the unique and momentous service which they rendered to the colony of Georgia.

When General Oglethorpe, dreaming of an empire of the west, attempted to secure a treaty with the aborigines and permission to plant his colony on the virgin soil of Georgia, it was a woman's hand that unlocked the door and bade him enter. It was a woman's diplomatic tact and ascendant influence with the Indian tribes that accomplished the cession of Georgia. Mary Musgrove, an Indian, the wife of a Carolina planter, negotiated with Tomichichi, the Yamacraw Chief, for the sale of the territory whose boundaries ran from the Savannah to the Altamaha and westward to the mythical "South Seas,"—a body of lands so vast that the Georgia of to-day is but a minor part of the territory originally ceded.

Thus we find that the first real estate agent that ever closed a "deal"—the biggest that ever was or ever will be in Georgia—was a woman, and the first Georgia manufacturer was a woman as well—Mary Camuse, the wife of Lewis Camuse.

From the business tact, enterprise and industry of Mary Camuse resulted the first recorded exportation to England of the first manufactured article which left our shores, forty-five pounds, two ounces avoirdupois weight of silk, cultivated and woven by her hand.

A glance at the minutes of the trustees of the colony reveals this quaint and interesting entry:

"August 7th, 1742. Resolved, That it is recommended to the common council, to give Mrs. Camuse a gratuity for every person who shall be certified to be properly instructed by her in the art of winding silk."

The art of wearing silk, with grace and elegance, could, I feel assured, be taught to any one who might seek to profit thereby, by the stately matrons whose names adorn the roster of the Atlanta Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, but the art of winding silk, such as the trustees encouraged by their bounty, is, I very much fear, at this time in Georgia what we might call one of the "lost arts."

Passing from Mrs. Musgrove and Mrs. Camuse to the Georgia women of the Revolution, I beg leave to state that I have sought in this paper to give only such names and incidents as are authenticated by historical reference or by well established tradition. I am by no means assured that the list is full,—indeed, I am strongly inclined to the opinion that it is largely incomplete, notwithstanding the somewhat exhaustive research which has been made in ancient archives and time-worn histories.

It is generally accepted that the most conspicuous figure among the Georgia women of the Revolution is the famous Amazon of Elbert County, the redoubtable Nancy Hart. She was undoubtedly the foremost fighter from the

ranks of the colonial dames North or South, and her brave and thrilling exploits were indubitably of a rank and character to entitle her to an exalted place in the American temple of fame.

The portrait of Nancy Hart while in repose, is that of a formidable warrior—when in action, she must have been a female Apollyon, dire and terrible, a veritable incarnation of slaughter and threatenings. Six feet in height, cross-eyed, ungainly in figure, redheaded, big hands, big feet, broad mouth, massive jaw, sharp of tongue and rude in speech, she was a picture before which a Redcoat, a Tory, or a bachelor, well might quail. “She was a honey of a patriot but the devil of a wife,” is the reading of the record—the tribute of a neighbor who lived in the bloody times which made her known to fame.

It is related that in later years, a resolution was introduced in the legislature of Georgia providing for an equestrian statue of General Jackson—representing his horse in the act of plunging forward, the warrior pointing his sword with martial eagerness towards the foe—to be placed in the capitol of Georgia. A patriotic member of the body arose in the assembly and protested that he would not vote for the resolution unless the legislature should likewise authorize a painting of Nancy Hart fording the Broad River with a tory prisoner, bare-headed and bare armed, her dress tucked up, her jaws set, her big hands suggestively pointing the musket at her cringing captive.

It does seem a matter for regret that some such recognition is not given by the State to the daring and valor of this Georgia heroine. The history of no other nation can boast of a braver or more invincible woman, and it should be a matter of state pride among Georgians to honor her memory and commemorate with painter’s brush, or sculptor’s chisel, her splendid and heroic achievements in the cause of American Independence.

The fame which Nancy Hart achieved as a fighting patriot is perhaps equaled by Jane Latouche Cuyler as the

political heroine in Georgia, of the Revolution. This picturesque and remarkable woman was the widow of Telemon Cuyler, a wealthy mariner. She lived at the corner of Bull and Broughton streets in Savannah. Mrs. Cuyler was of French descent and inherited the fiery and mercurial temperament of her Gallic ancestors. She is accorded the distinction of being the first patriot at Savannah to don a liberty cap, which she persistently wore, to the grim displeasure, and despite the intimidating attitude, of the crown governor, Sir James Wright. Political meetings were held by the patriots at Mrs. Cuyler's house and it is said, that at one of these assemblies, a resolution was passed which afterwards formed the basis of the action of the Provisional Congress in declaring Georgia's adherence to the revolting colonies and her purpose to join with them in armed resistance to the authority of the English crown.

At the fall of Savannah, she was taken to Charleston under an escort of Continental troops and after Charleston had surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton, the Commissary General of Georgia is said to have caused her to be transported to Philadelphia, where her expenses were paid by the commonwealth of Georgia in recognition of her valuable services to the patriots' cause. So active was her participation in fanning the flame of revolution and in fomenting armed resistance to the encroachments of the Crown that Sir James Wright is stated to have offered a reward for her capture and delivery to the British authorities. She died in New Jersey after the Revolution, having lived, however, to see the independence of the colonies for which she had striven with such fervor and eclat, brought to a happy and successful issue.

After the fall of Savannah, the Continental prisoners were crowded by the British on board ships lying at anchor in the Savannah River. These ships were veritable pest houses and many of the prisoners died of infection and for the want of proper sustenance. Mrs. Mordecai Shefthall made it her mission to go out in boats provisioned and

manned by her negroes to make the rounds of these floating prisons and administer such aid and bring such delicacies as she could command to the imprisoned patriots. This brave and noble woman endeared herself to the Continental captives and in consequence of these missions of mercy and her brave solicitude for the unfortunate prisoners, she acquired the beautiful soubriquet of "the Angel of the Prison Ships."

Yet another woman who administered to the wants and necessities of these unfortunate soldiers was Mrs. Minis. General Shefthall himself a Captain, records two important ministrations which she rendered to his succor and comfort. He says: "In this situation I remained for two days, without a morsel to eat, when a Hessian officer named Zaltman, finding that I could talk his language, removed me to his room and sympathized with me on my situation. He permitted me to send to Mrs. Minis, who sent me some victuals."

But an equally important service—more of a luxury perhaps than a necessity, but a most delightful luxury to a gentleman—followed, when on application to Col. Innis, General Shefthall, records: "I got his leave to go to Mrs. Minis for a shirt she had taken to wash for me, as it was the only one I had left, except the one on my back, and that was given to me by Captain Kappel, as the British soldiers had plundered both mine and my son's clothes."

In the time allotted for this paper, I have not the opportunity to discuss at length the character and adventures of Mrs. Johnathan Bryan who, amidst constant danger from marauding Tory bands, successfully operated and managed her husband's plantation while he was fighting for the cause of liberty; nor to deal with the exciting and romantic career of Sarah Swinton McIntosh, nor to depict the quaint personality of Winnifred McIntosh, Spinster, the brave and loyal sister of the dashing "Rory"; nor to draw the picture of Mrs. John Dooly, the tragic murder of whose husband by the Tories is said to have fired the soul of Nancy Hart

with the fierce flame of vengeance against the brutal Royalists, who with fire and sword lay waste the unprotected homes of the patriots.

I, therefore, close this crude and hasty sketch with a romance of the Revolution, a tale which must appeal to every heart because of its human interest, its bloody setting, its gratifying sequel and by reason of the fact that one of your own members is a *lineal descendant* of the *heroine* of this pleasing and delightful romance of love and war.

My story is a note from the life of Sarah Ann Jones who was sent from Burke County, Georgia, to Savannah to a boarding school for young ladies kept by gentlewomen in sympathy with the Royalist faction of the colony. So far did the school management display its royalist sentiment that the school girls were coerced into knitting socks and making shirts for the enemy during the hours for play and recess, and were sternly instructed to be true and loyal servants to the King. This coercion only made the colonial girls more devoted secretly to the cause of liberty, and when Savannah fell into the hands of the British, the times were past when educational advantages could be considered and our little school friend was sent for, and brought home, where it was thought she could find a safer asylum. With three brothers in the army, and all her heart with them, she was happy to be at home. But she was destined to do more for the cause of liberty than fell to the lot of every quiet maiden of those eventful days. She was sent for not a great while after her return home to go at once to Beech Island, near Augusta, to the plantation of Mrs. Sherwood Bugg to help nurse her brother, Captain John Jones, who had been severely wounded and who had been brought there, along with many other wounded soldiers, to be nursed back to life again by every kindly ministration known to the helpful women of these stirring times.

And so she went and helped to nurse her brother, and there the long, anxious days were crowned by a budding romance.

Captain Jones was able again to enter the fight for freedom, and then it was that his lovely young sister, Sarah Ann Jones, found time for seeing much of the youngest son of her hostess, Sherwood Bugg, Jr. Love soon bound the young soldier with silken strands, their troth was plighted and with the consent of both families their marriage was arranged for. Nothing marred their plans and the young couple settled after their marriage, on land in Columbia County, Georgia, granted their families for services rendered during the struggle of 1776 when young girls and mere boys (too young for regular soldiers) found an opportunity for working for the cause of their country as nobly as ever did the soldiers of the line.

Today in a little home of one of your members are to be found two very plain, *solid, old mahogany tables* that span these years reaching back to the Revolution, that belonged to this young couple—a fitting table on which to pen a love letter and the best exponent of the character of Revolutionary times, serving not one, but five generations, and even now in daily use.

This little romance lends additional charm to the beauty and strength of these old tables, and today, they tell us of the force and nobility of earlier days and a simpler life.—JAMES WADDY AUSTIN. Read before Atlanta Chapter by Mrs. Joseph Morgan.

ROBERT SALLETTE.

In studying the lives of noted individuals, we find the written history of them in many ways so very different.

Some are always before the eyes of the public. They seem to know just how to arrange, that their words and deeds are known and read of all men.

Then there are others, perhaps as worthy or perchance even more so, who are reticent and modest, and the very simplicity of their lives causes them to shrink from the lime-light, the glare of the torch and the noise of the trumpet of victory, preferring rather the inner-consciousness of having done well that which was committed unto them.

Apart from either of these classes, we find a few who are unconstrained, who take destiny into their own hands, rough hewing as they will, and are indifferent alike to either public censure or applause. In this last division, we would have to place our patriot, Robert Sallette.

"Neither history nor tradition gives us the place of his birth or the date of his death, yet it is known that he played a more important part in the struggle in the Colony than any one man who had no troops at his command." Like Melchizedek, he seems to have had no beginning or ending or length of days. It is known that his grave lies in the noted old cemetery at Midway, Georgia along with many famous revolutionary heroes.

Sallette's bravery was beyond dispute, even to recklessness. His hatred of the Tories and all subjects of the King was so bitter, that it caused a price to be set upon his head. Most of us are familiar with the traditions which the historian, Harris, tells of in his "Stories of Georgia," where "A Tory of some means offered a reward of one hundred guineas to any one who would bring him the head of Sallette." The Tory had never seen Sallette, but his alarm was such, that he offered a reward large enough to tempt some one to assassinate the daring partisan. When Sallette

heard of the reward, he disguised himself as a farmer, placed a pumpkin in a bag and took it to the home of the Tory. He was invited in and deposited the bag on the floor beside him, the pumpkin striking the boards with a thump. "I have brought you the head of Robert Sallette," he said. "I hear that you have offered a reward of one hundred guineas for it."

"Where is it," asked the Tory.

"I have it with me," replied Sallette, shaking the loose end of the bag. "Count me out the money and take the head."

The Tory neither doubting nor suspecting counted out the money and placed it on the table.

"Now show me the head," said he.

Sallette removed his hat, tapped himself on the forehead and said, "Here is the head of Robert Sallette."

The Tory was so frightened that he jumped from the room and Sallette pocketed the money and departed.

An old inhabitant of Liberty County tells that once two Tory robbers had gone to some worthy man's house in the lower part of the county and demanded his money. When he refused, they put a rope around his neck. Bob Sallette seems to have appeared on the scene and saw what was taking place across the field. Sallette rushed up on horse back, yelling with all his might, "Come on, boys, here they are." The Tories, thinking they were outnumbered and would be captured, ran away. Sallette took the man in trouble on horseback with him and they made their escape.

Sallette was not wanting in humor, as we see in the little encounter he had with the advance guard of the British.

Observing that a dead man, who was a remarkably large man, had on a pair of good boots, Sallette determined to get them. While pulling them off, his companion called for him to get away quickly, or he would be killed. "I must have the boots, I need them, I want them for little John

Way." This was fun in the midst of tragedy, as Mr. Way was a remarkably small man.

It will be remembered that at a very early period, the citizens of St. John's Parish (now the County of Liberty) took a very firm stand in favor of independence. The early, open, and determined resistance, of this parish did not escape the notice of the enemy, and accordingly it was made to feel the full measure of royal vengeance. Added to this, Sallette must have had some special cause for the bitter animosity and hatred he felt for all Britishers. It was thought (as his name would indicate) that he descended from the French Acadians, who had previously suffered much, and often, at the hands of the Britishers, hence his motto, which was, "never forgive a Tory." If one was ever liberated he made it his business to follow him and, if possible, take his life.

Sallette was a roving character, belonging to no particular command. He fought valiantly and zealously, but always in his own peculiar way and style. He didn't seem to especially value his own life and, never, the life of his foe.

Once he dressed as a Britisher and dined with a party of them. While toasting and merry-making he suddenly drew his sword and killing the man on either side of him, he jumped on his horse and rode off unhurt, though he stood not on the order of his going.

We can well understand that with such a daring spirit and cool calculating brain he was greatly feared by the Tories.

Evidently his thinking was independent, for his style of warfare and sudden actions kept the enemy uncertain where he would next appear. Often during a battle he would leave his command and go to the rear of the enemy and kill a number before he would be discovered.

When Major Baker defeated a body of Tories at the White House near Sunbury, among the enemies slain was

Lieutenant Grey, whose head was almost severed from his body by a stroke of Robert Sallette's sabre.

Sallette, the scout, was a personal friend of Major Fraser of the Revolutionary War. Tradition has it that these two men did valiant and effective service in running out the Tories.

One story is, that these two met a couple of Tories in the road at the ford of Taylor's Creek and the Tories were never afterwards seen or heard of, which was characteristic of his manner of dealing with the enemy.

We know that often when General Marion of South Carolina wanted some special work done he sent to Liberty County, Georgia, for the distinguished and intrepid scout, Robert Sallette.

This daring scout performed many deeds to free this land from English oppression and to enable us to sing:

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty
* * * * *

Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GENERAL LAFAYETTE'S VISIT TO MACON.

The Nation's Guest—Arrangements for his Reception.

(From the Georgia Messenger, Macon, Ga, March 23, 1825.)

A signal gun will be fired as soon as the General and his suite arrive, on the hill at the old fort. The ladies and gentlemen will proceed to form themselves immediately in two lines on Bridge Street, near the ferry, under the direction of the Town Marshal, and A. Mandell, J. S. Childers, G. B. Wardlaw, E. McCall, R. McCall and Isaiah Chain, Marshals for the day; the arrangements to be as follows: First, the Commissioners of the town and Committee of Arrangements on horseback; second, the ladies; third, the citizens generally. He will be received by the Commissioners and Committee near the ferry, where he will be addressed by James S. Frierson, Esq., in behalf of the citizens.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30TH.—RECEPTION OF LAFAYETTE.

At 12 o'clock yesterday a signal announced his approach, when the ladies and gentlemen proceeded to form lines on Bridge Street near the ferry. Owing to the rapidity with which he now travels, he was entirely unattended by any military escort. The only persons with him were his son and secretary, and two of the Governor's aids, Cols. Thaddeus G. Holt and Henry G. Lamar. He dismounted from his carriage and crossed the river, where he was received by the Committee and Commissioners. On ascending the bluff he was welcomed to our town in behalf of the citizens by James S. Frierson, Esq., who said:

"General Lafayette. Sir: I am deputed by the citizens of Macon and its vicinity to welcome you to this place.

"To tell you, sir, that you were the early, steadfast and constant friend of this republic in her revolutionary contest, would be only to say what had been acknowledged by the past and present generation,

"But that glorious struggle in which your destinies were pledged in common with the illustrious characters of that day, has eventually proved that a system of government, now in the history of the world, a confederative representative democracy, is the best guarantee for the liberties of a great people, is now confirmed by the experience of thirty-six years.

"The first State, sir, which you will enter after leaving this, and those you are now to visit are prominent testimonials of this sublime truth, unknown in the Revolutionary struggle; a barren wilderness where the foot of civilized man had scarcely trod, in this short period had grown in numbers nearly equalling the original States, entertaining the same political views, the same veneration for your person and character that we do; you will there be greeted with the same hospitality that you have met here.

"With hearts full of gratitude for your past service, with the earnest and intense interest for your future welfare and prosperity, we all unite in wishing that the evening of your days may be spent in that calm tranquility and repose of which you were deprived in your earlier life."

To which the General replied in substance:

"That he was thankful for the manner in which the citizens of Macon were placed to receive him; that he perfectly accorded in the opinion that a representative Democracy was the best calculated to secure the liberties of the people, and requested that the people of Macon would receive his thanks for the manner in which they had been pleased to treat him."

A procession then formed and he was conducted to his quarters at the Macon Hotel. During the moving of the procession a national salute was fired. Soon after his arrival he was waited upon by the ladies, who were individually introduced to him; after which every citizen who wished was introduced, to whom General Lafayette gave a cordial grasp of the hand.

He was then waited on at his quarters by the brethren of Macon Lodge, No. 34, and was addressed as follows by Worshipful Ambrose Baber, Master of the Lodge:

"Brother and General Lafayette: In our humble capacity as brothers of the mystic union, we welcome you to our infant

village. No triumphal arch, no tinsel show of earthly grandeur greeted your entry. We offer you a triumph more lasting and noble—the triumph of gratitude.

“Admonished by that resplendent luminary which rules and governs the day, and imparts an equal lustre on all mankind twice in every year, that we have all once been and must again be upon a level, we have ventured to hail your arrival among us, and to offer you a welcome in unalloyed gratitude, the spontaneous effusion of our hearts.

“Illustrious benefactor of mankind. What a train of associations does thy eventful life excite. Companion and associate of our immortal Washington. Thine efficient arm hath prostrated oppressive tyranny—succored, and relieved distressed and agonized humanity, and established a nation in the full enjoyment of freedom. The glittering offerings of princes could not dissuade, nor the appalling frowns of royalty deter you from a life of benevolent usefulness. The assassins of sanguinary demagogues nor the loathsome cells of the dungeon mar or destroy your feelings of philanthropy. Unaltered and unchanged didst thou remain amidst the calamities and vicissitudes which harrassed thine own distracted country.

“Behold thy compensation. The gratitude of ten millions of freemen, the applause and admiration of every nation. Even the wilderness smiles with joy and the savage is gladdened at thy presence.

“Amidst this jubilee of feeling, permit me to offer you again the grateful rejoicings of my associates and brethren of the society of Free Masons, in beholding you among us. Royal tyranny may condemn, ignorance may reproach and blaspheme the holy mysteries of our institution; yet with Lafayette for her support the science of Massonry will continue to illumine and harmonize mankind to endless ages. Gratitude must have fled from the breast of man, humanity lose its refuge on earth, and memory lose its seat ere the virtuous deeds of the generous, amiable, distinguished and exemplary Lafayette shall be forgotten.

To which the General replied in an animated manner:

“The very grateful reception I have met among my brethren demands of me an expression of my most sincere and affectionate acknowledgements. Permit me to declare to you particularly,

and the brethren of your Lodge, an unfeigned obligation for the very flattering regard you have been pleased to express for me.

"The science of Free Masonry, to which I have for many years been an humble votary, is wonderfully calculated to alleviate the many distresses and calamities to which mankind are exposed in their variegated and manifold duties in society, and when I recur to those scenes, to which you have been pleased so delicately to allude, I am constrained to acknowledge how much I have been cheered, sustained and animated in the various vicissitudes of my life, by the holy precepts and examples of our institution.

"That you and your Lodge may be blessed with prosperity and harmony, that the rising town of Macon may continue in its advancement, that Masonry may flourish, and the citizens enjoy all the social and intellectual blessings it so eminently inculcates, I pray you, sir, with the rest of my brethren to accept as my most sincere and ardent wish."

He remained in town but about two hours and a half, during which time, he in company with a large number of our citizens, partook of an excellent dinner prepared by Mr. Stovall. After dinner the following toast was given by Edward D. Tracy, Esq.:

"Our illustrious guest—the friend of our country, of liberty, and of man."

To which the General replied, and gave:

"The town of Macon—may its prosperity continue to be one of the strongest arguments in favor of republican institutions."

Very soon after dinner he bade an affectionate adieu to the gentlemen and ladies around him and resumed his carriage, at which time another national salute was fired. He was accompanied by the Committee, Commissioners of the town and a number of our citizens, on horseback, several miles on his way. It is understood he intended to lodge at the Agency; making the whole distance traveled during the day about sixty miles.

SINGULAR COINCIDENCE OF CIRCUMSTANCES IN THE HISTORY
OF LAFAYETTE AND BOLIVAR.

South Carolina was the first place in the United States in which they both landed, and at no very distant spots the one near Georgetown, and the other at Charlestown. Lafayette, a Frenchman, came by the way of France. Both have most materially contributed to the independence of the New World—the one in North, the other in South America; and what is most singular, at the very period in which the one is receiving the homage of national gratitude in the former—the other has succeeded in his efforts for the cause of freedom in the latter place.

Among the persons who received Gen. Lafayette at Columbia, was Judge Waites, who is the only survivor of the party that first received him at landing on the soil of South Carolina, at Gen. Huger's in Georgetown.

YES. TOMORROW'S FLAG DAY.

(Tomorrow, June 14, is Flag Day in the United States.)

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night
And set the stars of glory there.
She mingled with the gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streaklings of the morning light;
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle to bear down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form
To hear the tempest trummings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm
And rolls the thunder drum of heaven;
Child of the sun, to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of Victory.

Flag of the brave, thy folds shall fly,
The sigh of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on.
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn,
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance;

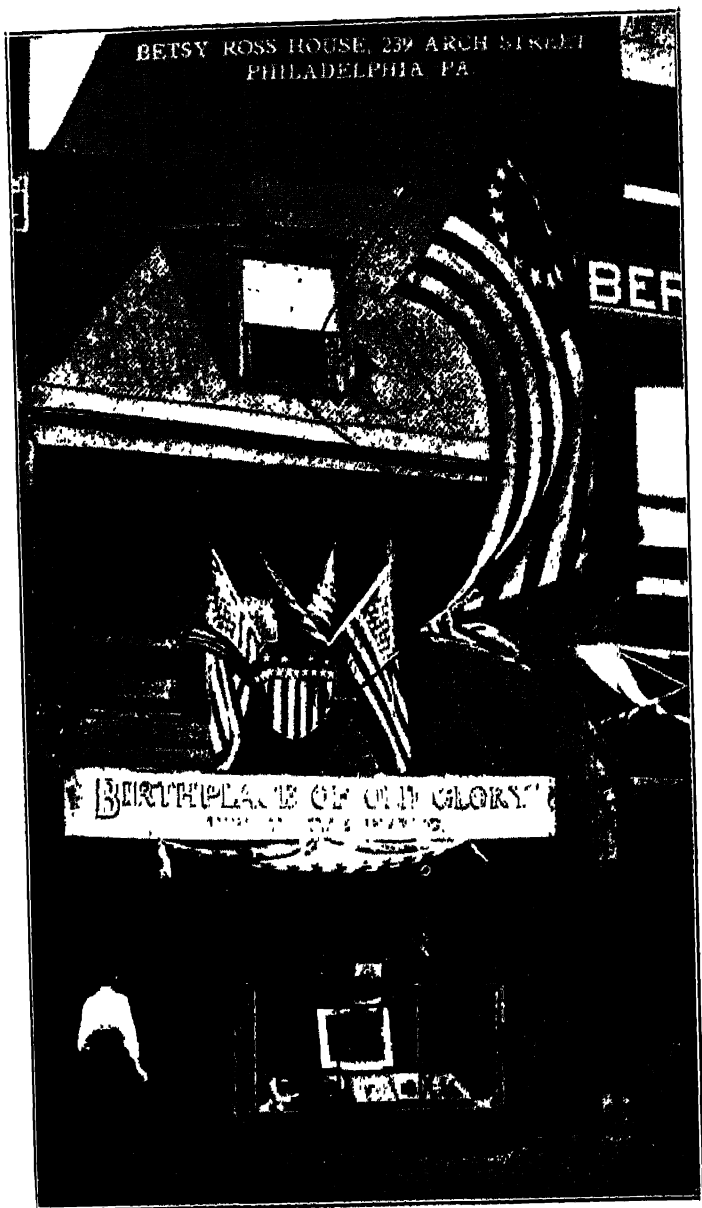
And when the cannon mouthings loud
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabres rise and fall,
And cowering foes shall shrink beneath
Each gallant arm that strikes below
That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas, on oceans wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering in the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frightened waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given,
The stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!

Where breathes a foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

—*Drake.*



It was here that Betsy Ross designed and made the first American flag, the original Old Glory.

FLAG DAY.

Hats off! This is The Flag's birthday. The banner of blue, crimson and white, is one hundred and thirty-six years old, 1913. Honor the colors today. The flag represents more than just stars and stripes. It represents the history of the Great Republic from its cradle to this very moment:

“Sea fights and land fights, grim and great,
Fought to make and save the State;
Weary marches and sinking ships,
Cheers of victory on dying lips.

Sign of a nation, great and strong,
To ward her people from foreign wrong.
Pride and glory and honor all
Live in the colors, to stand or fall.”

Throughout the country the D. A. R.'s are celebrating this great anniversary of our flag. Honor the flag. It belongs to every American citizen, whether we live under Northern or Southern skies, whether the American spirit is enthroned over civilization struggles with its problems upon the shores of the Pacific, or turns to problems as grave on this side.

And we are conquering the world under the emblem of Old Glory. The world turns to us as the maker of Peace, the mightiest since civilization's dawning, for genuine rule—those “common people,” of whom Lincoln said, “The Lord must love them, he made so many.”

The first flag hoisted on American soil about which we have any authentic record, was that seen by the earliest voyagers to our coasts. They found that the North American Indians carried a pole covered with wing feathers of the eagle as a standard.

Columbus, when he landed, October 12th, 1492, on the island of San Salvador, unfurled upon the shores of the

new world the first European banners. The son of Columbus records that his father, dressed in scarlet, came ashore with the royal standard of Isabella emblazoned with the arms of Castile and Leon. He planted this standard together with its companion, a white flag with a green cross, on this small island. In the pictures of the ships of the time of Columbus these flags may be seen streaming from the ship's mast.

In 1499, the Eastern coast of South America was explored by the Florentine, Americus Vespucius. About the same time the Cabots planted the banners of England and of St. Mark of Venice on the North American shores.

The Red Cross of St. George was first raised on American shores at Jamestown, Virginia, in May 1607 and when the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock in 1620 there floated from the mast of the Mayflower also the red cross of St. George. Our Pacific coast had been visited in the preceding century by Francis Drake, in his voyage around the world. Into the New York Harbor sailed Hudson with the Dutch flag, a tri-color, orange, white and blue. This banner, with the letters W. I. C., floated over Manhattan Island, proclaiming the rights of the Dutch West India Company. About the same time the Swedes floated their royal banner in the sunlight on the banks of the Delaware. This colony from the frozen north of Europe was so charmed with our country that to Cape Horn they gave the name of Paradise Point, and called their little settlement Christiana, after their far-away Queen.

During the period of our history known as Colonial and Provincial, the English flag was used from Maine to Georgia, with various devices and mottoes. Some flags were all red, with horizontal stripes, or red and blue stripes. Others were red, blue, white or yellow. The flags so frequently mentioned in the newspapers of 1774, were the ordinary English ensigns, bearing the Union Jack. These almost always bore a patriotic motto like "Liberty," "Liberty and Property," and "Liberty and Union."

So I could go on and dwell on the different flags, but I must hurry to our own, our native flag.

It is not generally known, and comes as a surprise to many, that the stars and stripes is one of the oldest National flags in existence, France being next; and England's present flag was not adopted until 1801.

The anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes by the Continental Congress, June 14th, 1777, should be observed by every American citizen.

In the year 1775, Congress appointed a Committee, of which Franklin was chairman, to consider and devise a national flag. This resulted in the adoption of the "King's colors," so called, as a union or corner stone, while thirteen stripes of alternate red and white stood as at present. This flag was publicly accepted, recognized and saluted at Washington's headquarters in Cambridge, Mass., January 2, 1776, from which fact it was often called the "Cambridge Flag," though sometimes the "Flag of the Union."

After the Declaration of Independence this flag lost its point, as nobody except the Tories wanted to see "King's colors." So in the Spring of 1777, Congress appointed another committee to design another suitable flag. George Washington and Robert Morris were members of the committee. So Washington and Robert Morris called upon Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, and from a pencil drawing of General Washington's, Mrs. Ross made the first flag. She suggested six pointed stars instead of five as Washington suggested and sketched. He accepted her suggestion, and so the flag was made.

Most interesting is the fact that the making of the American flag is largely woman's work. That the manufacture of flags has grown to be a large industry is proven by the fact that every year enough flags, great and small, are made to give one to every man, woman and child in the United States. Betsy Ross made flags for the government for many years; after her death, in 1836, her daughter, Mrs. Clarissa Wilson, succeeded to the business. Miss

Sarah Wilson, great granddaughter of Betsey Ross, still makes duplicates of the original flag.

The great battle ships that are steaming around the world, flying our flag under circumstances that have made the nation assume a new importance in the eyes of millions who never before knew much about us, have the proper flag. It would never do for the American Government to fly an incorrect American Flag. It is a huge task to replace all the banners used. These are the facts, that keep busy hands at work, guiding the electrically driven sewing machines that take 3600 stitches a minute. Even though the machine that cuts the stars for the silk and wool bunting flags can create three thousand an hour, its operators have plenty to do. The stripes are cut from great rolls of colored bunting or silk, sometimes by skilled operatives, and again by machinery. The unions are cut in the same way. The stars are first pinned on the unions, and then sewed by machinery. That is, so far as the bunting flags are concerned. The silk flags are wholly hand work, even to the cutting out of the stars. The latter are embroidered on the blue field and then all the extra cloth is deftly scissored away.

The major number of small flags is printed. This is accomplished by the aid of the engraver and presses something like those on which newspapers are printed. Even in this mechanical work, women are found to be more serviceable than men. It always has been their field, and seems likely to so remain. There has been almost as much of an evolutionary process in the manufacture, as in the arrangement of the American flag.

On the same day that Congress adopted the stars and stripes, John Paul Jones received command of the *Ranger*, in Portsmouth. He immediately displayed the new flag at the main top, probably being the first person to hoist these colors over a United States warship. Jones is said to have remarked, pointing to the flag, "That flag and I are twins; we cannot part in life or in death. So long as

we will float, we will float together; if we must sink, we shall go down as one."

The first recognition of our flag was by the flag of France. The first display over military forces took place on August 2, 1777, at Fort Stanwix, afterward Schuyler, New York. The fort was besieged by the British; its garrison had no colors, so they manufactured a standard of the approved pattern. They cut up their shirts as white material; for stars and stripes, an officer's coat supplied the blue; and small sections of red flannel undergarments furnished the third color. It is said that the flag thus pieced together was greeted with great enthusiasm and warmly defended.

The following September the stars and stripes were first displayed in battle at Brandywine. They first waved over a captured port at Nassau in the succeeding January. It was first borne around the world by Capt. John Kendrick, of the Ship Columbia, sailing from Boston in 1787. It had first been displayed in China, three years before, by Captain John Green, of the Empress. When the first ship appeared flying the Stars and Stripes, the new flag excited much interest and curiosity among the people of Canton. A strange new ship had arrived in port, they said, bearing a flag as beautiful as a flower, and everybody wanted to see the flower-flag ship. By this name of Flower-Flag the Chinese continued for many years to speak of our ensign, and its poetic beauty has often appealed to our own people. The sobriquet which appeals most strongly to the nation as a whole seems to be that of "Old Glory." Captain Stephen Driver was the first man to christen our flag "Old Glory." He was born at Salem, Mass., March 17, 1803. Just before he sailed on the brig Charles Doggett, in the year 1831, he was presented with a large American flag. As it was hoisted he called it "Old Glory" and this was the name he evermore used for it. This flag was always with the Captain on the sea and when he retired, he carried it home with him to Nashville, Tenn. His fondness for his

flag was widely known, as also his being a Union man. During the late unpleasantness his neighbors desired to get hold of this particular flag but they searched his house and all in vain. The Captain had made a comforter out of it, having quilted the Old Glory with his own hands. He made his comforter his bed fellow. When peace was restored, he took the flag to the Capitol Building in Nashville. As he saw it on top of the building he exclaimed, "Now that Old Glory is up there, gentlemen, I am ready to die." He died in Nashville in 1886.

The original flag made by Betsy Ross remained unchanged until 1795. At this time, two new states had been added to the Union, Vermont and Kentucky, and it became evident some recognition of these States should appear upon the flag. Accordingly the number of stars was changed from thirteen to fifteen, though much opposition was shown to this change.

For twenty-three years the flag of thirteen stripes was the national standard. Under this banner, the United States fought and won three wars to maintain her existence. They were the wars with France in 1799, with the Barbary States in 1801, and with England in 1812. This was the "Star Spangled Banner" in honor of which Francis Scott Key composed our national song. A large national flag is kept floating over the grave of Francis Scott Key and is never taken down except to be replaced by a new one. This was the flag under which the good ship Constitution sailed.

In the year 1818, the number of States had increased to twenty, and five were in no way represented in the flag. Congress finally decided to have thirteen stripes, and a provision that for every State added to the Union a new star should appear in the galaxy upon the blue field, and that this star should appear upon the Fourth of July next following the admission of the new State. By this happy arrangement, the flag typifies at once the country as it was when first it became independent and as it is today. There is no law as to the method of arrangement for the

stars, but the Army and Navy regulated this to suit themselves

We think of ourselves as a new country, yet oddly enough our flag is one of the oldest in the world today. That of Denmark is the oldest European standard, dating back to 1219. Next is the Swiss flag, which was adopted in the seventeenth century.

In 1911, to the Army of the United States there were furnished 1207, storm and recruiting flags, 342 post flags, 31 garrison flags; the year previous, 1076 storm and 355 post flags. These sewed together would nearly, if not entirely, reached around the United States. Each battle ship of the American Navy is entitled to 250 flags every three years, though many are renewed oftener than this. The cost of the flags for each battle ship is about twenty-five hundred dollars, nothing small in this bill of Uncle Sam's for equipment, especially when you remember he has twenty-seven first and second class battleships in commission, to say nothing of the cruisers, torpedo boats, torpedo boat destroyers, submarine monitors, gun boats, supply ships, training and receiving ships, about seventy in all.

For the naval flags the United States uses up about forty-three thousand dollars worth of material every year; pays seventeen thousand dollars for wages, and produces an average of about sixty thousand flags of four hundred and eight different patterns. The material of which the flag is made must stand severe tests, for there are storms to be weathered and a sixty mile gale can whip average cloth to tatters. A strip of bunting two inches wide must have a strength of sixty-five pounds when proved on the testing machine. Two inches of filling must stand forty-five pounds. The bunting is American made and all wool and nineteen inches wide. It is washed for twenty-four hours in soap and fresh water and next day given a like treatment with salt water. Then for ten days it is exposed to the weather, thirty hours of sunshine being stipulated. The

largest United States flag, 36 x 19, costs the government only forty dollars.

There is a statute law which prohibits the use of our flag for advertising purposes or decorating.

Where better can you realize the beauty of the American flag, and that which it represents, than when you see it flying over school houses or play grounds? The respect paid by the school children to the flag by rising and standing and with right hand raised to a line with their forehead while they pledge allegiance to their flag is most appropriate, but the pledge that appeals to me most is that for the children of the primary schools, which is, "I give my head and my heart to God and my country, one language and one flag."

When you see the hands of ten, nay, twenty, nationalities raised, while foreign tones mingle with those of our children expressing allegiance to one flag, where better can you realize the beauty of "Old Glory?" And though your word, your flag, your tiny nosegay may fall into the hands of just a

"Little dirty fellow, in a dirty part of town,
Where the windy panes are sooty and the roofs are tumble down;
Where the snow falls back in winter, and the melting, sultry heat,
Comes like pestilence in the summer through the narrow dirty street,"

you are giving into his hands the flag you would have him love, and in later years honor and defend.

The Sons of the Revolution print these regulations:

"The flag should not be hoisted before sunrise, nor allowed to remain up after sunset.

"At sunset spectators should stand at attention and uncover during the playing of 'Star Spangled Banner.' Military men are required to do so by regulation.

"When the national colors are passing on parade, or in review, the spectator should, if walking, halt; if sitting, arise and stand at attention, and uncover.

"In placing the flag at half staff, it should first be hoisted to the top of the staff and then lowered to position, and preliminary to lowering from half staff it should be first raised to the top."

There is one general rule for the care of the flag which should always be remembered. "Treat the flag of your country with respect—this is the fundamental idea. Whatever is disrespectful is forbidden in dealing with symbols of national existence. Do not let it be torn; if it should become snagged or torn accidentally, mend it at once. Do not let the flag be used in any way dishonorable."

I once heard of a flag used to cover the floor of a stage when an officer of the navy present took up the flag, saying: "I will never allow anyone to stand on the flag while I am present."

The national flag is raised on school buildings on all national or state holidays and on anniversaries of memorable events in our country's history. Most all schools now know the Star Spangled Banner and when it is brought forward every pupil rises and gives a military salute and distinctly repeats: "I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice to all."

The eye of the home-comer catches sight of the large American flag which floats from a steel pole 300 feet high at Mt. Claire, New Jersey, before even he sees the Statue of Liberty.

Here's our love to you, flag of the free and flag of the tried and true;
Here's our love to your streaming stripes and your stars in a field of blue;
Native or foreign, we're children all of the land over which you fly,
And native or foreign, we love the land for which it were sweet to die.

On June 14, 1777, in old Independence Hall, Philadelphia, Congress adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation, the stars to be arranged in a circle.

It was thirty-seven years before the Song to Immortality, the name of our Star Spangled Banner, was written.

END OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY REV. THOMAS B. GREGORY.

The last battle of the Revolutionary war was fought at Blue Lick, Kentucky, August 20, 1782.

England died hard, and in ways that were far from being in strict keeping with international law tried to postpone the final surrender as long as she could. It was in consequence of such tactics that the battle of Blue Lick was fought.

On the 16th of August, 1782, a force of several hundred Canadians and Wyandotte Indians laid siege to Bryan's Station, some five miles from the present city of Lexington, the capital of the famous Blue Grass region.

The next day a party of 180 frontiersmen, commanded by Daniel Boone, John Todd and Stephen Trigg, hastened to the rescue, notwithstanding the fact that they were greatly outnumbered by the enemy.

Upon reaching the near neighborhood of the station a council of war was held to determine upon the line of attack. Boone's advice was to march silently up the river and fall upon the rear of the enemy, while, at the same time, the main attack should be delivered in front.

Unfortunately, this sensible advice was spoiled by the rash action of a major named McGray, who dashed his horse into the river, shouting: "Let all who are not cow-

ards follow me." Of course, McGray's action was madness, but it was a madness that became instantly contagious, and soon most of the men were fording the stream hard after the rash major.

Crossing without molestation they reached the top of the ridge, when their troubles began in dead earnest. From front and flanks they received a deadly fire from the Indians and their Canadian allies. They had been ambushed, and the invisible foe shot them down like dogs.

Outnumbered three to one, and presently quite surrounded, they fought like the brave men they were until they realized that to remain longer was to be annihilated, whereupon they broke through the fiery cordon and escaped as best they could.

Sixty-seven Kentuckians were killed outright and many of the wounded were afterward massacred. The loss of the Canadians and Wyandottes was never known, as they carried away their killed and wounded.

But the redmen made no more trouble for Kentucky. The treaty of peace deprived them of their British backing, and the United States was left to deal with them after its own way. The memory of the brave fight that was put up by the handful of frontiersmen lingered with them, and, with no hope of help from England, they gave the Kentuckians a grand letting alone.

Such, in brief, is the story of the last battle of the war of the Revolution. Beginning away up in Massachusetts, the great struggle ended at Blue Lick, Kentucky, a region that was an unknown wilderness when the struggle began.

Indian Legends

COUNTIES OF GEORGIA BEARING INDIAN NAMES.

Seven of the counties in Georgia have been named to perpetuate the memory of the first American, the Indian. Of peculiar interest is the derivation and meaning of the names of these counties.

Catoosa: Gatusi in Cherokee language and means "mountain."

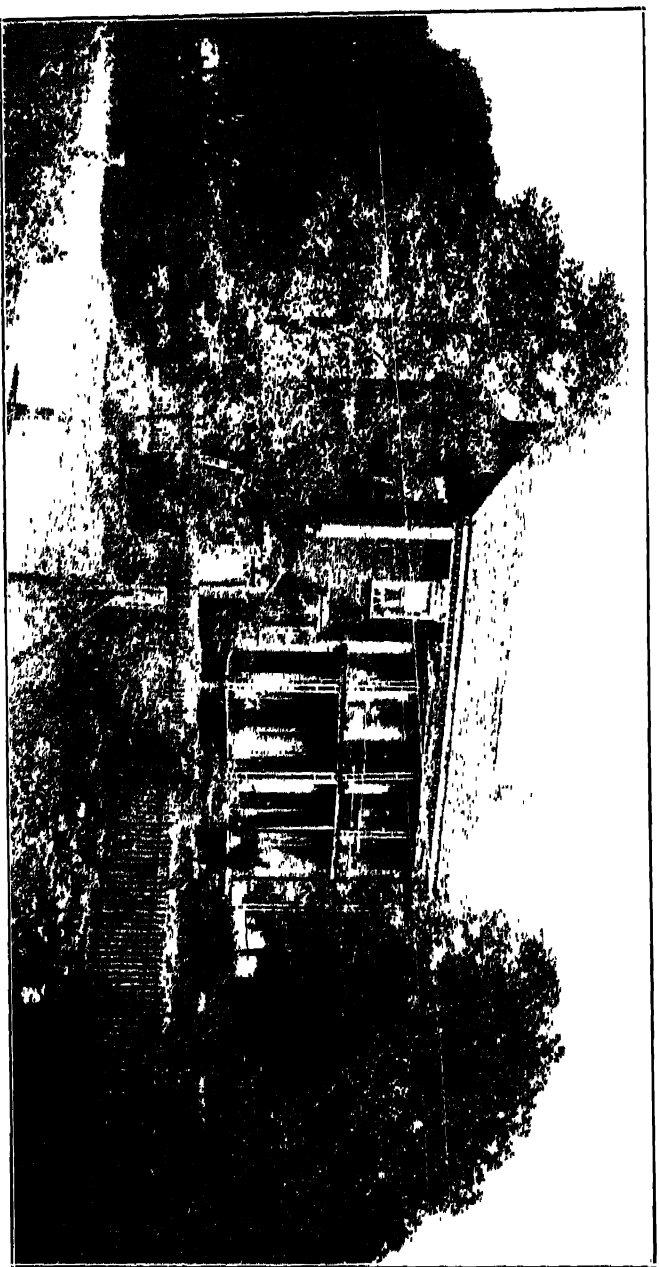
Chattahoochee: (Creek: *Chatu* "rock" *hutchas* "mark," "design": "pictured rocks"). A former Lower Creek town on the upper waters of Chattahoochee River to which it gave its name; seemingly in the present Harris County, Georgia. So called from some pictured rocks at that point.

Chatooga: (Also Chatuga, a corruption of the Cherokee Tsatugi, possibly meaning "he drank by sips," or "he has crossed the stream and come out on the other side," but more likely of foreign origin).

Cherokee: The tribal name is a corruption of *Tsalagi* or *Tsaragi*, the name by which they commonly called themselves, and which may be derived from the Choctaw *Chiluk-ki*, "cave people," in allusion to the numerous caves in their mountain country.

Coweta: (Kawita). The name of the leading tribe among the Lower Creeks, whose home was at one time on the Ocmulgee, and later on the western side of Chattahoochee below the falls. According to one old Creek tradition the name means "those who follow us," and was given them by the Kasihta Indians, another Creek tribe who traditionally marched in advance when the Creeks invaded Alabama and Georgia.

Muscogee: (*Muscogee*, properly *Maskoki*) meaning unknown. Its derivation has been attributed to an Algon-



Chief Vann House, Built by David Vann, a Cherokee Chief, prior to 1802.

quian term signifying "swamp" or "open marshy land." Muscogee is the name by which the dominant tribe of the Creek confederacy knows itself and is known to other tribes.

Oconee: Was the name of a tribe which anciently lived on Oconee River, but subsequently moved first to the east bank of the Chattahoochee and later to Florida where it found a nucleus of the people later known as Seminoles. Oconee, their chief town, was situated, according to Hawkins, about four miles below Milledgeville. Weekachumpa, their chief, known to the English as Long King, and one of his warriors were among the Indians assembled to welcome Oglethorpe when he arrived in Georgia in 1732.—Compiled by MRS. J. S. LOWREY.

STORY OF EARLY INDIAN DAYS.

A pretty story of early times in America is that of the restoration of a little girl to her parents by the Indians. It is quoted from Currey's "Story of Old Fort Dearborn," by the New York Post. The child, who was nine years old at the time of her capture in western Pennsylvania, was well treated, came to regard the chief and his mother with love and reverence, learned their language and customs, and almost forgot her own. At the end of four years, this chief was invited by a colonel who was very popular with the red men to bring the girl to a council fire at Ft. Niagara. He accepted the invitation upon condition that there should be no effort to reclaim the child. When the boat in which the chief and his captive had crossed the Niagara River touched the bank, the girl sprang into the arms of her waiting mother. The chief was deeply moved. "She shall go," he said. "The mother must have her child again. I will go back alone." In the words of her daughter-in-law, who wrote of this period many years afterward:

"With one silent gesture of farewell he turned and stepped on board the boat. No arguments or entreaties

could induce him to remain at the council; but having gained the other side of the Niagara, he mounted his horse, and with his young men was soon lost in the depths of the sheltered forests."

The girl became the wife of John Kinzie, "Chicago's pioneer."

CHIEF VAN HOUSE.

At the foot of one of the highest peaks of Cohuttah Mountains in North Georgia, there stood, one late autumn day, an Indian girl, the daughter of a Cherokee Chief, and her half-breed lover.

As they talked she told him how the young men of her tribe hated him and how they taunted her about her pale faced lover, and told her he would be cruel and false to her. The old chiefs had told her of the great white chief, DeSoto, who had built the fort on this very mountain where they stood, when he rested in his journey from the Indian village, Chiaha (the place where the city of Rome, Ga., now stands). They told her how cruelly his followers had treated her people, tearing down their wigwams, desecrating their graves, in their search for Tau-lan-neca (yellow money) and they warned her that he belonged to that same cruel race.

He answered her, his heart swelling with love for his father's people, that they were not false and cruel but kind and good. He told her of his recent trip to Washington where he had gone as interpreter for their great Chief, Ridge, who loved the white people. He said they had seen the great white father and he had talked kindly to them and had advised them to sell their lands to the white people who would pay them well for it and would give them lands just as beautiful in the far west, which would be theirs as long as "grass grew and water ran."

He told her that if her people should be guided by Chief Ridge, and go to this far away land, he, too, would

go with them and try to make her happy among her own people. If they did not go he would stay among them and build her a house like the white people lived in, a house good and strong that would last as long as their love, which would be forever. (It seems a prophecy for it is still standing).

He kept his promise to her and the house he dreamed of was built. What a marvelous thing it was to those savage people to watch the building of this house, with its carved mantels that reach to the ceiling, and the wonderful spiral stairway that excites the admiration of the skilled workmen of today and the hinges of the doors of beaten brass.

This palefaced lover little dreamed of what the future held in store, that he (David Vann) should become a chief of his Nation and go again to Washington with Chief Ridge and bring back to their tribe the purchase money for their lands, how dissensions had arisen among them in regard to the division of the money, how he buried the money near his home and how the wife that loved him begged him not to tell her where he buried it for fear the Indians would come and torture her and make her tell where it was buried.

Little did he dream that he and Chief Ridge would be basely murdered by the Indians.

This house has never been known by any other name but the Chief Van house. It is impossible to find out the exact time it was built, as there were no white people living here at that time. White, in his Georgia Statistics, says that when the Moravian Mission was started in Spring Place that Chief Van gave them the land for their buildings near his house and sent his children to their school. That was in 1802, so the house had been built before that date.

Judge George Glenn in a published article has told of Chief Van's later life, his marriage to an Indian princess, his visits to Washington, his receiving and burying the gold, and his murder by the Indians, all of which is authentic.

The material for the house was said to have been carried on the backs of Indian ponies from Savannah, Ga., but other accounts say that Chief Van taught the Indians to make and burn the brick there.

Thus ends the romance, mingled truth, and tradition, but the house in fairly good repair is still standing in Spring Place, Ga., today. This little town was the only place of any size at that time. In the jail at this place John Howard Payne was imprisoned, accused of being a spy. The jail is still standing.—MRS. WARREN DAVIS, Historian, John Milledge Chapter, D. A. R., Dalton, Ga.

INDIAN TALE.

"Grandfather, tell me about the Indians," said little Annie Daniel, as she climbed upon the arm of a large rocking chair in which Mr. Abel Daniel was sitting, dreaming of the past with its many varied experiences. The person thus addressed had even now reached his fourscore years and ten, yet his mind was keenly alert, his carriage erect and his immaculate dress revealed the "Gentlemen of the old school." Washington County, Georgia, was proud to claim so distinguished a son, so valiant a hero and such a cultured gentleman. Capt. Daniel had survived three noted wars; the "War of 1812," the Indian and the Mexican, in all of which he had been a true soldier and had won honor for his home and native state. His gallant service in the wars with the British and the Mexicans interested the grown people. How he helped General Gaines and his men capture the little village in Clay County on the banks of the Chattahoochee, which is now called Fort Gaines and drive the Indians back into Florida, always delighted the young boys and his lullabies sung in the Indian language pleased little Annie, but tonight she begged for a real Indian story.

"Well, dear, I shall tell you of one which relates to my own life and is really a great part of it," said grandfather.

"After helping to expel the Indians from our borders, I decided to go live with them for a time in order to learn their crafts and become better acquainted with a people whom I believed to be honest and loyal."

"Having crossed the border and tied my handkerchief to a leafy branch and waived it aloft as a flag of truce, they quickly responded and gave me a most cordial welcome. During the seven years of my stay with them, I was known as the 'White Man' and treated as some superior being. The best of all they possessed was at my command and they counted nothing too dear that would add to my pleasure. I was made a sharer in all their hunting and fishing sports, having been presented with one of their very best ponies.

"All went well until one day I discovered that the Chief was plotting a marriage between me and his beautiful daughter. As a marriage dowry he would present us with several barrels of specie, thus showing in what esteem he held me. I could never think of marrying this Indian maiden so I at once began to plan my escape. The next day I rode my pony as far as possible, taking my gun along as a pretense of hunting, but returned the following day with my game. After letting my pony rest a day I started out a second time to test her strength still further. This time I stayed two days and two nights and decided my pony was equal to any undertaking. After a second rest we started out the third time and made a safe flight across the line to my own people.

"Before reaching the old homestead a neighbor had informed me of my father's death and my mother's total blindness. The dear old soul was seated on the porch as I rode up; near her was a water bucket over which was hanging a long handled gourd. Just as her feeble hands reached out for the gourd, I handed it to her, saying: 'Here it is, mother.' She recognized my voice as that of her baby boy and fainted away. From that day I never left my aged mother, but tried to make amends for the sor-

row my wanderings must have caused, by attending to her every want and making her last days as comfortable, happy and free from care as ever a loving child could.

“My Indian pony was treasured as a relic of the years spent with the Indians and my fortunate escape from the hand of his daughter.

“But my little girl is getting sleepy, so kiss grandfather good night, and he’ll tell you more another time.”—MRS. ANNIE (DANIEL) CLIFTON, Stone Castle Chapter, D. A. R.

WILLIAM WHITE AND DANIEL BOONE.

In 1750, William White and Daniel Boone settled at what is now known as Bull Bradley Springs in Tennessee. The Indian trail from the Hiwassee town Northward, passed near this home.

One evening, two of the boys, aged ten and twelve, went out into the forest to cut and prepare wood for the night. When darkness came on and the boys did not return, a search was made and their axe was found leaning against a small hickory tree which the boys must have been cutting down when they stopped their work. Signs of Indians were discovered. These were followed next morning and were found to lead into the Indian trail. There seemed to have been a large party of the Indians going Northward. The pursuers failed to overtake the Indians and despite all their efforts were unable to rescue the boys.

Years afterward an officer in Wisconsin had published, for the benefit of any relatives of the parties concerned, that two white men, past middle age, had been found with one of the Northwest tribes. These men had forgotten all knowledge of the English language. They remembered that they had been captured by Indians while engaged in cutting wood and that their captors had brought them many miles, but in what direction they were uncertain.

This description, though meager, made all certain that these men were no others than the lost sons of William White. They had become so thoroughly "Indianized" that they refused to leave the tribe and come back to their people.

On the day of the boys' capture, William White was getting out a rock for a hearth. These rocks were cut from a single stone, and were called "Hath-stones." When no trace of his boys could be found, Mr. White went on with his hearth making, laying the "hath-stone" in its place, and on it he carved the date of their capture. The stone is still to be seen in a hearth in the home now located where White's house stood. The date and names are plainly visible. Some of White's descendants still reside in the historical home.—ROBERTA G. TURNER, Xavier Chapter, D. A. R., Rome, Ga.

A LEGEND OF LOVER'S LEAP, COLUMBUS, GEORGIA.

One mile above the city of Columbus, Georgia, the Chattahoochee's turbid waters dash, fret and foam in angry surges over and among a group of giant boulders forming what was called by the Red Men of the forest, "Tumbling Falls."

From the eastern bank of the river rises a rugged, perpendicular cliff to a lofty height, which is covered almost to its verge by majestic trees, vines and shrubs of a semi-tropical growth. This is crowned by a colossal boulder of dark granite, and from its summit is one of the most magnificent and picturesque views of river scenery that nature has produced.

This is "Lover's Leap," famous in song and story; where the "Young Eagle" of the Cowetas clasped to his brave heart the bright "Morning Star" of the Cussetas and leaped into the deep, restless waters below.

The Alabama hills, forming a long, undulating chain, and covered with verdant beauty, arise across the river, which, below the precipice, flows gently onward until it reaches the city limits, where the waters again dash with insane fury over clustering bowlders and form the Coweta Falls, which are there arrested and utilized by the pale-faced stranger to turn thousands of looms and spindles for his own use and profit.

A short distance below the Leap is the "Silver Wampum," a lovely stream of pellucid water, which rises beneath a clump of sweet-scented bays and magnolias, and flows and quivers in sunlight and moonlight, like a silver girdle, along its green and flowerdecked banks, until it reaches a rocky bed, where it falls by a succession of cascades, which form an exquisite fringe to the "Wampum" before dropping into the Chattahoochee.

There the beautiful "Morning Star" would often sit indulging in love dreams, as she beaded the gay moccasins, bags and wampums, while the "Young Eagle" followed the chase. There he would bring her the first fruits and flowers of the season.

From some warmer climate unknown to his rivals he would often procure boughs of the fragrant calycanthus, queenly magnolias and sweet-smelling jasmines, and secretly adorn this sylvan retreat in anticipation of her coming, long before the native buds began to expand their beauty. Frequently she would be startled in her blissful reveries by the rolled petal of a magnolia falling like a great snow-flake at her feet.

This she recognized as a private dispatch from "The Young Eagle," Cohamoteker (blow gun) to apprise her of his approach and hastily arising she would eagerly await his coming.

At a later date, when duty required her attentions at the wigwam, she would frequently find rare products of the chase suspended without. This was always prepared with unusual care, and relished by her father, the chief, who

was too old to indulge often in his favorite pastime, and was somewhat dependent upon his braves for many luxuries of that kind.

Consequently, he did not question the source from which they came, but when particularly pleased with his repast he would say:

"Yaho Hadjo (Crazy Wolf) is good. In his wigwam will be found the richest venison and rarest birds of the air. He is a worthy mate for the Morning Star!"

When a child she had been betrothed to Young Eagle, the noble son of the Coweta chief. Their love had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength, until it had reached an intensity where death appeared preferable to a life apart.

A rivalry had suddenly sprung up between the two tribes, who had so long smoked the calumet of peace together. The pledged word of the veterans was broken, and a feud more deadly than that of the Montagues and Capulets then existed between the brave Cowetas and Cussetas, who were of equal prowess.

The aged chief of the latter could no longer follow the warpath with the alacrity of his youth, but by the council fire all did reverence to his eloquence, and were ready to rally at his battle-cry.

His lion-hearted sons, the pride of a war-like sire, had gone in the vigor of their early manhood to the Spirit Land and the chieftain stood alone, like a giant oak of the forest, stately and grand in age and decay, with the once vigorous branches all leafless and dead save one, which still flourished in pristine beauty.

His daughter, with her starry eyes and step as fleet and graceful as a wild fawn, was the idol of his heart. In childhood he had called her "Minechee" (smart, active.) As she grew in stature and beauty, twining herself more closely around his heart, he called her "The Morning Star." for she would arise with the birds, and often waken him

from slumber with songs and merry laughter while preparing for his comfort.

By the latter name she was known among the tribe.

"The Morning Star is up and shames the laggard to the chase! He should have been over the hills and far away."

The young warriors likened her to some ideal being, who basked in the smile of the Great Spirit, and worshiped her with truly loyal hearts. If we could raise the curtain of time, and read the thoughts that agitated the dusky bosoms of those fearless young braves, it would be evident that the affection and attention lavished on their old chief was partially due to their admiration for the bright and beautiful Morning Star.

Among her many suitors was Yaho Hadjo, who had cunningly ingratiated himself into her father's favor, and had long vainly sought the hand and heart of the bright-eyed maiden. In his fierce wrath, he had secretly vowed vengeance against a more successful rival. Under the garb of friendship and loyalty to his chief, he had secured a firm footing in his wigwam, and thus constituted himself a spy on the actions of the unsuspecting daughter.

She had waited long and patiently, hoping that time would soften the feud and remove every impediment to her union with the peerless Young Eagle, while he had endeavored to conciliate his tribe by every possible means that a brave warrior could to restore peace to the nation.

Alas! jealousy, that hydra-headed monster, had completely enslaved the heart of Yaho Hadjo, and at its bidding he continued to secretly add fresh fuel to each expiring flame until it had reached enormous proportions, and open hostilities seemed inevitable.

The lovers no longer dared to meet by day, but beside the Silver Wampum, when the Great Spirit marshalled his starry hosts through the blue vaulted sky, they met to renew vows of eternal love.

The stealthy footsteps of Yaho Hadjo had followed the Morning Star to the trysting place, and his watchful eye had witnessed the tender meeting with the Young Eagle.

The plans of the jealous rival were immediately formed with characteristic craftiness. He then cautiously retraced his steps and sought the presence of his chief.

Into his ear the wily creature whispered a malignant falsehood of broken faith, treachery and a contemplated raid by the Cowetas upon the Cussetas.

The old warrior's anger was instantly aroused. With all the venom of his nature rankling in his savage heart, he arose to give the war-whoop to his sleeping braves.

But Yaho Hadjo urged extreme caution, saying the Young Eagle was the ruling spirit and instigator of the intended diabolical assault, and was perhaps now prowling around like a hungry fox with a hope of capturing the Morning Star. A better and surer plan would be to offer privately a handsome reward for the person or scalp of the Young Eagle.

By that means the villainous savage thought to have his unsuspecting rival cruelly assassinated and his body secretly disposed of without arousing any suspicion of the dark deed among the Cowetas.

He doubted not the success of his cowardly undertaking; and then, without opposition, he would secure the beautiful maiden for his squaw.

He dared not insinuate to the chief that his daughter would have been a willing captive, for he had confidence in her integrity, and knew she would never forsake him to link her fate with his enemy. She had made a promise to this effect, and the Morning Star never dealt falsely.

At the conclusion of Yaho Hadjo's heartless suggestion, the old man bowed his head in troubled thought for a brief period, and then rising to his full stature, he said:

"Yes, yes; it is best! Go say to my young warriors that he who brings the chief the person or scalp from the dead head of the daring Young Eagle of the base Cowetas,

shall wear on his brave heart the Morning Star of the Cussetas."

Yaho Hadjo hastened to arouse a few sleeping braves from their couches and they hurried forth rapidly but noiselessly to the Silver Wampum.

The unsuspecting lovers were totally oblivious of surrounding danger, and loth to separate, they lingered for a last farewell and final embrace, when stealthy footsteps were heard approaching.

They gave a startled glance around and beheld Yaho Hadjo and his followers with uplifted tomahawks rushing madly upon them.

Minchee threw her arms wildly around her lover.

For a brief second the assailants halted, not daring to strike the daughter of their chief.

The Young Eagle clasped her firmly to his bosom and bounded away with the speed of an antelope, he knew not wither.

Onward, over rocks and dells he flew with his precious burden, her arms thrown protectingly around and above him. Upon the narrow defile to the fearful precipice he bore her and then suddenly halted. He thought to release her there, believing she could return safely to her father, but she grappled to him as though her slight arms were hooks of steel.

The hot breath of the hated rival was felt upon his cheek, and his tomahawk flashed like a meteor above him.

The Young Eagle gave the would-be assassin one proud, defiant glance, and folding the Morning Star in a closer embrace, he leaped into the foaming torrent below.

Yaho Hadjo's uplifted weapon fell forward with a sudden impetus which forced him headlong down the lofty pinnacle, among the sharp, rugged boulders, where his body was afterwards found a mangled, lifeless corpse.

The remaining warriors were transfixed with horror and dismay as they gazed wildly into the furious river.

To attempt a rescue would have been folly and madness, as no breathing creature could have survived the fall.

Slowly and sadly they then retraced their steps and silently entered the presence of the childless patriarch.

Alarmed by the expression of their grief-stricken faces he exclaimed:

"Where is Yaho Hadjo? Why does the Morning Star linger in the forest?"

The boldest of them dropped his head and answered slowly and hoarsely:

"The Great Spirit has taken her from us to brighten his own beautiful land. She will come no more to gladden our hearts. The Morning Star will never beam on the hunter's pathway again!"

The chief listened in silence, but evidently did not comprehend. An explanation was sternly demanded.

At length the sad story was told with all of its tender and heart-rending details.

He realized at last his total bereavement, and acknowledged it was the result of Yaho Hadjo's jealousy and falsehood. Fierce and vindictive was the malediction pronounced upon the cowardly murderer.

A dead calm followed; then rising and clasping his hands high above his head, he stood for a moment like a splendid bronze statue of despair, and in singularly pathetic tones exclaimed:

"Minechee! Minechee! Bright Morning Star! Sole treasure of my aged heart! Gone, gone, forever, and I am desolate!"

He gave one long, low, piercing wail and tottering as a tree beneath the final stroke of the woodman's axe, he fell prostrate to the earth.

His companions exerted themselves in behalf of the stricken chieftain and partially succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, but he refused to be comforted and declined all nourishment.

After a prolonged interval of silence, he arose, quitted their presence and slowly descended the hill to a ravine in the bluffs and seated himself.

He signified a desire to be alone. He wished to humble himself before the Great Spirit, that he might take pity on him. Finding he could not be persuaded to leave the place, his braves stretched a mat above his bowed head and placing food and water within reach they left him alone in his sorrow.

A few days after they found him occupying the same position, but cold and lifeless.—MRS. MARY COOK.

INDIAN MOUND, EARLY COUNTY, GEORGIA.

On the outskirts of Blakely, County Seat of Early County, and commanding a view of a beautiful stretch of landscape, rises the famous old Indian Mound, supposed to have been made by the Creek Indians, who hunted and fished and roved so happily through the tall pines and magnolias, the great oaks and low marshes. While tradition associates this particular mound with the Creeks and Cherokees, it has been argued by scientists that it must have been built by a race of people who preceded the Indians and were partly civilized; however, that may be, the visitor to Early has missed a rare bit of romance and historic thought, who fails to see the Indian Mound, reminiscent as it is of the sacredness of a brave race, now almost extinct.

The Mound is fully seventy-five feet high and is almost five hundred feet in circumference. It is covered with large trees of oak and the same dense foliage of bamboo, pine and cedar as that which grows so profusely over the surrounding country as far as the eye can reach. The picturesque and fertile valleys below have now become a favorite place for pleasure seekers each spring, for picnic grounds and camping, and the Indian Mound cannot fail to

impress the most heedless as it rises mysteriously and majestic. Parties in search of buried treasures have penetrated the Mound to a depth of fifty feet, but nothing has ever been found except human bones. Then later scientists have sunk a shaft in the very center of this Mound to a great depth and have reached a mass of bones five feet in thickness. Nothing to throw light upon the builders of this huge old relic has ever been unearthed but bones, and the people of the County, with interested visitors, have nearly all associated the site with the Indians who inhabited so thickly this part of Georgia before Early County was created.

Early County was created by Legislature, October 1818, and included then the Counties of Baker, Calhoun, Decatur, Miller, Mitchell and Dougherty. It was named in honor of George Peter Early, Chief Executive of Georgia in 1813. Governor Early, previous to the purchase of these lands from the Indians, had rendered great service to the white settlers here in protecting them from the Indians, in both their treaties with the Indians and in protection to their lives. In gratitude for this service Early County was named.

While it has never been positively decided whether the Mound Builders or the Indians are the original makers of Indian Mound, it stands a grim memorial of a dead and gone race, worthy of a visit, with its great trees yellow with age, and weeds and moss overgrown, the only epitaphs to the mystery within its depths.—MRS. WALTER THOMAS, Regent, Governor Peter Early Chapter, D. A. R.

STORIETTE OF STATES DERIVED FROM INDIAN NAMES.

So many States are derived from Indian names, so I write this storiette, using all that have Indian origin.

Illinois—Tribe of Red Men.
Alabama—Here we rest.
Arizona—Small Springs.
Arkansas—Bend in the Smoky Water.
Connecticut—Long River.
Idaho—Gun of the Mountain.
Indiana—Indian's Land.
Iowa—Beautiful Land.
Kansas—Smoky Water.
Kentucky—At the head of the river.
Massachusetts—Place of Blue Hills.
Michigan—Fish Wier.
Mississippi—Great Father of Water.
Mississippi—Great Father of Water.
Missouri—Muddy (River).
Nebraska—Water Valley.

North and South Dakota, allies:

Ohio—Beautiful River.
Oklahoma—Home of the Red Men.
Tennessee—River with a Great Bend.
Texas—Friends.
Utah—Ute.
Wisconsin—Gathering of the waters.
Wyoming—Great Plains.

Once upon a time a tribe of Red Men (Illinois) set out to find a Plan of the Blue Hills (Massachusetts.) Their canoes were safely launched in the Long River (Connecticut). At the Bend in the Smoky Water (Arkansas) they were surprised to see a canoe coming their way and that it was guided by a maid Minnehaha, the beautiful daughter of Uakomis of the Ute (Utah) Tribe of Indians. "Young maid" said the gallant Chief Hiawatha, "Is this where the Indians Land?" (Indiana). "Yes," replied the maid,

“This Water Valley (Nebraska) is the home of the Red Men” (Oklahoma). Then spoke the Chief, who had at once been attracted to the Maid: “This is indeed a Beautiful Land (Iowa) and I dare say you are the Gem of the Mountain” (Idaho). The maid smiled and said: “I hope we will be friends” (Texas.) “Let us row to the Head of the River” (Kentucky). As they drifted near the bank they decided to tarry by the Beautiful River (Ohio). “Here we rest” (Alabama), said Hiawatha and whispered words of love. As they returned to the other members of their tribe, who had pitched their tents on the mountain side by some Small Springs (Arizona) each man looked up as the two approached and read the happiness that was theirs, by their smiling faces. “We will return” said Hiawatha, “to Nakomis and his Allies, of the Great Plains near the River” (Missouri), “the Great Father of Waters (Mississippi), and there on the Banks of the Sky-Tinted Water (Minnesota) we will pitch our Wigwam near the Fish Wier (Michigan) and there watch the gathering of the Waters (Wisconsin) and live in peace and happiness until we journey to our Happy Hunting Ground.”—MRS. WILL CHIDSEY, Rome, Ga., Xavier Chapter, D. A. R.

SEQUOIA, INVENTOR OF THE CHEROKEE ALPHABET.

The invention of the Cherokee alphabet by Sequoia, or George Guess, in 1815, was the most remarkable achievement in the history of the Indian tribes of America.

Sequoia was in appearance and habits, a full Cherokee, though he was the grandson of a white man. He was born in Tennessee about 1765, and he lived at one time near Chiaha, now Rome, Georgia, but for some years before the Cherokees were moved to the West, he lived at Alpine, in Chattooga County, on what was later known as the Samuel Force plantation.

This American Cadmus was an illiterate Cherokee Indian. He could neither write or speak English, and in his invention of the alphabet he had to depend entirely on his own native resources.

He was led to think on the subject of writing the Cherokee language, by a conversation which took place one evening at Santa. Some young men were remarking on the superior talents of the white people. They saw that the whites could "put a talk" on paper and send it to any distance, and it would be understood by those who received it. This seemed strange to the Indians, but Sequoia declared he could do it himself; and picking up a flat stone, he scratched on it with a pin, and after a few minutes read to his friends a sentence which he had written, by making a mark for each word. This produced only a laugh among his companions. But the inventive powers of Sequoia's mind were now aroused to action, and nothing short of being able to write the Cherokee language would satisfy him. In examining the language he found that it is composed of the various combinations of about ninety monosyllables and for each of these syllables he formed a character. Some of the characters were taken from an English spelling book, some are English letters turned upside down,

some are his own invention; each character in the Cherokee alphabet stands for a monosyllable.

From the structure of the Cherokee dialect, the syllabic alphabet is also in the nature of a grammar, so that those who know the language by ear, and master the alphabet, can at once read and write. Owing to the extreme simplicity of this system, it can be acquired in a few days.

After more than two year's work his system was completed. Explaining to his friends his new invention, he said, "we can now have speaking papers as well as white men."

But he found great difficulty in persuading his people to learn it; nor could he succeed, until he went to Arkansas and taught a few persons there, one of whom wrote a letter to a friend in Chiahia and sent it by Sequoia, who read it to the people. This excited much curiosity. Here was "talk in the Cherokee language," come from Arkansas sealed in a paper. This convinced many, and the newly discovered art was seized with avidity by the people of the tribe, and, from the extreme simplicity of the plan, the use of it soon became general. Any one, on fixing in his memory the names and forms of the letters, immediately possessed the art of reading and writing. This could be acquired in one day.

The Cherokees, (who, as a people, had always been illiterate) were, in the course of a few months, able to read and write in their own language. They accomplished this without going to school.

The Cherokee Council adopted this alphabet in 1821, and in a short time the bible and other books were printed in the language, and a newspaper, *The Cherokee Phoenix*, devoted entirely to the interests of the Indians, was published, in 1826, at New Echota, the capitol of the Cherokee Nation, situated about five miles west of Calhoun, in Gordon County, Georgia.

This paper was edited by Chief Elias Boudinot, one of the signers of the New Echota Treaty.

Sequoia spent much of his time with his kindred who had already gone to the West, and a few years after the final removal of the Cherokees from Georgia, he was instrumental in establishing several newspapers in their new home.

This Indian remains today the only man, in the long history of the aborigines, who has done anything for the real and lasting benefit of the race. His Cherokee alphabet is in general use by every Indian tribe in America.

Scientists have honored him by naming the largest tree that grows in California the Sequoia Gigantia. This name was given to the big red wood tree by Dr. Eulicher, the famous Hungarian botanist, who was born 1804 and died 1849. The tree is native to California and is the largest known, often measuring thirty to thirty-six feet in diameter, height from two hundred to four hundred feet, bark is often fifteen inches thick.

In 1908, a specimen of the Sequoia Gigantia came in a letter from California. The tiny sprig was five inches high and one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and was planted on Myrtle Hill cemetery in Rome, Georgia. It is now (1913) about thirty inches high and one inch in diameter.

The Sequoia Gigantia is an evergreen monument to the American Cadmus, a one-time resident of Rome, Georgia.

In his honor, Oklahoma has named a County Sequoyah.
—BEATRICE O'REAR TREADAWAY, Xavier Chapter, D. A. R.

THE BOY AND HIS ARROW.

The Barbadoes or Winward Islands have long been the territory of Great Britain and her colonies were planted there as early as on the main land of America.

Early in the eighteenth century dissatisfaction arose concerning taxes and other injustices, and some of these colonists removed to the continent, chiefly to Virginia and the Carolinas. Among these was Edmond Reid, with his family, landing at Norfolk, Virginia. He brought with him quite a number of slaves. These slaves were remarkable in many ways. They must have been part Carib; they had thin lips, straight noses and arched feet. They were erect and alert. Some of these slaves in the fourth generation came to my mother and were above the ordinary African and were so dark they evidently had no Caucasian blood.

John Reid, son of Edmond Reid, married Elizabeth Steppe, and served in the Revolution. James, the son of John and Elizabeth, was born during the Revolution, February 21st, 1778. Archery was a great sport in those days, handed down no doubt from our British ancestry and kept alive by the bows and arrows of the Indians, some of whom were still among the neighbors in the colonies. At twelve years of age James Reid was shooting arrows, and as an experiment shot one up straight toward the sky. Quickly it went up, but more quickly, with accelerated speed it returned and pierced the eye of the little archer. Painfully the arrow (in this case a pin point) was taken from the eye. Youth and a fine constitution combined to heal the wound without disfigurement of the eye, and so he seemed to have two perfect eyes, while one was sightless.

Our young Republic was just beginning to try her powers when England provoked the war of 1812. James Reid, now in the prime of manhood, enlisted when the British threatened New Orleans. As many others did, he left his

wife and two little ones at home under the protection of slaves.

A few days after his return from the war, on a summer day, a pain came to the eye pierced so long ago by the arrow. The local physician was sent for, but his lotions and applications failed to give relief. At that time no surgeon, except those perhaps in France, understood surgery of the eye. So nature took her course, seemingly a cruel, dreadful course. The suffering man could neither sleep nor eat and finally could not stay in the house. He went out under the trees in the grove and when unable to stand rolled around on the grass in great agony. His wife and children and servants followed him with cold water and pillows—a sorrowing and helpless procession. After several days and nights the abscess in his eye bursted and gave instant relief. All the fluids of the eye escaped leaving it sightless and shrunken, and so it remained ever after. I never see a shrunken eye but what I recall the old man, so spirited, so cheery, so kind, our own grandfather who passed away many years ago—MRS. R. H. HARDAWAY, Regent, Sarah Dickinson Chapter, D. A. R.

INDIAN SPRING, GEORGIA.

ROMANTIC DISCOVERY.

In 1792, when the country in this vicinity was clothed in its swaddlings of nature, and the red man and wild beasts alone trod the hills and valleys west of the Ocmulgee, a solitary huntsman was wending his way north, south of the Towaliga, about where the public road to Forsyth is now being turnpiked. The party was a model of his class—large, muscular, completely equipped, a frame strong in its every development, and a general contour which indicated that he knew nothing of fear, and dreaded not the dangers of the wilderness in which he was traveling. A deep melancholy on his face, the flashing of his dark eyes, and an occasional sight, evidenced he carried an “iron in his soul,” and was actuated by a purpose that knew no turning. This was Gabriel Dunlap—a Georgian. His object in thus absenting himself from society will be seen hereafter.

Dunlap was a careful and wary hunter, and in this hitherto untrodden field was specially on the alert. He knew that dangers lurked around, and was cautious at every step. While thus walking and watching, he was startled by the war whoop of the savages, which seemed to burst from every ambush around him. He knew his retreat was cut off, for a hundred savages emerged from the thickets lining the Towaliga. Therefore, but one course was left to be pursued—that of taking a due north direction. Leaving the river and crossing the hills, he ran without any purpose beyond making his escape. And thus he ran for miles—as the yells of his pursuers would subside, hope bracing him up, again depressed by the reiteration of the voices of his enemies. At length, when almost ready to fall from exhaustion and thirst—his vitals scorched as with fire—hope whispered “a little farther.” And soon, overjoyed and exhausted, he was able to spring into a canebrake

dark as night, where he slept unconscious of anything that occurred around him.

REINFORCEMENTS.

When he awoke, yet half dreaming, Dunlap gazed about him some time before he could "realize the situation." With great effort he arose, staggered forward, but fell against a larger stone, and here, to his delight, he heard the trickling of water. Quickly he sought to slake his burning thirst, and soon found, and enjoyed, what seemed ice water in a canebrake in August. He drank until every desire for water was satisfied, yet none of the unpleasant feelings that often follow such indulgence were experienced. On the contrary, he felt new life and vigor, and set out to place a greater distance between himself and his enemies. His only safe course he knew, was to travel in a northerly direction, and, after imbibing another copious draught from the welcome fountain, he set out, toiling through the cane that covered the bottom. When he was about reaching the northern edge of this dense retreat, a well known signal greeted his ear. To this he responded. His response was replied to by another signal, when he quickly emerged from the brake, ascended the hill, and on approaching a large oak then standing on the site of the present Elder Hotel, was greeted thus:

"Hollo, Gabe! whar did you cum from? Have you been squattin' in the thicket yonder?"

"I'll be smashed," answered Dunlap, "If here aint Jube Cochran. And, Jube, I'm gladder to see you than if I had knocked out a panther's eye with old Betsey here, and without picking her flint, on a two hundred yard line. Cause why—I'm lost and aint nowhar ef you aint some place."

And next the two friends met with a hearty shake of hands and a union of warm hearts, such as conventionalities and civilization have long since driven from the brightest spot in Georgia. The huntsmen refreshed the inner man, recounted their several recent adventures, and

then sought a place of rest, which they soon found among the rocks skirting the river.

Here they slept until midnight, when the report of a gun aroused them. Snuffing danger in the breeze, they at once not only became watchful, but sought to discover the whereabouts of their daring neighbor; and finally, in the darkness, almost ran against two human forms, whether paleface or Indian they could not make out, when Cochran hailed:

“Who’s thar?”

“Watson,” was the reply, and soon there was another happy greeting; when all four of the party (one a small boy named Ben Fitzpatrick) walked to the top of the hill between two creeks, and again rested until day break, reciting the customary yarns of the border.

Douglas Watson was about eighteen years of age, six feet in height, and boasted of possessing a well developed muscular frame. His companion, Fitzpatrick, was an orphan boy, who had the temerity common to adventurous youth to follow Watson in these wilds.

Seated by their camp fire Dunlap explained to Watson the invigorating effect the water in the canebrake, at the foot of the hills, had had upon him in his fainting condition the day previous, when the whole party again sought the cooling spring, and, after search, found it. This was Indian Spring, and this was the first party of whites who are known to have drunk of its water. At this gathering Watson admitted to his comrades that about a month previous he had found the spring, but in consequence of its smelling like gunpowder he fled the vicinity.

Watson and Cochran were scouts, sent out by the Government in the Spring of 1792. Fitzpatrick was the shadow of Watson; and Dunlap divulged to his new friends his history and mission while they lingered around the spring.

DUNLAP'S HISTORY.

To be brief: Twelve years previous, during an Indian raid in Bibb County, a little friend—a ward of his father—was stolen and carried away. Then and there, ere the triumphant yells of the foe were silenced, he had registered an oath in Heaven, which was baptized by the falling rain, never again to seek peace until he found it in the rescue of "Bright Eyes"—his lost Nora. Since that hour his home had been between the Towaliga and Ocmulgee, and his whole exertion was to find the lost one and restore her to her friends.

A BATTLE AND RETREAT.

In the morning the party left the Spring, traveling down stream, but in a few moments the shoals were reached. Here was another mystery, which to Watson appeared more wonderful than did the gunpowder spring. They had traveled down stream; of this they were certain; yet they encountered an opposite current, and were amazed. Fitzpatrick, however, soon explored the vicinity and discovered the meeting of the waters near the Spring. Here two creeks, running in almost opposite directions, met fraternally and formed the Big Sandy, which then flowed in an easterly direction until it united with the Ocmulgee.

Crossing at the foot of the shoals, the party started down the stream, hunting and traveling leisurely. Noon found them at a little spring near the present site of Tanner's bridge, where they halted, kindled a fire, and prepared to cook the choice bits of game they had secured. Here they were again doomed to be disappointed; for suddenly their foe burst upon them in overwhelming numbers. The odds were fearful, but rather than surrender—which would have been death—the contest was entered upon.

Many heroes whose names emblazon the pages of history never exhibited the coolness and calculating courage of Ben Fitzpatrick in his first battle. He stood fearlessly by the side of his companions, fighting bravely until Cochran fell senseless, having been struck by the war club of an In-

dian. As the Indian stooped to scalp his victim, Ben plunged his hunting knife to his heart, and, when the brave uttered his death yell, the boy attempted to remove his wounded comrade. At this moment young Watson handed Ben his gun, gathered up Cochran, and crying out "Now is our time, Ben," ran through the creek into the dark swamp beyond.

They were now safe, for deep darkness had fallen, and their enemies feared to pursue them. Cochran recovered during the night, but diligent search failed to ascertain anything as to the fate of Dunlap; and, warned by the signal smokes of the enemy, the trio started early next morning for the nearest block-house east of the Ocmulgee.

DUNLAP AND NORA.

But Dunlap was not lost. He was shot through the left shoulder when the attack was first made, fainted and fell, and was scalped and left for dead. He lay hours, until nightfall—half waking, half sleeping and dreaming. Suddenly he felt a soft hand bathing his fevered head. He knew this kindness came not from savage hands, nor from the rough goodness of a fellow huntsman, for the sweetness of an angel's breath fanned his face. Pain was forgotten, yet he was afraid to move lest the charm should be broken and the vision vanish. Half unconscious, he whispered, as if by inspiration, "Nora." And the guardian angel hovered about him proved to be the Nora for whom he had been searching. She suppressed an involuntary scream as she recognized the object of her compassion, and, laying her hand on the face of her old friend, in a trembling voice said:

"Oh! my more than brother, have we met at last, after so many long and weary years of separation, each of which has seemed an eternity?"

The recognition was mutual, but the meeting was too happy, too full of sacred joy, to be intruded upon. The wounds of Dunlap were carefully bound up by Nora, after the fashion of her companions from girlhood, and they at

once removed as far as possible from the vicinity of the fight. They were not discovered the next morning and then commenced a long and weary journey homeward, which extended through many days. At last they saw the curling smoke arising from their native cabin. Here the long lost were greeted with joy, and at an early day there was a wedding—Dunlap and Nora were united, and at once settled down to the realities of life.

In 1796, fearing other molestations from the savages, who were then hostile to the whites, the Dunlap family sold their lands in Bibb and removed to Liberty County, Georgia, where, at the present time, many of their children's children may be found occupying high social positions.

FATE OF OUR HEROES.

The boy, Ben Fitzpatrick, grew up to manhood in company with his friend, Watson. Subsequently he removed to Montgomery, Ala., where he died a short time since. His career in his adopted State was an honored one, he having served in both branches of the National Congress and as Governor of the State. Governor Fitzpatrick was a cousin of Mrs. Cynthia Varner, of Indian Spring. After the Indians, were removed from this section, Douglas Watson settled in Monroe County, where he resided until his decease, which occurred a few years ago. Of the career of Cochran we have been unable to obtain any data.

The foregoing history of the discovery of Indian Spring by the whites is not all fiction. It is an "o'er true tale." "Duggie" Watson, the hero of the foregoing pages—he who feared the smell of gunpowder when he first looked upon the halfhidden spring, and fled—has often repeated the history as we have given it in our hearing.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

The Indians entertained a superstition that it would be unwise for any of their tribe to make a permanent residence near this "Healing water" because the noise and gambols of the squaws and papooses would drive the spell

from the water. Thus, as late as 1800, the visits of the race to the Spring, though frequently made, were only temporary, and for a special purpose in each instance. The tents of the red man were always found on the adjacent hills, filled with invalids who were brought to be cured, and again returned to the war path or their hunting grounds. About the date named, Gen. Wm. McIntosh, a half breed, and a cousin of Gov. Troup, erected a cabin for his own use, and afterwards spent the summers here with his family. This broke the spell; and subsequently a Mr. Ollison erected a double-cabin, which was dignified with the title of hotel and for years was the only house of accommodation afforded visitors. The same gentleman afterwards erected a small corn mill, which stood near or on the site of the new mill now being completed by Col. H. J. Lamar. These were the only improvements made until after the treaty of 1821, and are remembered by a number of our old citizens. The McIntosh cabin and the mill, were destroyed by fire; what became of the hotel which stood upon the site of the north end of the Varner House, we cannot state.

The "spell" was broken, and both races pitched their tents around the Spring annually for a number of years, mingling without open hostility. Watson and Fitzpatrick continued to act as scouts for the Government, making the McIntosh cabin headquarters. Among the visitors were Messrs. Dred and Jonathan Phillips, of Jasper county, who brought a friend that had been afflicted with rheumatism, and unable to walk for years. A short stay served to restore the afflicted to his original health, when the party returned to their homes. While here the Phillips brothers observed the excellent condition of the Indian stock, which was attributed to the superabundance of cane then covering the extensive bottoms, and, as a speculation, brought over a large drove of cattle to pasture, which was left in the canebrake, but occasionally visited to be salted and in-

spected. Subsequently this movement was interfered with, as we shall show.

FIRST OUTBREAK.

The rival factions of the Creeks were severally headed by McIntosh and Napothlehatchie—the latter termed Big Warrior. Another leader with the Big Warrior clan was Hopoethleyoholo, who was said to have been the most brilliant orator of the tribe. Through his influence the largest number of the tribe joined Big Warrior, and he subsequently took an active part in opposing the treaties of 1821 and 1825, concluded at Indian Spring. Notwithstanding the factions were bitterly opposed to each other, we have no record of any outbreak occurring until 1807. The Phillips brothers were also left undisturbed in their pursuit. The first disturbance occurred in June, 1807, when Big Warrior, with a party of his braves, entered the stables of McIntosh at night and stole all his horses. The same party also carried off the Phillips cattle. When advised of their loss, the Phillips brothers gathered their neighbors, and, on being joined by Watson and Fitzpatrick, pursued and overtook the plunderers about seventy miles lower down the Ocmulgee. After a desperate conflict the stock was recovered and Hopoethleyoholo made prisoner. This brave refused to smoke the pipe of peace with his captors, and actually spat in the face of the leader of the whites, who tendered the symbol of peace. This act aroused the ire of the whites, who were with difficulty persuaded by Watson to spare his life. The discussion among the whites was suddenly disturbed by Big Warrior, who rushed in with his followers, who had been reinforced, and recaptured the favorite orator. During this second brief struggle Dred Phillips was shot through the fleshy part of the left arm. The cattle were then driven back to the canebrakes of the Big Sandy, and again apparent quiet was the rule.

But the fires of hatred were only smothered in the breast of Big Warrior. Watson and his companions were conversant with the machinations of the unfriendly chief,

and anticipated an outbreak against both the whites and McIntosh party, but no opportunity occurred, and all remained quiet until the war of 1812 was inaugurated. In this war the McIntosh party—which had been gradually gaining strength—joined with the forces of the State and Government, and Big Warrior united with the public enemy. The struggle in Georgia during the war was bitter, and involved the loss of many whites as well as friendly Indians, and a heavy expense to the State. Upon the declaration of peace between Great Britain and the United States, peace again reigned in Georgia.

At the close of the war the whites again began to resort to the Spring, and the sick were gathered from all quarters. The fame of the waters spread, and the wonderful cures effected appeared more like the result of magic than the effects of one of nature's great restorers. In 1816, Mrs. C. H. Varner, who yet lives in our midst, spent some time here; and the scenes of primitive beauty and interest she then looked upon, and also the incidents that occurred, are distinctly remembered by the venerable lady, as if it were but yesterday. Gen. John W. Gordon first visited the Spring in 1819, and continued to spend a large portion of his time here every year until his death. During the sojourns of this gentleman at Indian Spring, he contributed largely to the improvements that were made; and especially was his generosity, through a long series of years, exhibited for the benefit of the needy and afflicted. At his decease he left numbers at Indian Springs who will ever bless his memory for the fruits of the seeds of kindness he was constantly in the habit of sowing.

Among the early visitors was the veritable "Simon Suggs," who subsequently became distinguished as a wit and humorist. Douglass Walton, in his capacity of Government scout, continued to make his headquarters here. In 1819, Mr. Jesse Jolley, Mr. John Lemon, and Mrs. Freeman, with her husband and family, located in Butts. The

three first named are still living, and are among the most honored citizens of the county.

PUBLIC TREATIES.

Prior to 1721, efforts were made by the Government to secure possession of the lands in Georgia lying west of the Ocmulgee. The McIntosh party favored such a treaty, while Big Warrior and his adherents opposed it. After many consultations between the two parties, favorable conclusions were arrived at, and the pipe of peace was passed. Big Warrior alone broke the faith thus cemented around the council-fires of his tribe; McIntosh was again faithful, and in 1821, he concluded a treaty with the agents of the government, by which the hunting grounds between the Ocmulgee and Flint Rivers were forever ceded away, excepting a portion of the Ward plantation and six hundred and forty acres around the Spring. These reservations were made by McIntosh for himself. The first embraced a large body of fertile land and the second the Spring, the medical properties of which McIntosh well understood. This treaty was ratified in Washington, March 2d, 1821.

This action of McIntosh and his adherents aroused another feud between the rival wings of the tribe, which ended in a fierce battle. A heavy loss was sustained on both sides, the McIntosh party suffering most severely. Big Warrior was slain, and thus his party were left without a leader. A little later the orator chief and McIntosh met and smoked the calumet. How faithless the first named could prove to this solemn covenant will be shown. In 1823, General McIntosh and Joel Bailey erected the main building of the Indian Spring Hotel, and opened it for the reception of visitors. This building is still yearly occupied for the purposes originally intended. About the same date other improvements were made, and Indian Spring became a favorite resort at that day. The visits of the whites increased rapidly, and they sought to secure residences, or camped out; while the Indians, now peaceable, also flocked to the "Healing Water,"

By an agreement, all parties met at Indian Spring to consider a second treaty, early in February, 1825. The Government agents were protected by United States troops, and large forces of the opposing Indian factions were present. The negotiations were conducted in the hotel, and concluded February 7th, 1825. Under this treaty all the Indian possessions in Georgia were ceded to the whites, and an early removal of the tribe arranged for.

The agency of General McIntosh in bringing about this treaty resulted in his death within a few months. When it was announced that the treaty was concluded, Hopoethleyoholo seized the occasion to give vent to his long pent-up wrath. The Indians of both the old factions were present in large numbers. All were excited. At last the orator chief mounted the large rock yet seen at the south end of the Varner House, and gave vent to his feelings and purposes in the following characteristic talk:

"Brothers, the Great Spirit has met here with his painted children of the woods and their paleface brethren. I see his golden locks in the sunbeams; he fans the warrior's brow with his wings and whispers sweet music in the winds; the beetle joins his hymn and the mocking bird his song. You are charmed! Brothers, you have been deceived! A snake has been coiled in the shade and you are running into his open mouth, deceived by the double-tongue of the paleface chief (McIntosh), and drunk with the fire-water of the paleface. Brothers, the hunting grounds of our fathers have been stolen by our chief and sold to the paleface. Whose gold is in his pouch? Brothers, our grounds are gone, and the plow of the paleface will soon turn up the bones of our fathers. Brothers, are you tame? Will you submit? Hopoethleyoholo says no!" Then turning to McIntosh, who was standing with the commissioners at a window a few feet distant, he continued: "As for you, double-tongued snake, whom I see through the window of the paleface, before many moons

have waned your own blood shall wash out the memory of this hated treaty. Brothers, I have spoken."

By this treaty the Spring became the property of the State and the ceded land was laid out in lots in 1826, the Commonwealth reserving ten acres around the Spring for the benefit of her citizens then and thereafter. The act establishing Butts County was passed in 1826. The village of Indian Spring was incorporated by legislative enactment in 1837, and in 1866, a second act changed the name to McIntosh and extended the limits of the incorporation.

DEATH OF MCINTOSH.

General McIntosh and family removed to his plantation on the Chattahoochee, and evidently rested secure. But the avenger was on the war path, and the distinguished chieftain, who had rendered the whites such signal service, was doomed.

In compliance with the advice of Hopoethleyoholo, a secret council was held, at which one hundred braves were selected to secure the vengeance desired, and these, headed by the wily orator, set out westward. When near his residence, McIntosh and his son-in-law, Hawkins, were seen by their hidden foe riding together. "They could then have been easily killed," says White's Statistics, "but their lives were spared for the moment to preserve a consistency so common in all plans of the Indians. They had determined to kill McIntosh in his own yard, in the presence of his family, and to let his blood run upon the soil of that reservation which had been secured to him by the treaty." From the same authority we learn McIntosh rode home unconscious of danger, while the savages prepared for their work. Lightwood was procured to fire the buildings. About three o'clock the premises were surrounded, and it was not until the torch had been applied to the outbuildings that the sleepers were aroused. Chilly McIntosh, the chief's son—who is yet living—escaped through a window of one of the outhouses, and, running the gauntlet, swam the river. General McIntosh, upon discovering his assailants,

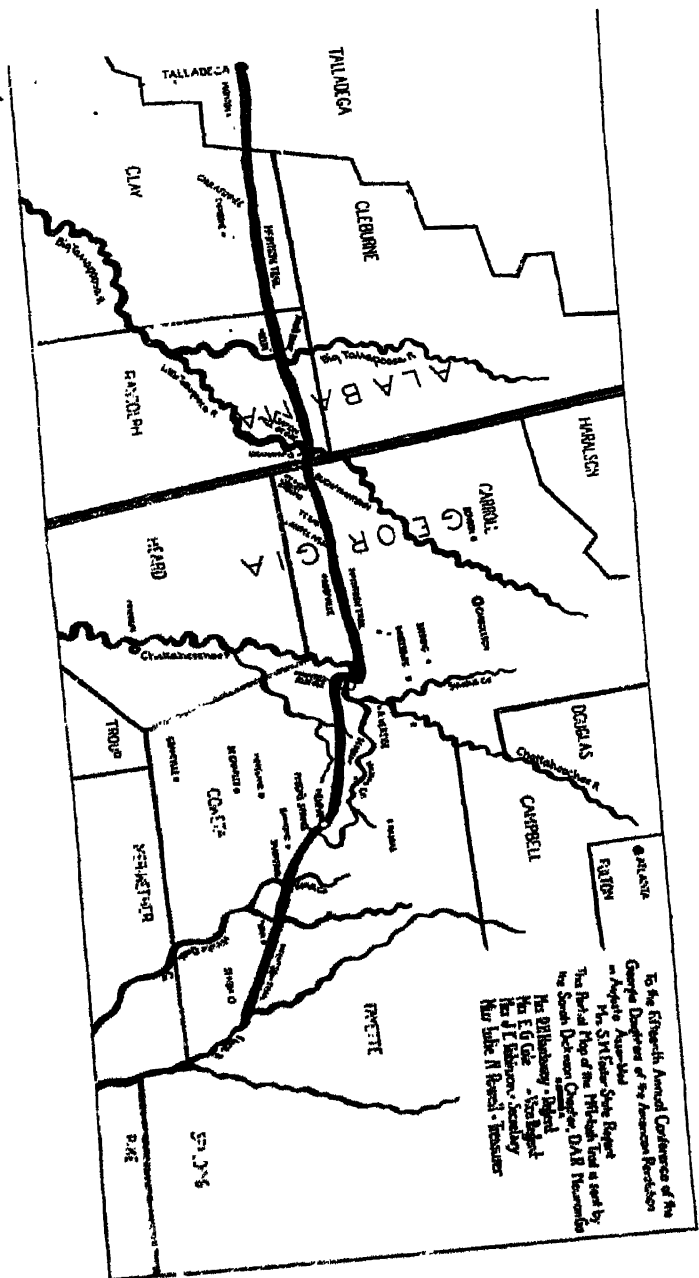
barricaded the door and stood near it when it was forced. He fired on them, and at that moment one of his steadfast friends, Toma Tustinugse, fell upon the threshold riddled with balls. The chief then retreated to the second story, with four guns in his hand, which he continued to discharge from a window. He fought with great courage, and, aware that his end was near, determined to sell his life as dearly as possible. He was at this time the only occupant of the burning house; for his two wives, Peggy and Susannah, who had been dragged into the yard, were heard imploring the savages not to burn him up, but to get him out of the house, and shoot him, as he was a brave man and an Indian like themselves. McIntosh came down to the first floor, where he fell pierced with many balls. He was then seized and dragged into the yard. While lying there, the blood gushing from his wounds, he raised himself on one arm and surveyed his murderers with looks of defiance, and it was while so doing he was stabbed to the heart by an Ocfuskee Indian. The chief was scalped and the buildings plundered and burned. The party then sought for Hawkins, whom they also killed. His body was thrown into the river.

AN INDIAN ELOPEMENT.

The family of General McIntosh spent the summer of 1826, at Indian Spring, where his two youngest daughters, who had been highly educated, spent their time in associating alternately with the dusky maidens of their tribe and their palefaced sisters. During the visit one of the sisters created a decided sensation by eloping with an Indian lover. A gentleman now residing in the vicinity who at that time was a little boy, whose parents were camped at the Spring, was at the McIntosh cabin—then situated on the lot north of the Varner Hotel—when the occurrence took place. There were hundreds of Indians camped on the adjacent hills—the friendly party on the south side of the creek and the adherents of Hypoethleyoholo on the north bank. The lover was a leading chief of the latter

party, and the match was bitterly opposed by the McIntosh family and their adherents who keenly remembered the sad events of the previous year; but the young lovers, who had long since determined upon their course, cared not for opposition and well arranged their plans.

On a bright Sunday morning our little white friend—now an aged and respected citizen—was swinging in the cabin with the two girls when an unusual commotion in the yard attracted the attention of all, and they rushed to the door. The young girl's favorite pony was hitched outside. Coming up the hill from the creek was seen the determined lover, mounted, and accompanied by a score of his braves. On seeing him approach, his intended rushed into the cabin, and, amidst the tears and vehement protestations of her mother and sister, who were weeping bitterly, she rapidly cast off the habiliments of civilization and arrayed herself in a complete Indian costume. This accomplished, she turned to her weeping friends, and after much talk in the language of her tribe, she embraced them without shedding a tear, and rushed out, kissing her little friend, who was gazing upon the scene with wonder. The lover and his escort were drawn up near the gate; not a word was said, and the girl sprang upon her pony and took her place in the line behind her intended. Silently the party then moved down the hill, crossed the creek, and were soon out of sight. They were legally married at Lawrenceville, Gwinnett County, Georgia, and the union was a happy and prosperous one.—*Jackson, (Ga.,) Argus.*



TRACING THE M'INTOSH TRAIL.

The McIntosh trail begins as far west as Talladega, Ala., and perhaps further, going eastward 3 miles above Senoia, in Coweta County, Georgia, where it diverges, one trail going to Augusta and the other via Indian Springs to Macon. Mrs. Yeandle has traced the trail from Augusta to Senoia. Perhaps some daughter will trace it to Macon from its point of divergence. I am tracing it west from the neighborhood of Senoia to Talladega, Ala. The trail runs about 3 miles north of Senoia, and near there McIntosh built a fort, the ruins of which may still be seen. Senoia was given the name of a princess of the Cowetas. Her name is about all that remains of her, her history being buried in oblivion. The trail runs north of Turin, crosses Hegg Creek near the home of the Rev. Mr. Rees, then through Sharpsburg, north of Raymond, following part of the old McIntosh road entering Newnan on the southeast, down Greenville street across Mrs. Atkinson's lot to La-Grange street, across Miss Long's lot and a livery stable lot into Spring street. The direct route is here uncertain, because of home-building, but it crosses the Central Railroad into Roy Fork, on to an unusual road called Rocky road, which leads over a creek to the Chattahoochee, where it crosses the river west of the McIntosh reserve. The reserve is a square mile in a sharp bend of the river, and on both sides of the Chattahoochee, being partly in Carroll County and party in Coweta, and at this bend the river runs for some distance west instead of south. On the Carroll side the Chief McIntosh had his home, and there he was murdered by his race, in 1826. And there he is buried. The trail now runs almost due west across the southern part of Carroll County, Georgia, and across the northern parts of Clay and Randolph Counties, Alabama, into Talladega County, to the town of Talladega. This part of the trail is more certain than elsewhere, because the pioneers blazed the trail, cutting three notches into the

numerous trees of the unbroken forest. Over this trail Andrew Jackson marched his troops against the British in 1812-13-14-15, McIntosh and his force going with him. The forests have gone down before the fields, and here is perhaps the finest white yeomanry in Georgia. It is considered that they produce the finest short staple cotton in the world. Schools and churches abound and the population is fast advancing in culture. But to take up the trail again: It leaves the reserve, going through Lowell, thence to Tyrus by Mexico campground; then one-half mile north of Black Jack mountain through Buchanan town into Alabama, one-half mile north of Gratan postoffice by Bethel campground. Then crossing the little Tallapoosa on Saxon's bridge near Saxon's mill, on the Big Tallapoosa, where it crosses at Ridley's bridge through Chillafinnee, then goes on north of Ironton to Talladega, Alabama. Perhaps this trail goes further west than Talladega, but an effort to trace it has failed so far. Our Chapter still hopes to find whether it continues. No doubt the whole country was a network of trails, and this must antedate the time of McIntosh. It must go back to the days when the Indians had no beasts of burden.—MRS. R. H. HARDAWAY, Newnan, Ga.

GEORGIA SONG.

I

Blest is thy land, fair Georgia;
From the mountains to the sea.
The purpose of whose founders was
The opprest from wrongs to free.

REFRAIN :

Then hail to thee, our Georgia!
For of the "Old Thirteen"
No brighter star shone ever,
Or ever shall be seen.

II

"Not for themselves, but others,"
Was the way their motto ran;
And in the path of mercy
Did they early lead the van.

III

Our fathers sought the "new world,"
With a motive grand and high,
And faith in God hath ever
Led our hopes unto the sky.

IV.

And so on strong foundations,
We see stately columns rise,
As symbols of those virtues,
That our Georgia people prize.

V.

A soldier guards the portals
While a sunburst from above,
Illumines arch and pillars
With God's all protecting love.

VI

God grant our solons Wisdom,
Let strict Justice hold the scale
And Moderation guide the hand,
That must make the law prevail.

—By J. T. Derry.

Many of the states have a state song for the school children. Georgia has never yet had one. There are efforts being made to supply this deficiency.

The founders of the colony of Georgia had a threefold purpose:

First—To provide a home for the honest debtor class of Great Britain, so that in the new world they might have a new chance.

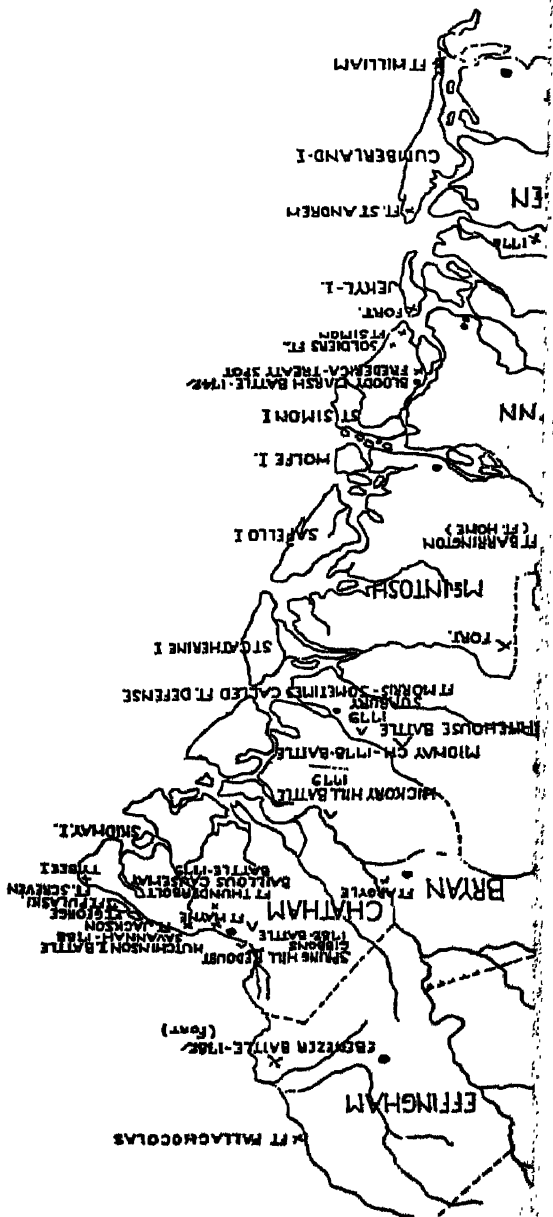
Second—To offer to persecuted sects of Europe a refuge from oppression.

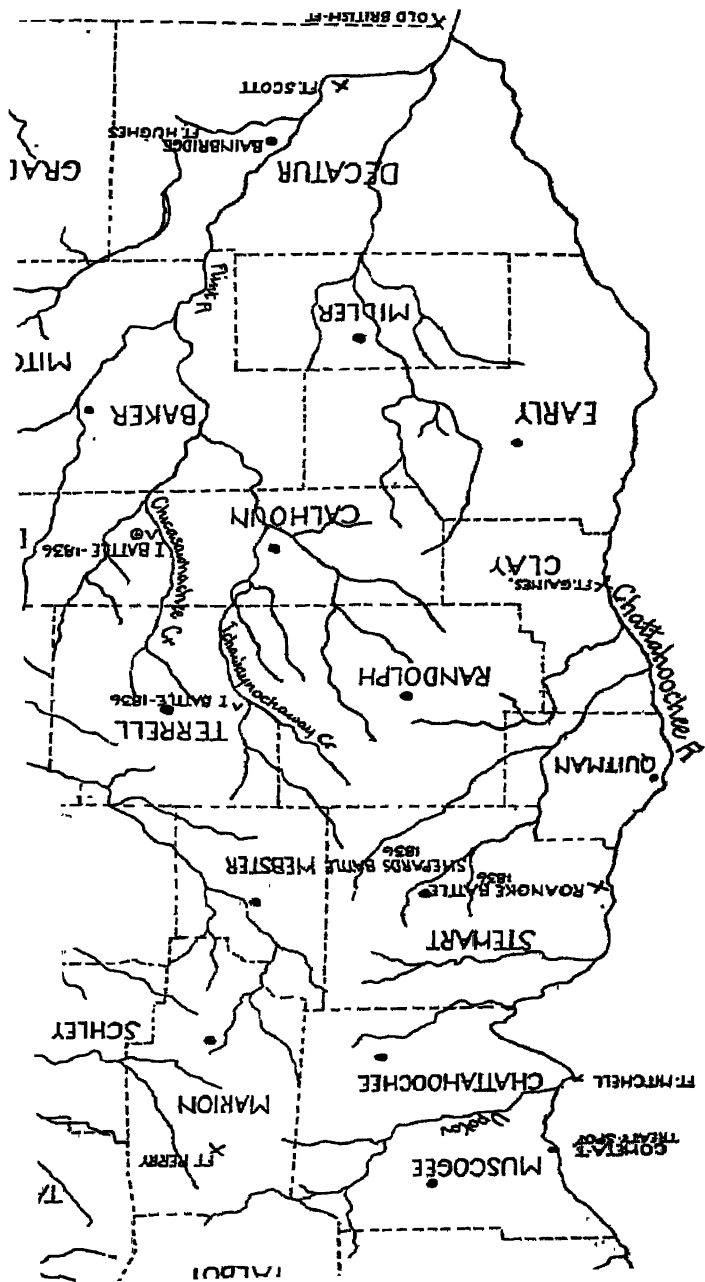
Third—To oppose a barrier against Spanish aggression upon the colony of South Carolina.

The raising of silk and indigo were to be the chief industries of the new colony. The trustees were to make for themselves no profit out of their enterprises. Hence on one side of the seal adopted for the colony of Georgia by the trustees was a representation of silk worms busy at their work and the motto was: "Non sibi, Sed Aliis," which means, "Not for themselves, but for others."

When Georgia became a state a seal was adopted on the front side of which are represented three columns, marked: "Wisdom, Justice, Moderation," which support the arch of the constitution. On arch and pillar shine the rays of the rising sun. A soldier with drawn sword guards the approaches.

With these two seals, one of the colony and the other of the state as the inspiration, the above song has been suggested, the words being by Professor J. T. Derry and the music by Mrs. Albert T. Spalding, both of Atlanta, Ga.





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